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DE NUGIS CURIALIUM

The Great Seal of Henry II
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MASTER WALTER MAP'S BOOK

DE NUGIS CURIALIUM

(COURTIERS' TRIFLES)

ENGLISHED BY

FREDERICK TUPPER, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

AND

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TO OUR ENGLISH ALLY

SIR ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

SCHOLAR AND FRIEND OF SCHOLARS

WE NEW ENGLAND LOVERS OF OLD ENGLAND

DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

ANY English key that seeks to open to the reader of to-day that mediaeval Latin storehouse of curious facts and fancies which bears the name of 'Master Walter Map's Book *De Nugis Curialium*' ('Courtiers' Trifles') will often stick in the lock, or else turn with harsh and grating sound. Map's meaning is occasionally impenetrable, his manner usually inimitable. At times sense and substance and form bid common defiance to the interpreters' touch, for his conceits are no less alien to our idiom than his logic to our thought and his matter to our experience. The present translators have tried, when possible, to compass in English phrases Map's word-plays and rhymes and repetitions, but they have striven to resist the lure of sacrificing accuracy to mannerisms. The unriddling of Map is a fascinating but fearsome adventure.

Dr. M. R. James' excellent edition (1914) of the single manuscript (Bodley 851) of the *De Nugis Curialium* has been the basis of this translation, but occasionally the readings of Wright's text (1850) and recent emendations of Webb (1915) and of Bradley (1917) have been followed. Only under heavy stress has there been recourse to textual reconstruction.

'Introduction' and 'Annotations' are greatly limited in their scope by the design of such a rendering as this, but they will fully serve their modest purpose if they acquaint readers with essential features of Map's social environment and literary background. Map is so eclectic a writer that an index of references to his varied reading is deemed by us requisite to any understanding of his thought and expression. An adequate critical commentary upon our author's book would cover more pages than the book itself.

Our grateful acknowledgments are due to several scholars: to Sir Israel Gollancz, whose hearty encouragement and practical assistance have assured to the translation its printed garb; to Professor James Hinton, whose unmatched knowledge of Map and his *milieu* has generously added to the 'Annotations' several suggestive comments; and lastly, to our colleague, Dr. Lester M. Prindle, whose fine latinity has averted many a stumble in the stony places of the text.

INTRODUCTION

THE name of Walter Map, which even now ‘ carries perfume in the mention,’ had in the past a greater potency than his words or his work. He, the lover of traditions spiced with the untrustworthiness which renders them effective, became himself as baseless, yet as vivid, a tradition as his own Gerbert, the necromancer, or his Edric Wilde, the winner of a fairy wife. What the man actually wrote was denied him; what he never wrote—indeed, never could have dreamed of writing—was constantly coupled with his name. His *Dissuasion of Ruffinus from Matrimony*, a separate epistle proudly incorporated into the fourth division of his *De Nugis Curialium* (*Courtiers' Trifles*), was, in his own words, ‘ eagerly seized, carefully copied, read with huge enjoyment ’; but this was even by his contemporaries ‘ robbed of its author,’ and by the many later centuries that fell into the trap of the pen-name ‘ Valerius,’ it was confidently attributed to ‘ Valerius Maximus,’ the Roman. Dr. M. R. James, the second editor of the single manuscript (Bodley 851, of the late fourteenth century) of the *De Nugis* (1914), ‘ can adduce no single instance of use of the treatise before the seventeenth century,’ and unless Bothewald, the Oxford canon, refers, in his diatribe against Map, to the book through his double comment on ‘ thy trifles ’ (‘ nugas tuas ’ and ‘ nugarum tuarum ’), it

wins, in no mediaeval pages now extant, even passing mention. Map's truly prophetic soul derived large comfort from the thought that he was thus 'safe from envy.' It could not foresee that he was in imminent danger from the royal generosity of Prince Posterity. To him, fine gentleman, polished courtier, reverent churchman, trusted friend of many good and great, coming ages lavishly ascribed the scurrilous, indeed blasphemous mouthings of the sham bishop, Golias—the very ribaldries that Walter's close friend, Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald of Wales), held in such horror. His dignified rebukes of the abuses of the monkish orders are converted by the great camera obscura, tradition, into gross indecencies; his elegant wit becomes a pot-house humour as vinous as Sir Toby's in lusty championship of 'cakes and ale and ginger hot in the mouth.' As in Tennyson's 'Becket,' he is ever 'Goliasing and Goliathising.' That Map was the maker of a French poem of Lancelot is, many good scholars think, not improbable. But the scribes of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries seek to enhance his claims to honour as an adopter and adapter of romantic story, by fathering upon him the huge progeny of prose romances of the Lancelot cycle—a pious and prolific parenthood. Map's fate was, as has been already hinted, not altogether undeserved. He, who never allowed dramatic biography to suffer from the inopportune intrusion of fact, could hardly cavil at his own conversion into a vivid creation of the literary Apocrypha. But modern scholarship, more scrupulous than the man himself, has vindicated at last Map's confident prediction at the close of the *Dissuasion from Matrimony*: 'In the most remote future, its antiquity

will cause the authorship to be credited to me, because then as now old copper will be preferred to new gold.' Through the love of the true, not less than through the love of the old, the apocryphal Map has finally yielded the stage to the actual Map; and the real figure delights us more than the phantom.

Of the life of Walter Map we know perhaps as much as of the life of that kindred spirit, Chaucer, whose activities fill the same years of the fourteenth century as Map's of the twelfth. Safe conjecture places his birth about 1140. And though contemporary records tantalize us by scattering men of his exact name, a patronymic like the Scottish Mac, as freely over twelfth-century Herefordshire, as Shakesperes over sixteenth-century Warwickshire, there is small doubt that he was from the Hereford neighbourhood; and hence, as he calls himself, 'a marcher of Wales,' hailing Welshmen as 'our fellow-countrymen,' but drawing of them a picture unflatteringly realistic. His parents were of gentle blood, rendering to Henry II., both before and after his coronation, such services as to win the king's high regard for their son (*D.N.C.*, v., vi.). Among the clerks that flocked to the Paris of Louis VII., soon after his marriage to a Spanish princess in 1154, he watched the clashes of town and gown, and of Jews and Christians—spectacles all too common (v., v.). Map sat at the lectures of Gerard la Pucelle after 1160 (II., vii.). But he was back in England before 1162, for he unfolded a parable to Thomas à Becket, still Chancellor (II., xxiii.). As a man of action, Map played in his time many parts. He became at court one of the clerks of the royal household (a

distinction that the next century coupled with his name); in the state an itinerant justice, and justice in Eyre, 'always excepting'—so Giraldus tells us (*Opera*, IV. 219)—'Jews and Cistercians from his oath to do justice to all'; and in the church, canon and precentor of Lincoln, parson of Westbury-upon-Severn in Gloucestershire, prebendary of Mapesbury in the Willesden neighbourhood of London, and in later life (1197) Archdeacon of Oxford. Nor, as we learn from the *De Nugis*, did this cosmopolitan always bide in England. In 1173 he received from King Henry at Limoges the care of Peter of Tarentaise (II., iii.). The Lateran Council under Alexander III. at Rome, to which Map was sent by King Henry in 1179, is the theme of several of his pages; and he dwells with especial unction upon his exposure of the scholarly pretensions of the Waldensians on that great occasion of his life (I., xxxi.). Map was at Saumur when young King Henry died at Martel in June 1183 (IV., i.), and in 1199 he was again in France, vainly seeking, with the support of the chapter, to obtain the bishopric of Hereford, when the second son of Henry II., King Richard, met his end. His active career seems to have closed with the twelfth century—which he deemed the fixed bound of 'modernitas' or modern life—though he did not die until some ten years later.

Of Map we fortunately know far more than his offices and dates can tell us. Through frequent friendly sketches of his engaging personality in the pages of Giraldus Cambrensis, and through the repeated revelations of self in the *De Nugis*, we can mirror forth the man, his intimacies and prejudices, his sympathies and superstitions, his stand-

ards of living and of writing—indeed his full relation to his environment. Welshman by blood, Walter Map is an aristocrat of the true Norman breed. Master of a household so great that he can liken it to a petty court, he struggles futilely with the servant problem of the twelfth century, and, much against his will, is ruled by his own retainers. Everywhere in his jottings he displays the pride of a Norman noble—holding his corner of the social world against townsmen, peasants, serfs, whom 'his very soul loathed,' and protesting against their rise in the world. With the haughtiness of a feudal baron, like De Tankarville, he is in full sympathy. Not only arrogance, but other qualities of his class, which were then accounted strong but now weak, pervade his pages. His credulity is as childlike and gullible as that of his friend, Giraldus Cambrensis, a Welshman true, who revelled in marvels; his superstition as intense, his intolerance as fierce. In his world demons are abroad, making women their instruments and men their prey. Lamias lurk in midday-groves, fairy ladies dance at midnight on the shores of ponds or on the edge of forests; damned souls walk unless laid to rest by the sprinkling of holy water; angels enter the cells of hermits, cope with vampires of the night, and joust in knightly disguise. Preaching ever that 'sincere devotion should be celebrated in the quiet purity of the heart,' and that 'nothing can be done without God,' he airs his antipathies against Jews, heretics, Cistercians. Louis the Young (or 'Pious'), his ideal of a Christian monarch, wins from Map as large approval for his merciless punishment of a Parisian Jew as for any of his sovereign mercies. He pursues with scorn all

dissent—vaunting his victory over the Waldensians at the Lateran Council, and retailing foul calumnies against the Paterines. Savage indignation lacerates his heart when he recites many terrible instances of the greed and cruelty of Cistercians, whose prosperity he watches with agitation. He hates their leader, St. Bernard, the opponent of Abelard, hails him as Lucifer, and records with ill-suppressed satisfaction the failure of his miracles. Mastered by avarice, Templars and Hospitallers are hardly in better case than the Cistercians; but Carthusians and Grandmontines are thus far free from blame. He believes in the power of clerks and in the sway of ecclesiastical law, but deems Rome thoroughly venal. Righteous indignation dictates many of Walter's ironies and permeates his jests.

On the higher planes of social life, Walter's likes and dislikes are creditable to his heart and head. He hates the court because it makes men base. He exposes the vices of young Henry, the Absalom of his story, though he has felt the power of his charm; he marks the weakness of old Henry, the father, amid the recital of his merits. He praises the virtues of Louis VII., and of Theobald, the good count of Champagne. Despite his prejudices, he is a teacher of sound morality—not the less effective because he pleases while he teaches. His cosmopolitanism and his career at court have taught him urbanity. He is constantly in the company of the great, hearing much and overhearing more—delighting his readers as much by his vivid reminiscences of the notable men with whom he has lived and moved as by his happy illustrations, entertaining anecdotes, and witty turns of speech.

Like his own Welsh hero, Triunein, he early passed beyond the bounds of his own land. His Parisian training, his Latin scholarship, his Italian journey, his life in the courts of kings, make him a citizen of the world, seemingly as much at home in his anecdotes of Hungary or Constantinople as in tales of neighbouring Wales. That his most popular piece of writing, the *Dissuasion from Matrimony*, should have been so freely attributed to Latin writers of a thousand years before shows the looseness of its ties with place and time—though it is, of course, frankly mediaeval in tone and temper.

Walter Map was not only a man of the world—he was also a man of letters, the reader of many books. He is such a ' helluo librorum ' that he is impeded by his authors. Like the Euphuists of four centuries later, with whom he has not a little in common, he can utter no commonplace without literary precedents. His quotations from Scripture and the classics resemble the miraculous draught of fishes. His memory checks his invention; but nothing can curb the fatal fluency of his writing, the forgetfulness of the full stop, the heaping of phrase upon phrase, the piling of figure upon figure, until, like his own Ruffinus, we regard the *schemata* and neglect the thought. Innocent of ' the art to blot,' he multiplies unnecessary examples and unassimilated citations, he dispenses allegories instead of arguments, he is quite incapable of clear, concise exposition. ' The muzzle is seldom in the nose-bag of ideas,' for he dislikes abstractions, general notions, and traffics in the concrete with many periphrases and involutions—a wordiness that recks naught of restraint. Mark the ceaseless flow of similes

with which he sustains his comparison of the court to the inferno. These do anything but advance the thought.

One great literary endowment Map possesses in generous measure—he is a born story-teller. Leisurely to diffuseness in exposition, he is a master of brief narrative, discarding, as his critics have noted, euphuistic balance, puns, alliteration, classical mythology—of which he is elsewhere so fond—and gaining rapidity of movement by the suppression of unnecessary details, by the sequence of short sentences, and by the choice of dynamic words. Bardoux has observed very happily that this little collection of tales is not framed in the bright sunlight of the hillside of Fiesole, but belongs rather to the dark rooms of a Norman castle or to the narrow cell of the monk, with the rain and the wind noisy without—but, if these stories lack warmth and colour, they may boast a dramatic fitness and energy. Here Map might well have given us more, not less—portrayal of background, limning of character—but local colour is not essential to old romances, and his persons are often vividly revealed through their works and words. His narrative has a wide range : the things that he has seen and heard while living with Henry II., ranging through the countryside as an itinerant justice, visiting the near-by Wales, sojourning in Paris in his youth, journeying to Italy ; and things that he has read in old chronicles, saints' lives, jest-books ; everywhere scraps of history, tradition, literature. The spirit of the age is vocal in his anecdotes of men past and present—their savageries, ardours, sentiment—frightfulness stalking through their blood-feuds and battles, super-

stition rampant in their worship, lust and cruelty mingling with their loves. The sword springs from its scabbard to answer an ill-timed jest, the burning stake confronts honest doubt, the gorgon's head is the fruit of ghoulish passion. Too little gentleness in doing, too little judgment in thinking, too little reason in believing—and the end of them all is a brute force fatal to every one in its path. Here and there soft lights flicker, as in the story of the Templar who is true to his oath, or of Resus who prefers his friend's honour to his friend's wife, or of Theobald who befriends the lepers; but these only make the darkness visible. Map, the historian, finds his material in many places (Bardoux): (1) The court of Henry (I., i.-x.; IV., xiii.; V., vii.); (2) Social life of Anglo-Normans (I., xii., xv., xxiv.; IV., xiii.); (3) Church and religion (I., xiii.-xx., xxii.-xxxii.; II., i.-ix., xxvii.-xxxii.; IV., xi.); (4) Anglo-Saxon Chronicles (II., xvii.; V., iii., iv.); (5) History of Eastern peoples (II., xviii.); (6) French kings (V., v.). Into all these tradition, that prefers romantic fitness and congruity to fact, enters as freely as into Map's stories of Wales (II., viii.-xiii., xx.-xxvi.) or records of Brittany (IV., xv.), so it is difficult to separate the false from the true. Map has little skill in bringing order into the confusion of scattered sources; hence the inconsistencies of his account of Godwin in the Fifth Division.

From the *Gesta Romanorum* to Gower the mediaeval story-teller has generally a moral purpose. And Map's stories are designed to demonstrate some argument—otherwise they would be to his mind 'savourless and sapless trifles.' The dangers of avarice and envy, the necessity of subduing the

flesh, the power of the evil spirit, the strength of friendship and the frailty of women, find repeated illustration in his tales. As has been remarked, there are in his narratives no feeling for local colour, no circumstantial description, no attempt to clothe his creations in flesh and blood; yet it would be hard to surpass in rapid succession of incidents and in vividness of dialogue two stories of very different genre, 'Sadius and Galo,' and 'Sceva and Ollo.' The first in its knightly setting, its amorous motive, its mingled themes of woman's jealousy and man's friendship, might well provoke a poet to a high romance of chivalry; the second in its bourgeois figures, its petty trickery and concealments, its prevailing lowness of tone, is in the true vein of old Italian comedy; yet they are alike in their signal merits. The three stories that follow 'Sadius and Galo' in the Third Division—the counterpiece of Parius and Lausus, the sanguinary tale of Raso and his Wife, and the chivalric legend of Rollo and Resus (worthy to be embalmed in a French *lai*)—are good examples of Map's romantic manner, while the tales of Eudo and the Demon, Gerbert and the Fairy, Henno, Harlequin, and a host of others illustrate his love of the supernatural, of what he himself calls 'fatalitas.' In Map's narratives the modern reader will find, doubtless, his chief interest.

Tennyson in his 'Becket' does no injustice to the style of Walter Map when he puts into his mouth involved sentences, similes, learned references, repetitions, alliterations, jingles. 'The lacrymation of a lamentation' may be matched by a hundred passages of the *De Nugis Curialium*. Every trick of sound-correspondence (paramoion),

of sentence-balance (parison), of likeness of stem (polypteton), of likeness of ending (homoioteleuton), of beginning- and end-rhymes, may be illustrated from his text. But it is easy to fall into a double mistake. First, to suppose that the use of the various devices of the *schemata* is in any way peculiar to our author. Nothing in Map himself is more artificial than Giraldus' description of Map's wit, 'sales saporifero sapientiae sale conditos' (*Opera*, IV. 219), or than the opening sentences of Giraldus' long letter to his friend, 'correptionibus tamen non utor, sed commotionibus, sed consiliis, sed calcaribus' (I. 271). The hunting of the letter and the lavish indulgence in repetition and rhyme were well-established conventions of the scholarly style. Secondly, to ignore this marked distinction between Map's manner and the euphuistic, the *estilo culto* of sixteenth-century England, namely, that his employment of alliteration and balance is sporadic and not systematic. Any consistent rendering of the *De Nugis* into the style of Lyly would be as flagrantly misrepresentative of Map's language as it would be intolerably monotonous. In his estimate of his author-self, Map assumes a modesty far removed from the vaunting pride of Giraldus. 'This is a dry and bloodless style of writing,' he says of his *Dissuasion*, almost in the same breath with which he vaunts its wide popularity. 'He is a layman having no skill with the pen.' He bemourns the meagreness of his knowledge and the feebleness of his tongue. He has little sympathy with the long-eared public—in its approval of all things of the past and its condemnation of the present. 'They will contemn me because I am still alive.' But it is easy to see his

delight in the apprehensions of his enemies, the Cistercians, who have an inkling of the book and disparage him by unhappy comparisons. He may dub himself 'witless,' but he is a truthful man of letters (for this he uses 'poeta'), setting forth 'what things I know from seeing or believe from hearing.'

Whether or not we hold Walter Map responsible for his title—which may have been derived by him from the sub-title of John of Salisbury's *Polycraticus*, or which may have been supplied, as Dr. Bradley suggests, by the editor, who provided the irregular and often inapt rubrics—the *De Nugis Curialium* is not a Curiale, like those of Alain Chartier, Guevara, or Breton. Its main theme is surely not the wickedness or folly of the court; although the name finds this much warrant, that these diverse jottings might well beguile the idle hours of courtiers. Certain divisions of this variegated book make, as Dr. James observes, the profession of showing that modern times have produced heroes as remarkable as those of antiquity, but it cannot be said that the desultory author adheres to this avowed purpose with any tenacity. He acknowledges, indeed, his lack of definite design when he tells us that he undertook this literary adventure at the request of one Geoffrey, who had urged him 'to put down in writing sayings and doings hitherto unrecorded or anything conspicuously remarkable that had come to his knowledge.' In the Prologue to the Third Division he says that 'men who are engaged in the cares of state often delight to lay aside their burdens and bend to conversation with the humble, refreshing themselves with light, amusing talk; hence he hopes

his book will entertain.' *Courtiers' Trifles*, all men agree, consists of fragments really written ('by snatches') by Map, but collected and arranged after his death with little regard to chronology or coherence. Professor James Hinton, who has made the most detailed study of the relation of its parts, divides the book into twenty fragments, and, with full recognition of the uncertainties of sequence, offers this tentative chronological order :—

Fragment.	Date.	Dist.	Cap.	Contents.
XX.	1181	V.	vii.	First Draft of Introduction.
I.	1181, Sept. on	I.	i.-xii.	Introduction; King Herla; King of Portugal.
XIV.	1181, Sept. on	IV.	iib.-xvi.	Valerius to Ruffinus; Eudo; Cluniac Monk; Sons of the Dead Woman; Henno; Edric; Gerbert; Satalia; Nicholaus Pipe; Herlething; Salius; Alan Rebrit; Sceva and Ollo.
IV.	1182	I.	xvi.-xxxii.	Monastic Orders; Heretics; Three Hermits.
V.	1182	II.	i.-xvi.	Miracles; Wastin; Edric; Sons of the Dead Woman; Witch; Paul and Antony; Louvain.
XII.	1183, June	IV.	i.	Young King's Death.
VII.	After 1185	II.	xviii.	Andronicus Comnenus.

Fragment.	Date.	Dist.	Cap.	Contents.
IX.	Before 1187	II.	xx.-xxx.	Welsh Tales; Vampires, etc.
XVII.	Before 1187	V.	iiib.-iv.	Earl Godwin.
III.	1187, Oct.	I.	xv.	Fall of Jerusalem.
XVI.	1188	V.	iiia.	Omens of Captures of Jerusalem.
XV.	Before 1189, July	V.	i.-ii.	Modern Heroes Prologue; Appollonides.
XVIII.	Before 1189, July	V.	v.	Henry I., Louis VI., etc.
XI.	Before 1189, July	III.	i.-v.	Romantic Tales of Sadius and Galo, etc.
XIII.	About 1191, July	IV.	iia.	Epilogue.
XIX.	1193	V.	vi.	English Kings.

Fragments II. (Dist. I., cap. xiii.-xiv.), VI. (Dist. II., cap. xvii.), VIII. (Dist. II., cap. xix.), X. (Dist. II., cap. xxxi.), all very short, cannot be dated even approximately.

Walter's cursory composition was, therefore, a dozen years in the making—perhaps half the time that his friend, Giraldus, had by him his 'Instruction of a Prince,' likewise full of reminiscences of Angevin royalty. But *Courtiers' Trifles* includes within its scope personal recollections of over thirty years, from early youth to ripe middle age—young days in the Paris schools amid the mêlées of clerks and citizens (about 1155), or at the feet of Girard the Master (1160), or on English soil in the company of Becket the Chancellor (before 1162); hours of his prime at Limoges (1173) or at the great Lateran Council in Rome (1179); later years, after the

passing of Henry (1189) and the assassination of the Marquis of Montferrat (1192). In the scenes that he pictures, the conversations that he recalls, Map seldom occupies the centre of the stage. He is not the rose, but he has lived near it. He writes as a spectator, a listener, rather than as an actor; and, since in his time he saw and heard many notable men and things, his casual references to this one, or his pointed anecdotes of that, have the fresh zest and full weight of records at first hand. A great churchman like William, Archbishop of Rheims, tells him a story of graceless heretics; a mighty captain like William of Braose portrays for him the mingled piety and savagery of the Welsh soldiery; his ideal monarch, Louis VII., illustrates for him the varied wealth of the kings of earth in so happy a fashion that years later Giraldus gladly repeats his words. Sometimes, indeed, when he buckles on his wit, he is a greater part of what he has seen, as when he puts to shame by clever questioning the despised Waldensians at the Lateran Council, or when, by quick repartee, he raises a laugh at the expense of the king's son, Bishop Geoffrey. As a gentleman, an amateur rather than as a professional author, he writes of and for courtiers in courtly wise; and, for this reason, all the upper-class life of his half-century seems to be taking notes in his person. Nor need we cavil at his title or themes. To our changed perspective the trifles of that far-away world seem as significant as its tragedies; and the lively gossip and jest of its table-talkers, the airy traditions of its romancers, as precious as the accurate annals of its chroniclers.

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MASTER WALTER MAP'S BOOK
COURTIERS' TRIFLES

FIRST DIVISION

Comparison of the Court to Hell. I

'I AM in time, and I speak of time,' said Augustine, and straightway added, 'I know not what time is.' With like wonderment can I say that I am in the court, and speak of the court, and know not—God alone knoweth—what the court is. This I know withal that the court is not time; it partaketh, indeed, of time's temper, a thing of flux and change, of a place, and yet of subtle shifts, 'never persisting in the same sub- 10
sistence.' At my withdrawal from it, I know it through and through; on my return to it, I find little or nothing that I have left there; having become a stranger I view it as a thing altogether strange. The court is the same, but the members are changed. If I shall describe the court as Porphyrius defineth 'genus,' perchance I shall not lie in saying that it is a multitude which standeth in some relation or other to one chief principle. Certainly we are an unnumbered multitude, striv- 20
ing to please only one man, and to-day we are one multitude, to-morrow we shall be another. The court indeed is not changed, it is always the same. It is a hundred-handed giant, utterly maimed yet quite unaltered, and it is a hundred-handed hydra of many heads which rendereth futile and despiseth the labours of Hercules, and feeleth not the taming hand of that most masterful champion, and, more fortunate than Antaeus, hath for its mother earth, sea, and air; it will 30

not be crushed to the breast of Hercules; to it the whole universe furnisheth increased strength. Whenever Hercules the omnipotent willeth, his will be done. If what Boëthius asserteth truthfully of fortune, we shall say of the court, our saying, indeed, will be right in this too, 'that it alone is constant in its change.' The court pleaseth only those who attain its favour, for it giveth favour arbitrarily; it doth not indeed love the lovable or those deserving to be loved, but presenteth those unworthy of life with its favour. For this is the favour which cometh without reason, which abideth without desert, and which aideth the ignoble, for reasons that do not appear. As 'the mystical fan' of God, by true judgment, by just winnowing, separateth for its own purpose the wheat from the chaff, so this fan of the court, with no less care, separateth for its purpose the chaff from the wheat: what the first wisely chooseth, the second unwisely casteth out, and conversely, as very often happeneth. So many are the goads with which Avarice, sovereign mistress of court, driveth us on that laughter is cast out to make way for carking care. He who laugheth is laughed at; he who sitteth glum is deemed wise. Wherefore it cometh to pass that even our judges punish joys and reward sorrow, although the good, from their good conscience, have just reasons for joy, and from their evil conscience the bad are deservedly glum. Hence the hypocrites are sad, and the worshippers of God are ever joyous. The judge who without distinction calleth good evil and evil good is, according to his very nature, thoroughly kind to the evil and evil to the kind. The prime reason, however, for the continual joy of the good is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and the main reason for the sadness of the evil is their inflation by the filthy spirit, who, in his wanderings over the breast of the evil thinker, plucketh the garlic harmful to him, and this, though delight-

ful in the eating, maketh when eaten a foul stench. That garlic is offered to us in court chiefly by him who hath envied us from the beginning of things —the devil. He who is delighted by the trap of the devil is displeased by the training of God.

What reason is there, moreover, that we have fallen from our original estate in strength and virtue, and that all other living things in no way vary from their earliest endowment? Adam was created a giant in stature and in strength, he was made also an angel in mind until he was overthrown; although his immortality put on mortality, and his perfection imperfection, his life was much soothed by the solace of length of days. This happiness of morals, strength, virtue, and life lasted long unto his posterity; but in the time of the prophet of the Lord, David, he himself described as being of eighty years that life which had formerly been eight hundred or more without labour and sorrow. But we do not last seventy unharmed; nay, just as soon as we have begun to be wise, we are forced to die or lose our wits. Save man alone, all living things of earth, sea, and air enjoy the life and powers with which they were endowed at creation, as if they had not fallen from the grace of their Creator. What reason is there, unless it be that they observe the obedience enjoined them and we have refused it from the beginning? We have much the more reason for our sore distress in that, whereas all things still stand, the devils and we alone have fallen, in that we have our tempters as our allies, and in that our wickedness, arising from our imitation of the chief of sinners, hath found its punishment in the shortness of our day and strength.

Who discovered the boiling down of metals, the reduction of one to another? Who turned the hardest bodies into liquid? Who taught man that the solidness of marble is cut with molten lead? Who discovered that the diamond is dissolved with

the blood of goats? Who blew the hard rock into glass? Surely not we: things of this sort man learneth not in the course of seventy years. But those who could give seven hundred or eight hundred years to wisdom, happy in the prospering of their property and person, wist well how to search into the abyss of nature, yea even draw forth its depths into the light of day. These determined, in due accordance with the course of the constellations, the life of animals, of birds, and fish, nations and treaties, the natural habits of grasses and seeds. They allotted a hundred years to the crows, a thousand to the stags, and to ravens length of days surpassing belief. And yet it is befitting to believe them, especially in their statements about wild beasts, because these did abide with them, before the eating of flesh, unafraid, just as with us dwell now dogs, whose life and comradeship do never fail us. Aye, many are the discoveries which they have left for us in their writings, but the largest number have descended to us from father to son from early man, and have been transmitted to us not indeed by any skill of our own, but by them in accordance with our capacity.

I began with a discourse about the court, and to what have I now come? Thus ever and anon do occur things which, though they be not very pertinent to the present matter, yet are unwilling to be put off; but it no wise mattereth provided they end not (as the poet saith) in a black fish, and are demanded by what is to follow.

On Hell. II

HELL, they say, is a place of punishment. What if I should boldly set forth the matter in a word and bravely affirm that the court is not hell, but is a place of punishment? And yet I cannot assure me that I have read its meaning rightly; meseemeth, however, that it be a place, but it doth

not follow that it be hell; on the other hand, we may surely define as a place whatever containeth in itself some thing or things: let it be defined, therefore, as a place: let us see now whether it be a place of punishment.

What form of punishment doth hell provide which is not here multiplied?

On Tantalus. III

THOU hast read, hast thou not, that Tantalus is there, 'striving to reach the water which ever floweth from his lips'? Here thou beholdest many thirsting for the good things nighest to their mouths, but never reaching them and, like would-be drinkers, cheated by the slip from lip.

On Sisyphus. IV

SISYPHUS is there who, from the bottom of a valley, rolleth up to the top of a lofty mountain a rock which falleth back again and ever will fall back, and again must needs be carried up. There are many here who, having scaled the mount of riches, think that naught hath been accomplished; their heart hath slipped back into the valley of avarice and they endeavour to recall it to a still higher mountain, where, indeed, it cannot rest, because in the contemplation of things desired, things attained are cheap. That heart is well compared to the rock of Sisyphus, since it is written, 'I shall pluck out their heart of stone, and shall give them one of flesh.' May God give a heart of flesh to the courtiers that on some part of the mountain a pause may be possible!

On Ixion. V

SELDOM similar to self, now on the top, now on the bottom, now on this side, now on that, Ixion is there, turning on his wheel. Nor are there

lacking Ixions here who are revolved on the turning wheel of Fortune. They rise to glory, they rush down to gloom and, although cast down, they still hope, nor will there ever be a single day which doth not witness the turn of the wheel; and although on this wheel fear must assail them on all sides, yet is there on it no hap without hope: totally terrifying is its dread, it conquereth utterly all qualms of conscience, nor is its alluring of less avail.

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On Charon. IX

THE hunters of men, however, to whom jurisdiction is given over the life or death of wild beasts, these death-dealing men in comparison with whom Minos is merciful, Rhadamanthus a lover of reason, Aeacus fair, these men find no happiness except in dealing unhappiness. Them, Hugh, Prior of Selwood, now appointed Bishop of Lincoln, found driven out from the king's chamber, and beholding them cursing and indignant, he wondered and asked them, 'Who are you?' 'We are foresters,' they replied. 'Let foresters, then,' quoth he, 'stand far outside.' The king, who was within, heard this pun and with laughter came forth to meet him. To him the prior said, 'This morality doth apply to you, in that the poor, whom these men maltreat, enter paradise, whereas you stand far outside with the foresters.' The king, however, deemed the saying, which was serious, as a jest, and just as Solomon 'did not displace false gods' so he did not destroy these foresters; they still up to this day, now that the King is dead, continue, in the presence of the crooked serpent, to eat the flesh of men and to drink their blood; they set up false gods, which, if God in his strong hand doth not destroy, will not be cast out. The master who is present to them they fear and flatter: the Master

whom they do not see they fear not to offend. I do not say that many devout men, good and upright, are not mingled here in the court with us, nor that here in this vale of misery are not some judges of mercy, but I speak anent the greater and the madder troop.

On Night-birds. x

THERE are in hell also children of the night, the owl, night-hawk, vulture, bubo, whose eyes the darkness love and hate the light. These are bidden to go forth, to spy out cunningly and report truthfully all the deeds of virtue which partake of the light, all the deeds of ill which have part in the nature of darkness. They do carefully lay their snares in every place, and do follow very greedily the stench from the dead bodies upon which they feed in the stillness of secrecy, and moreover on their return they blame all things else except those things which they stealthily appropriate to themselves from their own piracy. There are sent in like fashion from the court those whom it styleth sheriffs, under-sheriffs, beadles, whose duty it is to pry cunningly. These men leave nothing untouched, nothing untried, and, like bees, they light on flowers to draw forth some of the honey: they punish what is innocuous, but the belly goeth clear of punishment. And yet, at the outset of their office, in the presence of the highest judge, they do swear to serve faithfully and honestly God and their master, rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, to God the things that are God's; but bribes pervert them so that they tear the fleece from the lambs, leaving the foxes unharmed, inasmuch as they win favour by their money, knowing that 'giving requireth ingenuity.'

Among the justices whom I have mentioned are oft found clerks harsher than the laity. The reason

for this I understand not, unless it be that which I gave to the noble Randolph de Glanville when he set me this question: because, in sooth, the high-born of our country disdain letters or delay to apply their children to them, although to their children only is it rightly permitted to study the arts, which, indeed, from this very fact of free birth are called liberal. Slaves, on the other hand—the which we call peasants—are eager to nourish their base-born and degenerate children in the arts unfitted to their station, not that they may rise from their rudeness, but that they may revel in riches, and how much the more drilled, so much the more dreaded are they. For the arts are the swords of the mighty, which vary according to the types of those who use them; in the hand of a kind king they make for peace, in the hand of a tyrant, for death. Slaves ransom their fellows from their masters, greed waxeth rampant on both sides, and winneth the mastery whenever freedom is made over to the enemy of freedom. The words of that remarkable poet (Claudian) make this clearly manifest: 'Nothing is harder than the lowly whenever he riseth to high degree, etc.' and then, 'nor any wild beast deadlier than is a slave's madness let loose upon the backs of the free.' The man to whom he referreth attested the truth of this verse.

It came to pass recently, moreover, that a certain abbot took upon himself to become one of these justices, and he, more cruelly than any layman, spurred on the spoiling of the poor, hoping perchance to win a bishopric through the favour gained from his spoils; upon him, however, after a few days, vengeance came, and made him turn his teeth upon himself, and to die by gnawing off his hands.

I have seen crows suspended above seeds planted in the earth, so that other crows, seeing them hanging there, may be afraid and avoid becoming such as they, and verily they do avoid it. Those,

however, whom God calleth sons of the world, and describeth as wiser than the children of light, limiting them in their own generation, are not afraid, nor do they fear to become like the abbot, since they have before their greedy eyes yet others, chiefly two chiefs, whom in sooth our same cycle of years doth weaken sadly as they lie smitten with palsy in their narrow beds.

Our testimony of the court hath to do with things which we have seen. The rolling of flames, however, the thickness of the shadows, the rankness of the rivers, the loud gnashing of the teeth of demons, the shrill and woeful groans from troubled spirits, the foul crawling of vermin, vipers, and snakes and every manner of creeping thing, and the godless roarings, the stench, the strident wailings, the awfulness—methinketh, should I try to set all these forth one by one by means of allegory, I lack not comparisons among the courtiers, but this matter demandeth a longer time than I see is at my service.

But to spare the court seemeth to be a trait of the court, and it sufficeth after these aforesaid reasons to conclude from them that the court is a place of punishment. I say not, however, that it is hell (which doth not follow), but it is as nearly like it as a horse's shoe is like a mare's.

Nor are we able to cast our sin upon our master and ruler, because there is nothing quiet in the universe, and because no one can rejoice very long in any peace, since God in individual cases layeth down proofs that 'not here must be sought that city which will abide': since, too, there is no man of such wisdom that he can rule over one single house without some sin or other bringing into it confusion. I am master and ruler of a moderate number, and yet of this, my moderate household, I am unable to hold the reins. My desire is to help all in any wise I may, that nothing be lacking to them in the matter of food and drink and raiment. Their anxiety is,

however, to chisel out from my substance wherewith to increase theirs; whatever I have is 'ours' and whatever each one of them hath is 'his own.' If I make a true accusation against any one of them, he denieth it and he hath accomplices. If any one of my household acteth as informant to me, the others call him a flatterer. 'Thou standest in with the master; thou liest in order to please him; well dost thou deserve his gifts; but we, at least, we shall be truthful even though we displease him at the time.' These things they cry in my hearing. What, then, is done or said to him apart? Surely he will be treated so vilely and so meanly that henceforth he will dread the truth. They, however, having no mercy for my dues and interest, strive to flatter their bellies and their backs from my stores. Among them he winneth praise who betrayeth his master to benefit a fellow-servant, and he findeth favour for his faithful comradeship; he who by lies hath succeeded in deceit, laugheth among the others that he hath been able to laugh at his master, and whenever he maketh another to commit a fault he praiseth the fault, and behind my back 'putteth his finger to his nose.' If I take any wise action in any wise burdensome to them, some one of them forthwith cometh up to me with a sad countenance and a long face, and feigning a sigh, doth remark, 'Pray be not displeased, dearest master; people say that you have done this thing; it pleaseth me passing well, God knoweth, and the action seemeth proper, but they are upbraiding you exceedingly.' After him cometh yet another separately and talketh to the same purpose; then a third followeth in the same course, and they cease not until they make me doubt or disbelieve the truth. None of them is specific enough to say, 'He said thus and so of your action,' but always, 'people say thus and so.' Whoever accuseth people, excuseth all; he nameth not definitely any one against whom I can contend

lest his trick be discovered. Any steward who striveth to please by his parsimony incurreth the blame of all, and straightway they say to him, 'It was well with our house before thou camest into it; thou hast turned it upside down, thou art a dishonour and a disgrace to dwelling and master both; ah, thou wilt see what return thou wilt get therefrom; oh, how reverent thou art to the master's purse! What profit thinkest thou will come from this avarice? And what will the master do with all his income and wealth? "Lay by a store" sayst thou? Aye, but will he make thee the heir of any of it? Or wilt thou cut his throat that thou mayst carry it off? Surely the treasure thou hast won for him is the censure of all his friends and the hatred of those who hitherto regarded him as their Lord. Thou art like the clown who spareth his soil and dieth of hunger; thou weenest that God is not on our master's side or deceiveth him; thou art a wise man in thine own eyes, and yet thou art a fool.' One of my servants who had been harassed with these or similar upbraidings came to me with tears in his eyes and made this complaint. 'Go thy way, brother,' said I; 'it is true that no man can serve two masters; thou hast God as thy guide and thou art good and faithful, they have the devil as their leader and have come to the pass of chiding fidelity; of these two no man who is wise leaveth the better and chooseth the worse.' To this he replied: 'I cannot alone withstand them all; I prefer to resign all things to your hand rather than to be distracted by such bickering; farewell!' Owing to this advice of mine I thus lost a good servant, and his going made glad the household. Thereupon I, seeing their subtlety, called them all to me openly, and set forth to them how I had lost a good servant, undone by the enmity of some one or other. Then all began to make excuses, saying with an oath, 'He is a traitor to you who hath deprived you of a

good servant.' I therefore asked their counsel in the choice of him to whom I could entrust the duty and service of the former servant, not indeed that I might select him whom they desired but him whom they did not desire; for I felt sure that they would give me the advice given by the dog. It is an old and well-known fable about the quarrel between a husband and wife over the part of the bacon which should be put in the cooking-pot: ' the side,' said the wife; ' the bone,' said the husband; with him the dog agreed, saying, ' the bone, sir,' meaning, ' win your point—you are a man—that I may have the better part to eat.' I knew that they would give me similar advice, with a view, that is, to their own advantage, paying no heed to mine. Seeing, therefore, what they wanted, I deferred granting their requests, and I entrusted to a boy, who was still at that time in fear of the rod, the stewardship of them all, warning him moreover to do naught without consulting me. He was afraid at first, and was good. Then they began against him with petty thefts, laying snares for him. He sought for what was stolen, sighed much and wept. I knew what was going on. They laid the blame on me, saying that I had entrusted an important stewardship of many cares to a fool, and added, ' All are surprised at you and grieve, if it were only permitted us to speak out.' ' Speak out, ye have my permission.' ' For example, people are saying that you, an excellent man, have so suddenly become changed and fallen into such remarkable greed, that you wish to know everything and to keep the strictest sort of guard. We are all confounded in the face of what is being said of you.' With these words they adopted a plan which was heartless enough. They ' went out into the streets and lanes ' and said that they had been sent by me to compel the loiterers to enter. Those who were at home with me received them with much respect, saying

that I desired them exceedingly, and they begged them to come frequently. Running then to me they announced that honourable guests were present, and they compelled me to greet them against my will. They were lavish, therefore, with food and drink, and because they knew that I was unwilling, they gave free rein in my presence to their gluttonous appetites, and busily urged the strong, the weak, the willing, the unwilling to spare nothing, as if they were doing this solely in deference to my honour; truly, also, according to the saying of the Master, 'they took no thought for the morrow,' for they made away with everything. When I accused them of drunkenness they swore that they were happy, not drunk, and that I had no mercy in blaming them for what they had expended on pleasure in my honour. As I was returning early one morning from church, I saw a huge bonfire, with the guests of yesterday, who I hoped had departed, standing round it, and my servants said to me aside, 'They will ask for lunch, they think lodging is far away, they know not what they will find. Throw the handle after the axe, you have begun well, end well. Do not be cast down, God hath not yet bestowed all his gifts. You are weighed only in the balance of your possessions, put your trust in God. There is a rumour abroad that they will make you a bishop. Away with all niggardliness! Set forth your all without stint, dare without fear whatever you wish; fortune favoureth the bold. Such a loaf is forced from you because a crumb counteth for nothing. Take on strength and courage; hold nothing back lest you stand in the way of approaching success.' Whenever these guests depart, they at once invite others. Before those arrive, they come to me, bewailing loudly that the crowd of guests is tiring them too much, and they ruin me under the guise of grieving about that which really giveth them pleasure.

In my household I have spendthrifts who lord it over my affairs, nor is there any one who can stand against them. These wage their war against me more openly; whatever I expend on them they say is owed them, nor do they feel any gratitude to me nor know any; shall I give to them all my substance, holding back something, a mere pittance for their advantage, they will say that naught hath been done, nay, they will refuse it, and in their anger 'be turned into a deceitful bow' as if I were born not for myself but for them, and as if they were masters and I slave, since I have acquired nothing for myself but all for them. The paterfamilias in Terence who had equally potent protectors of his property saith, 'Of all I have I only am mine own'—a remark which can be made not merely by a father here and there, but by many. For my part, at least, I have already been overcome by mine own, or, to speak more truly, by their own, since they are intent upon their own interests only. As long as they are new, they act with much respect; after a time, however, they grow careless. There is a certain paterfamilias here among us who each year provideth for himself new servants; hence the greater part of people charge him with fickleness, but to my mind he displayeth much wisdom and foresight, since he hath servants who fear him and attend him fitly.

All this in behalf of our king; how can he quiet thousands upon thousands and pilot them to peace, when we, fathers of a few, cannot govern those few? Surely every house hath one servant and many masters, since he who is at the head is servant to all: those who are servants are, meseemeth, masters. And yet our court, in comparison with the rest, existeth in the midst of a dangerous whirlwind, tossed and driven hither and yon. By no means, however, dare I bring accusation against our king, because in a hall of hearts, so many in number and so diverse, there is many a mistake and many a

disturbance, seeing that neither he nor any other can remember even names, to say nothing of knowing hearts; and no one can be strong enough to guide satisfactorily a household of which he knoweth not the thoughts or the language, *i.e.* that which their hearts speak.

God 'divided the waters from the waters, peoples from peoples,' a searcher out and cleanser of hearts, sitting on high and ruling in power; but it seemeth impossible that our giants do not groan in the waters beneath the earth. Thou hast heard that all courts are restless except that one only to which we are called. The city of which God is king enjoyeth peace, and that is a continuing city. And me, my dearest Geoffrey—a member of the court (I speak not in jest—'I am a child, and know not how to speak'—but I speak on), me, who am in bondage to this court and banished to it, thou biddest philosophize from this place, me, who confess myself the Tantalus of this hell? How can I who thirst give drink to others? To be a poet needeth a quiet mind and one turned to but one thing at a time. Poets must needs be ever busy and have no need to labour or to fear, and there is no gain in the best state of the body and of fortune if the man's soul be not at peace within him; therefore thou askest of me no less a miracle—for I am in sooth a layman, one having no skill with the pen—than if from the furnace of another Nebuchadnezzar thou shouldst bid new children sing.

About King Herla. XI

THAT there was but one court similar to this of ours we learn from old stories. These tell us that Herla, the king of the very ancient Britons, was led into a compact by another king, seemingly a pigmy in the lowness of his stature, which did not exceed that of an ape. As the story hath it, this

dwarf drew near, sitting on a huge goat—just such a man as Pan is pictured, with glowing face, enormous head, and a red beard so long that it touched his breast (which was brightly adorned with a dappled fawn skin), a hairy belly, and thighs which degenerated into goat-feet. Herla spake to him with no one by. Quoth the pigmy: 'I, the king of many kings and chiefs and of a people numerous beyond all count, come willingly, sent from them to thee, and though I am to thee unknown, yet I glory in the fame which hath raised thee high above other kings, since thou art the best and the nearest to me in place and blood, and art moreover worthy of having me grace with high honour thy wedding as a guest, when the King of the French giveth his daughter to thee—an arrangement concluded without thy knowledge, and lo, his messengers come this very day. Let there be an abiding compact between us, that I shall attend thy wedding, and thou mine a year later to the day.' With these words he turned his back with more than a tiger's swiftness and vanished from the king's sight. Then the king, returning in amazement, received the ambassadors and accepted their terms. As he was sitting in high state at the wedding feast, the pigmy entered before the first course with so great a multitude of his fellows that the tables were filled and more had to find places without than within, in the pigmy's own pavilions which were pitched in a moment. From these tents servants sprang forth with vases made of precious stones, perfect in form and fashioned with inimitable art, and they filled the palace and pavilions with gold and crystal vessels, nor did they serve any food or drink in silver or in wood. They were present wherever they were wanted, and offered nothing from the royal or other stores, but a bountiful entertainment only from their own, and thus, from the supplies brought with them, they outstripped the desires and requests of all.

Everything which Herla had prepared was left untouched. His servants sat in idleness, for they were not called upon and hence rendered no service. The pigmies were everywhere, winning everybody's thanks, aflame with the glory of their garments and gems, like the sun and moon before other stars, a burden to no one in word or deed, never in the way and never out of the way. Their king, in the midst of the ministrations of his servants, thus addressed King Herla: 'O best of kings, the Lord is my witness that, according to our compact, I am present at thy wedding. But if anything that thou cravest besides what thou seest here can be asked of me, I shall willingly supply it; but if not, thou must not put off thy requital of this high honour when I shall ask for it.' Without pausing for an answer to these words he suddenly returned to his pavilion and departed with his men about the time of cock-crow. But just a year later he suddenly appeared to Herla, and sought from him the discharge of his compact. Herla assented, and having provided himself with the wherewithal for the discharge of his debt, followed where he was led. He and his guide entered a cavern in a very lofty cliff, and after a space of darkness they passed into light, seemingly not of sun or of moon but of many lamps, to the home of the pigmies—a mansion in every way glorious, like the palace of the sun in Ovid's description. Having celebrated there the marriage, and having discharged fittingly his debt to the pigmy, Herla, with the sanction of his host, withdrew laden with gifts and with presents of horses, dogs, hawks, and all things befitting venery and falconry. The pigmy conducted his guests to the darkness and at parting gave to them a small bloodhound, to be carried in arms, strictly forbidding any one of Herla's whole company to dismount until the dog should leap forward from his bearer. Then, having said farewell, he returned to his country. When Herla

in a short time was restored to sunlight and to his kingdom, he accosted an old shepherd and asked for news of his queen by name. Then the shepherd, regarding him with wonder, thus replied: 'My lord, I scarce understand thy language, since I am a Saxon and thou a Briton. But I have never heard of the name of that queen, save that men tell of one so called, a queen of the very ancient Britons, and wife of King Herla, who is reported in legends to have disappeared with a pigmy into this cliff and to have been seen nevermore on earth. The Saxons, having driven out the natives, have possessed this kingdom for full two hundred years.' The king, who had deemed his stay to be of three days only, could scarcely sit his horse for wonder. Some of his fellows, forsooth, heedless of the pigmy's warnings, dismounted before the descent of the dog, and were immediately changed to dust. But the king, understanding the reason for this change, prohibited, by threat of like death, any one to touch the earth before the descent of the dog. But the dog never descended.

Hence the story hath it that King Herla, in endless wandering, maketh mad marches with his army without stay or rest. Many have seen that army, as they declare. But finally, in the first year of the coronation of our King Henry, it ceased, so men say, to visit our kingdom frequently as in the past. And then it was seen by many Welsh sinking into the river Wye at Hereford. But from that hour that wild march ceased, just as if these rovers had handed over their wanderings to us for their own peace. But if thou wishest to hear what a cause of grief is this wandering not only in this court, but in almost all others, thou wilt be pleased to observe a silence which will be at once my satisfaction and my due. Dost thou now wish to give ear to recent happenings?

Of a King of Portugal. XII

WHEN a King of Portugal, still alive and reigning according to his will, was attacked by many enemies and brought almost to the point of surrender, a youth, strong of body and graceful of figure, came to his assistance. This young man, tarrying with the monarch, shone forth so pre-eminent in warlike courage that his deeds seemed quite beyond one man's compass. He restored peace to the satisfaction both of king and kingdom, and having become, as he deserved, his lord's chief associate, he was above all others cultivated by him, frequently visited, rewarded in many ways; but mark how his happiness changed to unhappiness! For the lords of the court, feeling that they had lost much wonted honour from the king, declared that the new-comer had drawn away from them just so much favour, and as much as they saw him advanced deeper into love, so much they complained that he had taken from their store of royal affection. And driven to a frenzy of envy, they strove the more eagerly to degrade by their malice him whom the highest courage had raised to favour. They dreaded to attack him armed or in any way aware. They therefore sank to the lowest kind of persecution, that is, slander, and, where they knew their lord to be naked and unarmed, they struck. Witting well that he was wild with the weakness of jealousy, they sent two of their number to the king to accuse the innocent queen of sinning with the youth—just as the elders of Babylon maligned Susanna. As a result, the king, wounded to the heart in the spot where the mail-coat of wisdom did not cover him, grieved mightily, and gave orders with headlong haste that the very authors of the heinous charge against the youth should cruelly and most secretly punish him though innocent. Thus innocence was delivered to the snarer. The betrayers, who had

been ordered to keep their crime secret, wormed their way closer to the youth by vying with one another in kind words, in services, and in every manifestation of love, and they thus scaled the wall of his favour on the ladder of a feigned friendship. They led him, as if on a hunt, into a thick grove, far from the habitations of men, and, slitting his throat, they left him a prey to wolves and snakes. They reported the deed only to him whom they had tricked into ordering it. As the king's fury had not yet subsided, he hastened home, and hurrying into bedrooms and secret bowers, hitherto unfamiliar to him, he drove out all others, and rushed madly upon the queen, who was enceinte and near her time. Bruising her both with feet and fists, he committed at one doleful stroke a double murder. Then he called aside the crime-stained accomplices of his guilt, and, just as if he had exacted a proper penalty for a threefold fault, he indulged in mighty boasts. As though he were a man of most courageous spirit, they lavished upon him large treasures of praise, that they might hold fast in his madness him whom they first made mad. Sedition was silent just as long as the deed was not bruited abroad; but because secret murder cannot, as they say, long be hidden, it came at length by stealth to the ears of the people; and the closer their mouths were kept shut by their fear of the tyrant, so much the more did their oft-repeated mutterings keep open the sore of his ill-repute. Forbidden rumour, when it once findeth vent, is swifter than sanctioned speech, and the wonder groweth as the tale travelleth—the more secret the whisper, the wider the publicity! The outcome, however, is this, that every hearer passeth on in confidence to his friend what he received with injunctions of secrecy from his own informant. When the king saw his court steeped in sadness and in a silence new and strange, and, faring forth, observed that the city was suffering with the court,

the voice of conscience presently prompted him to fear for his reputation. In our weak human way, he, after his deeds, was well aware of what he had done; and when, from many mouths, he learned of the envy through which these betrayers had led him astray, he grieved inconsolably; and straightway visited his just wrath upon the creators and perpetrators of the crime by condemning them, through the loss of their eyes and privy parts, to an endless night unrelieved by fleshly pleasure, and by thus sending them forth to live in the likeness of death.

Such are the pleasures of the court and such are the snares of devils there; so let him who delighteth in seeing monstrosities of any and every sort visit the courts of princes. And dost thou, although our court is the stormy mother of afflictions and nurse of angry passions above all the rest, dost thou bid me amid such broils poetize? Thou seemest to be goading me with the very spurs with which Balaam urged the ass to speak. Pray, with what other goads can any one be driven to poesy? But I greatly fear that to me, because of my folly, will happen just the reverse of what happened to the ass, and to thee, too, just the reverse of Balaam's experience, so that when thou forcest me to speak I shall begin to bray, just as the ass spake instead of braying, and thou wilt have made an ass of a man of whom thou shouldst have made a poet. I shall, however, become an ass by thy decree. But beware, if the blast of my braying shall build of me a buffoon, lest the irreverence of thy request will prove thee a man without reverence. My fear is of divers sorts: the meagreness of my knowledge will accuse me; the feebleness of my tongue will condemn me; our modern time will contemn me, because I am still alive. By ordering me to write, thou dost pardon the first two fears; I am unwilling to be rid of the third, because I wish to live. Thou

choosest such rich stuff for me that no toil can cope with it, no industry can do it justice—to wit, words and deeds which, as yet, have found no place on any page—aye, and whatever else hath come within my ken, so striking as to awaken wonder, treated in such wise that the reading will amuse men and the knowledge will mend their morals. Hence I purpose to forge nothing new, to fashion nothing false; but to set forth as best I may what things I know from seeing or believe from hearing.

Gilbert Foliot, now Bishop of London, a master of three tongues, Latin, French, and English, in each very facile and fluent, hath suffered, during this old age of his, an almost total loss of sight. Although he hath made in the past only a few small and brilliant treatises, he now, as if in penance for his wasted leisure, unfasteneth his bark from the shore, and, having ventured forth upon the mighty sea (of letters), hasteneth to retrieve his earlier delay. He hath woven with hurrying thumb a new work upon the Old and New Testaments. Bartholomew, also, Bishop of Exeter, a man old and eloquent, is writing in the present age. Baldwin, too, Bishop of Worcester, a person of wide learning and wise in those things which are of God, scorneth to take holiday from his pen. These scholars of our time who want nothing, since they have a rich abundance at home and peace abroad, have begun aright and will attain a worthy end. But where lieth the port for such as I with but little leisure even for living?

About Guichard, a Monk of Cluny. XIII

GUICHARD DE BEAUJEU, father of that Humbert who is now at war with his son, assumed in extreme old age a monk's habit at Cluny, and, having acquired wealth and leisure, he mustered all his powers (of body and mind), and directed to

one high end the talents which had been dissipated erstwhile during the time of his warfare in the world. He suddenly felt himself a poet, and anon in his own language, French, he blazed forth a shining light, the Homer of the laity. Would that I had a like truce from this warfare, so that the shifting rays of my mind's light might not lead my footsteps into error. Although this monk of Cluny barely won for his enterprise the sanction of the abbot and convent, he restored with armed hand to the aforesaid Humbert, his son, all his land which this son had lost through the power of his enemies and through his own weakness. Returning to the convent, he was ever devoutly constant to his vows and closed his life with a fair ending.

About another Monk of Cluny. XIV

BUT others fare otherwise. Far more wretched was the fate of a noble and mighty man who, being likewise a monk of the same place, was recalled to arms by the same unavoidable mischance. Having suffered, with a brave and lofty mind, the many misfortunes of war, he seemed after defeat ever born anew to battle; and, as though kindled with reviving rage, he rushed the more keenly upon his foes and, whether they ran or whether they resisted, he unwearied stuck to them like glue. Although his enemies had hoped to overwhelm him with weight of numbers, they learned that victory goeth to fortitude not multitude. With flaming wrath and multiplied resources they attacked him unawares in a ravine between two cliffs and they almost penned him in. For him thus trapped and cornered there seemed no hope, no safety; hence his enemies acted with slowness proportioned to their confidence. But the monk, in the midst of his foes, like a whirlwind in the midst of dust, or rather like a tempest venting its wrath, scattered his

opponents and so stupefied them by his great valour that they saw no safety save in flight. He hung upon their rear unwearied, with his men so few in comparison; and the opposing soldiers, in the effort to save their masters from him, all became the prey of a single monk. But one of his chief enemies, despite a clean escape, hastened by a roundabout way, got in front of him, and mingling with his men went back with him unrecognized, always keeping close to the monk, recking the less of his own life if he might take the life of the other. The monk, almost stifled with toil and sun, calling his page, entered an arbor and laid aside his armour; and, while the army was passing, he, without a thought of danger, exposed himself half naked to the air under the shelter of a lofty vine. His betrayer, having left the road and his fellow-marchers, glided up stealthily with furtive step and, after piercing the monk by the cast of a deadly dart, made off again. The monk, knowing that he was near to death, confessed to his page, who alone was by, and asked that penance be imposed upon him. The attendant, being a layman, swore that he knew not how; but the monk, ever keen in all endeavours, said in deep penitence: 'Impose upon me, by the mercy of God, dearest son, that, in the name of Jesus Christ, my soul may be in hell doing penance even to Dooms-day, that then the Lord may have mercy upon me so that I shall not, in the company of the damned, see his countenance full of rage and wrath.' Then the squire, weeping, said to him: 'O master, I impose upon thee for penance that which thine own lips have declared here in the presence of the Lord.' And the monk assenting with words and look devoutly received it and died.

Here may be recalled to memory the words of mercy which He spoke: 'In whatever hour the sinner mourneth, he shall be saved.' In what wise was this monk able to mourn and yet did not do so?

Whether he really omitted anything from the fitting accompaniments we may dispute among us; and may God have mercy on his soul!

About the Capture of Jerusalem by Saladin. XV

JUST as to our common knowledge years of forgiveness or of rejoicing are called from forgiveness or rejoicing, that is, years of forgiveness and grace, security and peace, exultation and pardon, glory and gladness, so the year from the incarnation of the Lord, 1187, must be called by us stormy from a storm, both a tempest of the time and the tenebrous gloom of trouble. It is a year of fear and fighting, of burden and bereavement, of sacrilege and sorrow, a year which the winter floods have unceasingly sullied from the middle of May until Septuagesima, by denying to us the yearly yields, by choking the fruits and by producing foul, harmful, and useless growths, and by spreading broadcast dire havoc among men and beasts. Although Neptune often, if not always, relieveth with his abundance the dearth of Cybele, this year the sea hath shut off from the land its founts of compassion, and hath denied to its sister the wonted contribution. Moreover, the Lord, as if forgetting His sovereign mercy, hath added to our pain from the moral baseness of the time the barrenness of the land, sea, and air; and, after releasing from hell's chains the angel of discord, hath allowed him whom He had bound by virtue of His incarnation and His crucifixion to wanton throughout the world, and to make mock at Christians to his foul heart's full desire. 'Moab's iniquity is not yet complete,' quoth the Lord, and He delayed its destruction until the time of the completeness of evil, but our cup of folly will seem so full and running-over that not only doth vengeance for iniquity fall upon us and ours, but the Lord Jesus, the Conqueror of sin, is supposed to

permit the revenge of Satan against His own person. For men report that, in this same year of unhappiness, the Holy City of Jerusalem was captured and led captive by Saladin the prince of the infidels, and was depopulated with a bloodier destruction than Jeremiah had bewailed in his Lamentations when he said amid his tears : ' Its priests are groaning and its virgins are defiled.' In that city, priests no longer groan nor are virgins defiled, because there are none. Titus, the avenger (though he knew it not) of our Lord's wrongs, had reduced the people (of Jerusalem) to a few remnants ; whereas Saladin destroyed them utterly root and branch by blotting out all the Christians in the city. The sepulchre and the cross of Christ are the prey of dogs, so weary from overmuch feeding, and so glutted with the blood of martyrs, that they actually admitted many to ransom, not so much from the love of money or from the lack of malice as through the languid aftermath of their madness. There was no lack of necks to bend beneath the strokes, but of swords to deal the blow. Moreover, the ransomed did not gain their freedom, but those who had bought their redemption were given over to soldiers for their pay, becoming mere wages and wares. All the lamentations and calamities, deaths and destructions, which the prophets predicted for that city of very many afflictions, all these, by its recent misfortune, the Lord seemeth to have fulfilled with interest. Often in the past hath the Lord delivered it, and, in every mad attack upon its walls, hath not forgotten to be gracious ; but now when there are no seeds for the future, no remnants of the past, nothing at all left, who is there now to free it, to whom may it now look, from whom is there now hope of pity ? Surely the Lord Jesus ; although no one can see whence help can come to a thing utterly destroyed. For He who was at once a hearing to deafness, a sight to blindness, a life to decaying death, hath also

taught us, through many miracles, to despair in nothing.

The Lord, the lover of His servant David, became a seeming enemy to him on account of the numbering of the people which the king had made, on the ground that he claimed for himself the glory and reward of victories which belonged to God, and ascribed to himself and to his own hosts the happy outcome of battle; hence God through His destroying angel slew 70,000 men. It was a punishment, not a vengeance, in that it humbled pride, but did not give victory to the foe or exalt the praise of David's enemies; nor did it stir up the hatred of citizens against him, nor did it wound his self-respect, nor did it inflict dishonour, nor did it take away all that was left to him; nay, but it showed moderation, it guided the king, it preserved the people for the sake of posterity, and it made them recognize in God a father, not a foe, a rod, not a sword. There was in that city no destruction of property, no alienation of wealth, no transfer of power. The ark abode, the sacred things remained, immunity from fear was granted to the survivors. These numbered the dead, they bewailed and buried them; and finally they rejoiced in the happy outcome of unhappiness.

But what end can there ever be of this infinite wretchedness, because the unashamed and untamed demons, whose chains have been broken with our Lord's sanction, have wholly appropriated through their agents or annihilated whatever there is of honour, of good, of God? Whatever there is of dishonour, whatever of evil, whatever is all their own, they have exalted and have established in the highest security with the most permanent possession, so that their will may be done on earth as it is in hell. The men of old time were punished, not done to death, whereas our generation is done to death, not punished. The feet of many have gone

hence, and the steps of many more have slipped because they were not aware that our Jerusalem is neither hence nor here. We ourselves are not so, but the more manifest the vileness of the world becometh to us, who seek the heavenly Jerusalem, and the greater seem the afflictions of earth, with so much the more speed let us depart from this world for the next, and in the meantime let our hope for the future be better and freer from the love of earth.

The horse, the ox, the camel, the ass, indeed every animal that is active, is in great haste to be freed from the mire or to leap with every effort from the ditch. But we shall remain stuck in the mud. It is saner for us to be ruled by the reason of irrational beings to whom instinct dictateth order better than our wisdom to us. The beasts are wise; the wild things indeed, the stag, the boar, the doe, the roebuck, have a fixed law and time of lying down and lying together, of sleeping and watching; and they do not transgress the times and seasons ordained. They are never slow in sensing an enemy's nearness, they make their own tracks with the utmost caution near their dens, just as if they had human wisdom, since by these tracks they are trailed. Give them the wisdom of Cato and of the whole Senate, they could be no more cautious in regard to their flight. If they are left to themselves, they live very long. Their only food is leaf and herb, ready made by nature, not softened by art. Their drink is water, neither dear by rarity nor cheap by commonness. Such is the unchanging course which the lives of wild beasts run. And although the tame creatures who dwell with us, horses, bulls, hens, and doves, live more unnaturally than the wild, just as if they had contracted imperfection from us, yet by instinct they observe the alternation of day and night. Although they may indeed go frequently to excess in the gratification of lust and in the craving for our

foods, and long for things that are unfit, yet we exceed their excess. Wherefore (do we so err), since brutes declare to us the virtue of abstinence, and since there is no visible object through which God doth not teach some kind of lesson? But while we are habituating ourselves to the forbidden, shunning at the same time things of large import, we are buried in the sand, as Gregory saith, and the multitude of our trivial offences assumeth the semblance of serious faults. Moreover, despite the unceasing instruction of Wisdom, who crieth all precious things in the streets, we wander in uncertain and aimless actions; and are thus carried beyond the limits of our safety, both of soul and body, waxing foolishly wise in the pleasures of the flesh, although the flesh alone is 'more unbearable than a rich woman' who approveth the useless and reproveth the useful; for the flesh, together with its confederates, the devils and the world, hath so deluded us that we do not hold the precepts of Christ for the eternal life nor the aphorisms of Hippocrates for the temporal. By our neglect we transgress the seasons due to both kinds of safety (of this world and of the next), since rarely or never do we achieve anything seasonable. We would have been deservedly excepted by him who said: 'To everything under heaven, its time and seasons.'

We know that three persons have been raised by God from the dead, indoors and outdoors, and within the tomb—which happenings have been thus expounded by Hildebert, Bishop of Le Mans, in a short distich:—

> 'A bad heart, death within; a bad act, death without;
> (a bad) habit, the tomb:
> A girl, a boy, and Lazarus illustrate these things.'

Two women were enough to persuade the Lord, by a few prayers, to raise one who had been dead for

four days, but whom do so many thousand men and women of the old and new order raise from the dead? Where is there among us that persistency in almsgiving, fasts and prayers, with which the women, sitting with Mary at the feet of the Lord, unceasingly solicit Him, as men tell? But perchance, in their desire to 'fulfil all righteousness' in entertaining the Christ, they busy themselves, with Martha, in constant service, so as to omit nothing, while she alone really serveth Him, and they seek that one thing needful less anxiously than it ought to be sought by us. While, therefore, men are 'troubled about many things,' with, as Paul saith, 'each one for himself,' so, through God's favour and by His peculiar care, we shall be able to be raised up, trusting in Him and not in man; and Christ, the good man, will deliver us from the evil man.

The Origin of the Carthusians. XVI

THE Bishop of Grenoble had seen in dreams seven suns come together from different directions to the mountain called Chartreuse in the valley of Grésivaudan and stop there. While he was occupied in self-communing on the morrow, with many conjectures but with no conclusion, behold, six clerks, stately men, and a seventh, their master, Bruno, eagerly sought this place to build an oratory. The Bishop, rejoicing in their coming, which seemed the happy outcome of his dream, built for them, in the way that they wished, cells and a church, at his own expense, and installed them therein with his blessings. Now, the mountain is very lofty, and in the middle of the summit is a valley, deep and wide, barren and uncultivated, yet rich in springs. There are, in all, thirteen cells, one for the prior and one for each of the other brothers. The prior serveth to them, on the Sabbath, their supplies for the whole sennight, bread and pulse and

cole ; but on three days in the week they are content with only bread and water. They never eat flesh, even when they are sick ; they do not buy fish, nor do they eat them, unless these are given in sufficient quantity to be distributed to all. Always in a habit of haircloth, with a girdle, they are ever praying or reading. No one, except the prior, is permitted to put more than one foot outside his cell ; the prior is allowed to do so that he may visit the brothers. On feast-days they gather in the church ; they hear mass, not every day, but on fixed days. They lay no snares for their neighbours ; they neither quarrel nor steal ; they allow no women to enter their doors, nor do they go forth to meet women. At the request of a wealthy man within the bounds of the bishopric, St. John de Maurienne, Chartreuse begat from its own loins a home after its own likeness. This, following the devil, through the promptings of avarice, and remarking the softness and richness of pastures, collected without mercy its wealth from every possible source. It thus changed its charity to the glow of greed, and, despite its abounding wealth, it continued unceasingly to satisfy the itching of its very evil intent. It encroached upon its neighbours' territory, and, ever on the alert to filch a bit any or everywhere by force and theft, it made money in every possible fashion and, whatever the belly could contain or crave, the way thereto was made possible and procured the pelf. Although many times chidden by the prior of Chartreuse, and afterwards beaten with rods, it showed no restraint, but, having ' waxed fat and grown thick,' it kicked. It withdrew from its allegiance and called to its aid a mother like unto itself, the Cistercian house, which opened to it the very heart of a most eager charity, and, to the injury of its former mother, adopted it as a dearest daughter, and holdeth it strenuously with a strong hand.

The Origin of the Grandmont Order. XVII

THE Grandmontines of Grandmont in Burgundy trace their origin to Stephen, who imposed upon them this condition, that the allotment of land which they had at first received for their dwelling should be held by them in eternal possession, but no more ; indeed they were permitted to lessen this, but not to increase it. On this ground they should remain encloistered. Their preceptor should be a priest, who should not be allowed by any concession to leave the enclosure. No one should go out alone. The monks should have no possessions outside of the monastery ; and within its walls no living creature except bees, which do not annoy the neighbours. They eat what is given to them in charity and what they are able to acquire by their own labour within their estate. When their food is entirely exhausted, they fast a dày without food, and then send to the nearest road two of their number, who shall say to the first passer-by : ' The brothers are hungry.' If the Lord should hear them, and thus render aid, they cease ; but if not, they continue their fast on that day, and they send on the morrow a message to their chief priest. If he doth not come to their aid, they cry to the Lord, who hath not forgotten to have mercy. The lay-brothers have duties out of doors, while the clerks dwell indoors with Mary, recking naught of the world. From this source a serious strife hath arisen and hath reached the ears of His Holiness the Pope : the clerks endeavour to rule both indoors and out, the lay-brothers wish the statutes of Stephen to stand. The strife is still undecided by the judge, because the purse hath not won judgment.

The Origin of the Templars. XVIII

A KNIGHT, called Payns (Pagan) from a district of Burgundy of the same name, came as a pilgrim to Jerusalem. When he heard that the Christians who watered their horses at a cistern not far outside the gates of Jerusalem were constantly attacked by the pagans, and that many of the believers were slain in these ambuscades, he pitied them, and, full of the zeal of right-doing, he tried to protect them as far as he could. He frequently sprang to their aid from well-chosen hiding places and slew many of the enemy. In indignation at this, the heathen stood on watch in such great numbers that no one could face their assaults. The Christians were therefore forced to abandon the cistern. But Payns, who was neither sluggish nor easy to subdue, obtained, by his prayers, aid for God and himself, and contrived by every possible device to acquire as his own a great dwelling within the enclosure of the Lord's temple from the regular canons of the temple. Contenting himself with mean garb and scanty food he, under a vow, assumed for his fellows the full cost of horses and armour. By preaching, by prayers, and by all possible ways, he prevailed upon all pilgrims whom he knew to be mighty men of arms to abide in perpetual dedication to God's service, or at least to live in temporary consecration. He selected for himself and his fellow-knights, in keeping with their arms and their duties, the sign of the Cross and a kind of shield with a distinctive device; and he enjoined upon his companions chastity and temperance.

In these days of their beginnings, it came to pass that a Christian knight of high distinction, and of wide repute among the pagans, a man fiercely hated by the kinsmen and friends of the many whom he had slain, was, through ill-hap, captured by the heathen and led to the stake. Among the nobles

present there were many bowmen eager to gain from the king a talent apiece for each shot discharged in revenge of the blood of their friends that the Christian had shed. The king stood near the victim, wishing to win him to his side if he should recant, hence he flattered him at every word and attempted to lure him in every way; even when he saw that the knight was unfaltering in his faith, he did not yet abandon his hope of winning him over, so he ordered his bonds to be loosened and his person cared for. After long efforts to make the Christian forgo his vow, the pagan leader grieved at being cheated of his hope. Because, however, God, for whom the knight was suffering, had made the pagan gracious to him, this heathen, seeking to free him from the fear of such frightful torture, named a pagan boy held captive by the Christians, in exchange for whom he promised to let him go back under the condition of making his Lord God a hostage for his return. Under this agreement the knight went to Jerusalem, and told his king what he had done. Then king and priest and people rendered solemn praises to God for restoring to them so distinguished an associate. But as soon as the knight learned that the boy had died, he made ready to return upon the appointed day. The king and all the kingdom with one voice forbade this, and they detained him with full absolution from the Patriarch, all of them profusely promising masses, alms, and whatever else can absolve a man from an oath of this sort. But even though God could seemingly be thus satisfied, the knight certainly was not and he persisted in his arrangements for the promised return. But his friends, when apprised of his purpose, condemned him by common counsel to a safe but honourable confinement until the day of return should be past, so that, when once the promise was broken, he should not be held further responsible for its fulfilment. Because he hoped

either to escape by chance or to be released by some special dispensation, he suffered this confinement until he saw the day approach, when, resorting to the device of a lie, he promised most faithfully to remain if the Church would absolve him of his broken pledge to the heathen. So he stepped forth a free man amid the joy and congratulations of all; and on the very next night began his journey, hastening with all his might so that the beloved hostage (Christ) would not be held liable. Thus for the nonce the knight became an especial and boundless cause of anxiety, since he was at once awaited by his own king and sought by the avengers. And although the pagan king brought upon himself that secret derision which is the wonted lot of mighty offenders, he had the hostage ever on his lips until the end of the day and of his hope, when it was granted him to greet, unexpectedly, the fleeing knight, on foot, and completely exhausted by great haste. The fugitive was scarcely able to speak, but as soon as he found a tongue, he prayed for pardon because he had been a laggard in fulfilling his word. All were filled with amazement and compassion; and the king, delighted with the good faith of his captive, sent him away a free man through the grace of Christ.

A Certain Miracle. XIX

ABOUT the same time a certain clerk was made the target of the arrows of the Saracens that he might deny the Christ. There was also standing near a certain fellow who had denied Him. This wight taunted the clerk for his foolish belief, asking at each shot, 'Is it good?' The clerk, however, made no reply. Then the man, when he observed his fidelity, with one blow severed his head from his body, again asking, 'Is it good?' And the head, though severed from the body, yet spoke with its own lips, and replied, 'Now it is good.'

These and things like them befell the early Templars, as long as the love of God and loathing of the world were in their hearts. When, however, their love waned and their wealth waxed, straightway we heard other tales, the which also I subjoin; but in the first place let us hear of their earliest lapses from poverty.

A Second Miracle. XX

A CERTAIN soldier, Hamericus by name, great in wealth, in reputation small, was on his way to that military exercise which men call a tournament. As he was faring along through a deep grove, he heard, at the hour for morning mass, the distant ringing of a bell, and although his companions tried to dissuade him, he hastened, against their will, to hear the mass, leaving with them his squires and his armour. He came upon some hermits. After the celebration of the mass, he hurried to join his companions, hoping to overtake them at the second or third milestone, but, after wandering aimlessly the whole day, at evening tide he returned to the place of the mass. So also on the morrow. On the third day, with a hermit acting as his guide, he came upon his comrades on their homeward way, and was greeted with happy congratulations. He was surprised that more than wonted respect was shown him and suspected irony. He therefore called aside his closest friend and asked him how chance had favoured them in the tournament. His friend replied: 'Well for us, thanks to thine aid, but for our foes, ill; nevertheless they returned to us to-day that they might satisfy their admiration for thy deeds by sight of thee; yesterday, however, when we came back to the inn, no one could give us any definite news of thee. Thy squires even maintained that thou, with thy steed, disappeared before their eyes after they had re-

ceived thine armour from thee. If now thou art eager to hear what people on the highway say of thee, let us cover our heads and listen.' From the wayfarers, then, they heard all round them eulogies of Hamericus spoken by each mouth, and exceeding praise of a man hitherto deemed none too valorous. Great was his surprise, since he had no knowledge of any merit, and only with difficulty did he at last come to know that the Lord had given him a deputy, so that his comrades might have no joy from their irreverence of the mass or he have grief from his reverence. He gave himself with all that he possessed to God and to the house of the Templars, and, so it is said, increased them mightily.

After this, too, kings and princes, deeming their purpose high and their life honourable, honoured with the aid of popes and patriarchs the Templars as defenders of Christianity, and heaped upon them immeasurable possessions. They had what power they would, and won whatever they wished. Nothing did they lack except Jerusalem; there they took up in defence of Christianity the sword which had been denied to Peter in the defence of Christ. There Peter had learned to pursue peace by patience: some one or other taught them to defeat force by fighting; they 'took up the sword and they perished by the sword.' They tell us, however, 'All laws and all statutes permit one to overcome force by force.' Yes, but He abrogated that law, He who, when Peter did strike, was not willing to command His legions of angels. It seemeth, moreover, that they did not choose the better part, since our boundaries in those parts under their protection have ever been narrowed, the enemy's widened; in the word of the Lord, not in the speech of the sword, did the Apostles win Damascus, Alexandria, and a great part of the world which the sword hath lost. David, too, when going out to Goliath, said, 'Thou comest to me with arms, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord,

that all the assembly may know that not with the sword doth God save.'

No one of sound mind doubteth that the founding of orders went forward at first in a fitting succession, accompanied by humility; but the greedy, in that they eject humility, reject the teacher of virtues and inject avarice and pride from the lake of sins. Many endeavoured to escape with their possessions from the poverty of their order, and when poverty was put to flight, humility fled with it; among them is the prince of pride (the devil), proud in his wealth, whom Jesus, humble in His poverty, had cast out; He who came not to Elijah in the 'wind breaking the rocks in pieces,' neither 'in the earthquake,' neither 'in the fire,' but 'in the still, small voice' for which Elijah, in the midst of his deep longing after the scorning of His prophecies, was awaiting with patience and with prayer. The former things passed by, but 'the Lord was not in them'; the voice followed after and the Lord was in it. To us in our orders the voice hath come first: in it is the Lord; but those have followed in whom the Lord is not—the Templars, with whom this chapter began; since they, because of their offices, are held dear by prelates and by kings, and high in honour, they carefully see to it that means for their exaltation are not wanting. If 'all the parts of the earth should take heed and turn back to the Lord,' according to the prophet, what of them? If peace will come, what will become of the sword? Against peace of this sort they are said in times past to have guarded them well.

Concerning the Son of the Sultan of Babylon. XXI

NOT long before these days, however, Nassaradin the son of Habeis (Abecius), the Sultan of Babylon, was captured by Knights Templars and cast into prison—a gentle man, yea, and moreover

most renowned in various respects, in birth, soldierly prowess, letters, and purity of mind. When he was still free, in his own land, he was given to much argument anent our belief and the errors of his people, and since he saw that their rites had no firm foundation or faith, he would have embraced Christianity had not his regard for his noble forbears forbidden. And when he made this known with his own lips to those who had him in chains, not only did they not believe him, but they even turned deaf ears to his request for baptism. Nassaradin promised them that, with his own forces, and with his own plan of action, he would win for them Babylon, the city, in sooth, of his birth, provided only they would suffer him to be baptized. They persisted in their hardness of heart, made of small import the loss of his soul, and held their ears erect for another matter. The news of this was carried to the Babylonians, and they, recognizing their most courageous comrade in the man who promised to compass their surrender, were filled with a greater fear, the greater their hatred had been of him as an opponent of their law. They determined, if he were put up for sale, as it were, to purchase him, no matter how great the cost; they sent ambassadors, and, when the price had been fixed, with pardonable cunning they exchanged golden talents and golden cups for a ware of great price (the youth), and, fearing the unconquerable bravery of the man, they received him, in accordance with the agreement, in chains. In the midst of the city whither he came he proclaimed himself a Christian and, in the face of the revilings of the maddened citizens and their blows, he did not fear to spread abroad the announcement of his salvation. When, therefore, he was carried to Babylon, the citizens came out to meet him with glad acclaim, and they freed him from his chains, honouring him as father of his country, their lord and defender, and when they came to the centre

of the city, the rest of the citizens, called by the voice of a crier, came together in great crowds. In a lofty spirit of harmonious exaltation they ceased not giving to their God such thanks as if they had been saved from the hands of the Christians, expecting to make him their commander in the defence of the city, since they were without a leader. But he did not suffer himself to be carried away either by flattery or by fear of punishment, calling on the Father and confessing himself a Christian, to the great wonderment of the whole city. The leading citizens, therefore, apart from the mob, stood astounded in deep silence, and then considered with much conflict of opinion the adoption of one of two plans. Some there were among them who were eager to do away with him at once, and others were not wanting who, out of respect for his person, thought it most fitting to keep him shut up as one who was mad for the nonce, but might some time recover his senses. The neighbouring princes were summoned and, learning of the occurrence, they, too, gave voice to conflicting views. Foremost were those who hoped that with him out of the way they would be chosen for the defence and lordship of the city; hence they said that, as a violator of their law and an apostate, he should be crucified. Those indeed who desired the welfare of the city and its security were more prudent, and thought that his friends and relatives should beseech him out of reverence for the city, his kindly nurse, out of regard for his noble birth, to give up his mad belief and worship the gods of his fathers; but this request, as commonly happeneth, they were able to obtain neither by prayers nor by tears. Forth he was led and tied to a stake; and in the same wise as those noblest of martyrs, King Edmund and the blessed Sebastian, he was made the mark for missiles, and was dismissed to Christ. How he was 'reborn from water and the Holy Spirit' is clear

enough, because blood is liquid and all liquid is from water.

Concerning the Old Man of the Assassins. XXII

IT likewise happened that a man of great influence—he was called Old Man of the Assassins, because he was ruler over those who were settled under the axis, and was also the source of the religion and the faith of his people—asked the Patriarch of Jerusalem for a book of the gospels, which was sent him along with an interpreter of them. The interpreter was received and the gospel accepted with eagerness, and one from among these people, a good and great man, was sent to the Patriarch to bring back with him priests and Levites at whose hands they might fully receive baptism and the sacraments of the faith. This man, as he was journeying homeward, was taken in ambush by the Templars of the city and slain, so the story hath it, lest the conversion of the infidels result in the unity of peace. For the Assassins, they say, were the chief teachers of infidelity and unbelief. The Old Man, however, discovered the treachery, checked with the devil's rein his former devotion, and the Lord refrained from doing that which he seemed to have promised. The Patriarch could grieve and the king; neither could punish; the Patriarch could not, because Rome leadeth captivity to the purse and from all places; the king could not, because their (the Templars') little finger was greater than he.

The son of Jocelin, Bishop of Salisbury, Reginald of Bath, was elected by violence to the bishopric but not admitted to consecration by the Archbishop of Canterbury. When he complained of this to his father, Jocelin answered him: 'Fool, fly in all haste to the Pope with no fear or faltering, and deal him a good cuff with a heavy purse, and he will bend in

whatever direction thou wishest.' And so he went, struck him, and he bent; down fell the Pope, up rose the Pontifex (Bishop) and straightway wrote a lie against God, at the beginning of all his letters; for where he should have written, 'By the grace of the purse,' he wrote, 'By the grace of God.' 'He hath done whatsoever he pleased.'

Let Rome, however, our mistress and our mother, be the staff broken in the water, and far be it from us to believe what we see. Likewise many lie perchance concerning the lords Templars; let us ask them and believe what we hear. What they do in Jerusalem, I know not; with us they dwell innocently enough.

Concerning the Origin of the Hospitallers. XXIII

THE Hospitallers had a foundation of kindly devotion, namely, to relieve the distress of wayfarers. They began humbly; their house seemed the especial habitation of charity; willingly they admitted strangers, and, following the example of the Lord's disciples, they were eager to receive the passer-by and to shelter him. For long they lived faithful to their trust. Without touching the traveller's purse they made generous contribution to him from their store, leaving naught lacking to the desires of the sick which any attention could gain for him, and after his recovery they restored his money in full. Because of this reputation many men and women contributed their property to them, and very many came to them to devote their service in tendance on the weak and the infirm. Whence it was that a certain noble 'had come to minister, although accustomed to be ministered unto.' This noble was washing the feet of a certain sick man who was sorely afflicted with ulcers, and, becoming nauseated by the offensive odour, drank without hesitation of the very water he had used for the

washing, that he might compel his stomach to grow accustomed to that which had sickened it. These caught the Lord 'in the still, small voice'; aye, but there waxed great among them, owing to their inheritances, that perverse stepmother of virtues, greed, and behold 'the wind, breaking the rocks to pieces, the earthquakes, the fire.' In virtue of this fire they sought their master, the Pope, and the sacred synod of the Church at Rome, and returned indulged with many injustices 'against the Lord and against his anointed.' In the Lateran Council, held under Pope Alexander III., the entire multitude of bishops which this Pope had assembled, together with the abbots and clergy, obtained with difficulty for themselves, even though present in person, what was little enough in the face of their privileges; the Hospitallers, on the other hand, held peace while in our presence, but, when the Council had adjourned, at once their lord, the purse, opened its wrinkled lips—even though 'it is not love, still it overcometh all things at Rome'—and we were again made their prey, and their privileges were more strongly entrenched. They prevailed, I shall not say by their purse, but by their vestments, I shall not say by their persons, but by their purposes in religion, over the vestments of us priests and our purpose. 'For they increase always, and we decrease.' The life of the altars was first given to us by God, afterward it was granted by the patriarchs. We have not succeeded to the inheritance of our fathers; play the tradesman we may not, beg we can. The one, shame putteth from us, reverence doth forbid; the other, shamefacedness denieth though our wills consent. What compensation have we, therefore, and whence? since nearly all the altars are held by members of religious orders, scarcely any one altar sufficing for any one clerk, and these are far greater in number than the altars. Although the monastery is the prison of the clergy, and although the good

Jerome saith, ' the axe is laid at the root of my life unless I bring gifts to the altar,' the orders have changed conditions, and have obtained our means of livelihood and all whereby we became tributaries to them from our sustenance. The monastery hath become the prison house of the monk, in which the clergy shall be confined because the monks wish it, unless they bring gifts to the altar. By many tricks they supplant us and keep us from the churches. When soldiers, to whom the rights of *patronatus* (patronage) belong, are in actual want and seek for aid from the stores of the Templars or the Hospitallers, these answer: ' We have the means to aid you, but we may give nothing from the treasury of the Templar or the Hospitaller except to our own brothers; nevertheless, if ye be willing to enter our brotherhood, and to contribute somewhat of your possessions to God's house, ye will be freed.' Therefore these poor men, eager to be freed from the chains in which they are fast bound, since they have, as they think, no possession which they can lose without hurt except the donations from the churches, are glad to surrender these donations to the orders that they may thus obtain their freedom. By tricks, rather, should I say, by trifles of this sort, they escape simony, that the Lord may not notice by what means their houses are enriched; the sons and grandsons of the soldiers and, what seemeth still more unjust, many worthy persons perish *sine personatu* (without a benefice).

Concerning the Origin of the Cistercians. XXIV

THE Cistercians started out from England from a village called Sherburne. There a large number of monks, garbed in black garments, served under a strict abbot. Because he held them too closely in check, he began to be displeasing to some,

and four of the malcontents fled away and sought France, the mother of all evil. They went about, associating with themselves seekers of privilege such as France above all other countries doth ever breed; at length, during their wanderings, they fell into want of food, and, suffering from pain and penury, they debated for a long time what course to pursue. They were unwilling to return; they could not live without means. How should they seek these necessities, how obtain them? They determined finally to live the life of hermits under the pretext of religion, not, however, as did Paul or Hilarion, in the deserts of Africa or the pathless tracks of Nigra Montana, not 'in dens and caves of the earth,' where there is none save God, but where those who determine to worship mankind as God, might have along with God kind men, and yet not have them too close. They selected a place, therefore, suitable for their habitation: not an uninhabitable place did they select, but one uninhabited, fair, fertile, rich in fruits, not unsuited for seeds, surrounded by groves, bubbling with springs, a veritable horn of plenty, a place without the world yet in the heart of the world, far removed from men yet in the midst of men, not wishing to know their generation but wishing to be known by their generation, like the maid who 'fleeth to the willows, aye, but is fain to be seen ere she hideth there.'

A piece of land, therefore, poor and mean, lying in the midst of a great grove, they obtained from a certain rich man with many pretensions of innocence and very lengthy prayers, adding God's name to each petition. They weeded out and cleaned the grove, rooted out stumps and made the ground completely level, forced furze to become fruits, thickets to become thrifty fields, constrained rushes to become rich-bearing vines, and in order to have plenty of leisure for such occupations, they had to be somewhat lax in their devotions. For a long

time ere they came Mary remained seated as though she had no pity for the toils of Martha ; among them Mary was more kindly and rose to aid Martha in her trouble. Other orders ' arise at midnight to give thanks to God,' as the Psalmist saith, and when wearied, sleep after the hour (canonical hour) ; these, on the other hand, imposing on themselves a harsher and stricter rule, determined to be instant in watching and in prayer after the hour until daybreak. However, after some time, this regulation seemed to be too hard, and because it was base to change the rule, they preferred to change the hour from midnight to dawn that one canonical hour might end with the night, to avoid any tampering with the rule. Others arise before the morning star, that thus preferably, ' when the morning star ariseth, we may praise God on high,' and, having celebrated the hours and the mass, gather together for the toil of the day. These four monks decided upon a regulation stricter and more exacting that that of the blessed Basil or Benedict : they abstained from covering of skins or linen or threads or any sort, content with undyed wool, and so earnestly did they differentiate themselves from the black monks that they wore white garments (as the order still doth) in contrast to their black. No monk fed upon flesh or blood before the times of Charlemagne, who by his earnest prayers won from Pope Leo permission for the cismontane monks to use blood, obtaining for them lard oil, because, unlike the transmontane, they did not have laurel oil. Of this indulgence, however, these did not avail themselves, but followed the narrowness of the old path, living strangers to the taste of flesh ; swine, however, they raise in many thousands, from which they sell the hams, perchance not all ; the heads, the shins, the feet they neither give away, nor sell, nor cast out ; what becometh of them God alone knoweth. In regard to their fowls, also, in which they are passing

rich, it is likewise a question between God and them.

They refused the possessions of the Church and all unjust acquisitions, living as they did like the Apostle by the labour of the hand, putting from them all greed, but only for the time; I know not what aim they set themselves or what promises they made in regard to fruits, but whatever their promises, they were followed by the fruits from which grow the trees we fear. At that time they were lowly and frugal in all things, doing naught out of greed or self-seeking, and denying comfort to no sort of misery; to 'no one did they do what they would not have others do to them, rendering to none evil for evil,' but they guarded innocence from defilement as they would balsam from the mire; one and all they observed the Sabbath, and wished others to do as they did. So they grew to be a very great company, and came to have many monasteries. Now the names of their monasteries always contain some reference to divinity, for example, 'The-House-of-God,' 'The Lord's Valley,' 'Safe-Haven,' 'Pathway-to-Heaven,' 'Valley-of-Miracles,' 'Lamp,' 'Valley-of-Light.'

From this order came Bernard, who straightway waxed bright among his followers, or rather above them, as Lucifer shineth among the stars of night. He was a man ready of speech, who was wont to have carriages go from city to city and from castle to castle, so that in them true believers might be brought to him in the cloister. By God's spirit was this man borne through all the land of France, working those miracles of which Geoffrey of Auxerre wrote and which are well worthy of your belief. I was at table with the blessed Thomas, then Archbishop of Canterbury. There sat with us two abbots of the white monks (Cistercians) who reported many miracles of the man I just mentioned —Bernard, I mean. The discussion arose from the

reading of a letter of Bernard's on the condemnation of master Peter (Abelard), the leader of the Nominalists, whose errors were greater in the field of dialectics than in that of Holy Writ; for in the second his heart was in his exposition whereas in the first he was working against his inclination, and he led many into the same difficulties. There was also read a letter of Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, to Pope Eugenius, who had been a monk of his, and the only one of his order to obtain the chair of Peter. This letter contained a statement that master Peter (Abelard) was as proud as Goliath, that Arnold of Brescia was his standard-bearer, and much more to the same evil import.

With this as a beginning, the abbots seized the occasion to praise Bernard and to laud him to the skies. Then John Planeta, a reluctant and distressed listener to this praise of the good master, said: 'I saw at Montpellier a miracle at which many marvelled'; and on being pressed to tell about it, he went on: 'To him who is, as you justly say, a doer of wondrous works, there was brought at Montpellier a man in chains possessed of a devil, that he might heal him. The master sat on a large she-ass, and he admonished the unclean spirit, amid the silence of the people who had gathered there, and finally said, "Loosen his bonds and let him go free." But the man possessed of the devil, when he felt he was free, began to cast stones at the Abbot (Bernard) with all his might, and, when the Abbot at once took to his heels, the other pursued through the streets as far as he could, and, even when he was caught by the people, he kept his eyes, since his hands were tied, fast fixed on the Abbot.' This tale displeased the Archbishop, and he said to John almost threateningly, 'Is this the sort of miracles you tell about?' Then John replied, 'Those who were there at the time said that this miracle was worth remembering, because the sick man was kind and gentle to all, and

dangerous to the hypocrite only, and this hath so far been to me (an example of) the punishment of presumption.'

In like manner two white abbots were conversing about the aforesaid man in the presence of Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, praising him for his mighty miracles. After unfolding many of them, one of the abbots remarked: 'Although these tales which are told of Bernard are true, yet I was present on one occasion when his miraculous power failed him: a certain man from the borders of Burgundy asked him to come and heal his son; we came, and came upon him dead; Master Bernard bade the body be carried into a private room, and "shutting every one out he lay upon the boy," and after a prayer arose; but the boy did not arise, for he lay there dead.' Thereupon I remarked, 'He was surely the most unlucky of monks; for never have I heard of a monk lying down upon a boy without the boy arising immediately after the monk.' The abbot blushed, and most of the company went out for a laugh.

It is also public property that, after this lapse of the power of the aforesaid Bernard, there happened a second which did not add to his reputation. Walter, Count of Nevers, died in Chartreuse and was buried in that place. Thereupon Master Bernard flew to the tomb and, when he had lain prostrate in prayer for a long time, the prior urged him to come to lunch, for it was the hour. To him Bernard said, 'I shall not go hence until brother Walter speaketh to me,' and he cried out with a loud voice saying, 'Walter, come forth.' But Walter, because he did not hear the voice of Jesus, did not have the ears of Lazarus and failed to come.

Since the name of Arnold of Brescia was mentioned above in our discourse, let us tell, if you please, who he was, just as we heard the story from

a man of his time—a great man too, and one of high learning, Robert of Burneham. This Arnold was summoned after Abelard by Pope Eugenius, was allowed no defence, and, in his absence, was condemned, not for his writings, but for his preaching. In the matter of birth this Arnold was high-born and noble, in the matter of learning he was without a peer, in the matter of piety he was chief, permitting himself no indulgence in food or raiment, save when the strictest necessity compelled. He went about preaching, ' seeking not the things which are his but those which are God's,' and he came to be loved and respected by all. When he went to Rome, the Romans heard his teaching with reverence. He finally came to the papal court and saw the tables of the cardinals loaded with vessels of silver and gold, and the dainties at their feasts ; in the presence of their lord the Pope he chided them kindly, but they bore it unkindly and cast him out ; he returned to the city and began to teach without flagging. The people of the city assembled to hear him and ' heard him gladly.' It came to pass that the people heard that Arnold had preached a sermon on the contempt of rewards and riches into the ears of the cardinals in the presence of their lord the Pope, and had been cast out by the cardinals, so they gathered before the court (Curia) and cried out against the Pope and the cardinals, saying that Arnold was a good man and just, they greedy, unjust, and wicked, men who were not ' the light of the world ' but the lees, and much else after the same manner, and scarcely did they withhold their hands. After this outbreak had been with difficulty quieted, ambassadors were sent to the Emperor, with the Pope's denunciation of Arnold as excommunicate and a heretic, and these messengers did not withdraw until they had him hanged.

Passing Observations of Walter Map on the Life of the Monks. XXV

BOTH the white and black monks recognize their prey as a hawk recognizeth a frightened lark; their prey is those soldiers whom they can pluck, or those men who are prodigal of their property, or who are shackled by debts. These they entice, and at their own firesides, far from the noise, far from the hostelries of good cheer, that is, the public inns, they introduce them to abundant dainties; they urge them with flattering words to visit them often, and promise them daily sustenance of the same sort, and a countenance always joyful; to the hungry they show their storehouses, and pour forth before them for their seeing all they can of the treasures of the monastery; they fill them with hope, promise to supply their wants, hurry them to the altars, teach them to whom they are dedicated, and with how many celebrations they ceaselessly honour these shrines; they make them their brothers in the chapter and partners in their prayers, thence lead them, as saith Virgil, 'into shelter if it is winter, if harvest time, into the shade.'

The black monks (Benedictines) who consider the blessed Saints Basil and Benedict their founders, have found in our times new imitators who, although they profess to be of the same order, have, in their more fervent zeal, added of their own accord some stricter rules; this order (Cistercian) we call white or grey monks without distinction. The black monks follow a rule that they must wear the cheapest garments of the region in which they live, and only by special dispensation can they wear the skins of lambs; the rule of the white order is that they may wear the natural wool of sheep only, without any artificial colouring, and although they deride the black monks for their use of skins, they more than match them by their use of a large number of soft

shirts, which, if they were not kept from the hands of dyers, would become precious scarlet for the delight of kings and princes. The black monks listen to the Master's word as did Mary, sitting at His feet, and are not permitted to go forth to toil; the white, although they sit at His feet, go forth to work, performing with their own hands all sorts of farm labour within their enclosure. Outside their walls they are mechanics, weeders, shepherds, traders, most efficient in each sphere; they do not have a neatherd or a swineherd except he be one of their own number, nor do they allow any, except their own converts, to perform the lowest and meanest services, or even the women's work, such as milking and the like; to all duties they are all things, whence 'the earth is full of their ownership,' and although they should not, in accordance with the Gospel, 'take thought for the morrow,' they keep this great accumulation of riches with the cautious design of freeing themselves from worry and of thus ascending the ark with Noah, to whom no hope was left outside. They submit themselves to one authority, namely the Cistercian abbot, who hath the power to change whatever he will according to his pleasure. They refrain from setting before their guests the food from which they abstain, but neither do they allow to be brought within the enclosure that which they do not give. Their abundant possessions are a proof of their abstinence, since one of greed's hands is niggardliness. They accept the loan of oxen and plough, they cannot lend their own. They are allowed to better their lot, but in no way to make it worse; they are wards, they are servile to their superiors, annoy their neighbours, confiscate the possessions of those whom they have overcome, attach, under the pretence of some virtue or other, whatever may promote their own advantage. If thou raisest a question concerning the trickery of any one of them, such a ready reason is at hand that

it could convict the living gospel of falsehood. He who out of pity hath invited them to share his land should be, it seemeth, their closest friend, but he is driven out. 'Do not that to another which thou dost not want done to thyself,' this precept hath no terror for them, and the same is true of many other precepts.

They have for every act especial excuses which they themselves know, but there is one which is of universal application; to give free play to violence or robbery or to whatever passion their greed prompteth, they say, 'We despoil the Egyptians, enrich the Hebrews,' as if they were the only ones whom God led forth out of darkness. Exceeding narrow do they make God's sway if all except themselves are mad. If they, of whom the Prophets spake not, nor the Lord Jesus, nor the Apostles, have come upon a way untrod by these, either God hath begrudged this to us, or knew it not, or it is evil. And yet we must beware, saith the Lord, of false prophets, who come, as these come, 'in sheep's clothing,' but within are, even as these, 'ravening wolves,' who, standing, as these stand, praying 'on the corners of the streets,' 'make broad their phylacteries,' as do these, and 'enlarge the borders of their garments,' as do these. But he who dwelleth in heaven doth not make broad his phylactery, he who said, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ': he doth not glory in the cross of Christ who crucifieth others that he may win glory from this act; but exceeding broad, it seemeth, do they make their phylacteries who claim that they alone are Hebrews, all others Egyptians.

With the Pharisee they say, 'We are not as other men are'; they do not say, 'Tithes of all we possess we give.' With him they say concerning each one of us, 'not as this publican,' and we say, 'God be merciful to us sinners.' If God hath harkened unto pride and 'hath not regarded low estate,' they are

truly Hebrews and we Egyptians ; if, however, they are Israelites indeed, in them is charity, *i.e.* love for God and for their neighbour ; he who persecuteth his neighbour, ' how dwelleth the love of God in him ? ' Twofold is this unity of love, and God hath granted it to man and man to God, that it may vaunt itself inseparably in respect to the human and the divine, and that neither earthly love nor heavenly love can please without the other. There is no one who doth not take delight in the kind act of another ; no one, therefore, who hath not a neighbour. However far away they who have taken them in may keep them, still they have them as neighbours, and if ' they hate them, how can they love God ? ' But, they say, they love in the Lord ; and they define this expression ' love in the Lord ' as the desire for the salvation of their neighbour's soul : they exclude all help for his body. This is the way surely in which I love all my enemies, because I would that ' they would free themselves from their bodies and be together with Christ.' No one have I ever hated so bitterly but that I forgave him all when he lay dying. Hence, without fear I pray, ' Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,' because in my case my hatred hath departed with my enemy and I forgive him all, so that I desire him to glory ' in Abraham's bosom.' But they, on the contrary, persecute and still love. ' To shut up the bowels of compassion when his brother hath need,' what is this ? Is it not to torture him further in his affliction ? ' How sitteth ' love in robbery, that love which ' doth not behave itself unseemly ' ? How abideth it in pride, since ' it is not puffed up ' ? How take violently for itself that which belongeth to another, since ' it seeketh not its own ' ? How be desirous of gain, since ' it envieth not ' ? How greedily keep its neighbours from their native bounds, since ' it is kind ' ? How endure not its neighbour, since ' it is long-suffering ' ? If they

have love, whence is it? Mean is the hospitality they afford if they rob it of all its good qualities and then take it under their roof. If they have not love, as it seemeth—and God forbid that it be so—they lack the root of virtue, and are dry twigs. But if they do have love without kindliness (would that it were not so), and without long-suffering, which are its peculiar wings, love cannot, if robbed of the beauty which is its own, reach the heavens, and the ugliness of another, which it hath put on, will bring to pass that its pudenda are revealed.

They say, 'The earth is the Lord's,' we alone 'are the children of the Highest,' and except us there is no one worthy to possess it! They do not say, 'Lord, I am not worthy to be called thy son, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof'; they do not say, 'I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose the latchet of thy shoes'; they do not say that 'they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name,' but to possess all things. They do not say that they are those 'of whom the world is unworthy,' but 'those who are worthy of the world.' If they be 'peace-makers' they are 'sons of God'; in what way 'peace-makers' I fail to see, because peace doth not abide in robbery. If they be 'sons of God' (and sons they are), they are, therefore, gods, because 'I have said, ye are gods, and all of you children of the Most High.' At least they are not gods of the Christians whom they despoil, but of the Gentiles who alone with them continue to persecute us, after the Jews, because of their impotence, have ceased. Let them learn, therefore, what they are from the prophet who saith, 'All the gods of the nations are idols, but the Lord made the heavens.' In Him who made the heavens do we put our trust, because He is a God who 'hateth all workers of iniquity.' Our God is not as theirs: our God is 'the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob,' and is not a god newly made; but

theirs is new. Ours saith, ' He who doth not leave all for my sake, is not worthy of me ' ; their god saith, ' He who doth not gain all for his own sake, is not worthy of me ' ; ours saith, ' He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none,' theirs, ' if thou hast not two coats, take from him that hath ' ; ours, ' Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy ' ; theirs, ' Blessed is he who maketh the poor and needy.' Ours saith, ' Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your heart be overcharged with the cares of this life, lest that day come upon you unawares ' ; theirs saith, ' Take heed to yourselves lest your purse be not overcharged in the midst of the cares of this life, lest " poverty as one that travelleth " come upon you.' Ours saith, ' No man can serve God and Mammon ' ; theirs saith, ' No man can serve God without Mammon.'

There are among them many contradictions of this kind, meseemeth, which no one can explain. They are ordered, among other things, to live in a desert place, which, to be sure, they may either find as such, or else make ; whence it is that in whatever region thou mayst have invited them, they seek out a thickly populated spot and of this in a brief time they forcibly make a desert, and ' if not justly, then do they so some other way.' If an unrighteous lord, contrary to the claims of orphans, widows, religious orders, giveth them lands, they enter upon these gladly ; their worry is not how to obtain them, but how to keep them, and because the rule over parishioners is forbidden by their rules, they tear down dwellings, churches, cast out parishioners, overturn the altars of God, are not ashamed to overthrow and to level everything to the path of the plough, so that if thou shouldst see the place which thou hadst seen in times past, thou couldst say, ' Now is a field of grain where Troy once stood,' and that they may have isolation, they cause desolation ; and although they may not possess parishioners of their own, they

may ruin those of others; saving is not permitted by their rule, destruction is prescribed. Every invader in some measure showeth pity and forbearance, for he either maketh his own that which he doth invade and thus saveth it, or else, having despoiled it, he leaveth it to the inhabitants for some hope on their return; these Cistercians are careful to see to it that there will never be a return. If a heartless robber starteth a fire, iron surviveth, and a wall, and the fields for their owners' return; whatever perisheth in a pit, whatever is devastated by a flood, whatever is spoiled by taint of air, there is still preserved in it some use for its owners; only the inroad of this religion leaveth nothing. If a king winneth a kingdom from a king, either by sleight or by sword, no matter how much of a tyrant he may be, the inhabitants of the kingdom abide, he doth not cast them out; on the lands of their fathers they may enjoy some happiness, and the death of the tyrant or some other release from their misery they can patiently await from God within the bounds of their ancestral acres; those who are caught in an invasion of these men can be sure that an exile threateneth them which will last for ever. At other times some persons, for definite reasons, are deported, these men, without reason, exile all; whence it happeneth that those who are weak from illness or old age decline, because of lack of food, the more quickly, the less support there is remaining for them, for they are left alone, and, whithersoever food calleth them in their hunger, they, leaving their parents and their neighbours, seek it everywhere, if they are able, and rush into every hazard, nor do they in the dire distress of their starvation fear any approach of death. Some of them are caught in acts of plunder, others in thefts, and since they despair of being rescued from their wretched state, they scorn life, reckon little any punishment thou mayst inflict upon them, and actually summon

death to cut the throat which hath so long thrust them into all suffering, gladly leaving the light of day which their complete penury with its bitter pangs hath made most pernicious. How monstrous, how savage, how devilish a pest is hunger! How pitiless, how abominable, how execrable the compulsion which, without reason, forceth Christians into this prison! Dacian and Nero managed matters with more gentleness, and, as bitter suffering, endured for a space, cometh to an end more quickly than a long line of ills, so, it seemeth, there was more pity in their severity than in this which causeth poverty—a poverty which holdeth nothing in reverence and hath naught of virtue, which is harrowing in its crimes, filthy in its vices, always irreverent towards God, and which foolishly raveth against every becoming thing; a poverty which putteth swords in pirates' hands, maketh cities base with bandits, and groves thick with thieves in armour, changeth lambs into wolves, driveth wives from the marriage bed into whoredom. Since in it are found all kinds of sin, it hath more injustices than justice hath penalties, more offences than this hath fulminations, more 'human targets than this hath arrows.' Good God! Of what sort are thy sons who cause this thing in thy daughters and sons of light?

Possessions, inheritances, of monasteries and of churches, which have been owned from the beginning, one may say, and obtained justly, they seize for themselves, declaring that these things belong to them, since they ought to have 'all things in common' with all Christians. Rome, then, they praise as their benefactress; to her they have given freely that they may enjoy the indulgence of greed; 'I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen' a poor man gain an indulgence, nor 'his seed' obtain special privilege contrary to the common right, because 'in whose hands is mischief, their

right hand is full of bribes,' and because, 'if thou bringest us no profit, Homer, off thou goest.' They say that the Pope is master of all churches, and that it is permitted him 'to root out and to destroy, to build and to plant'; they assert that they, by his authority, are the proper owners of the profits of their pillaging: this argument, if it is an argument, I have seen employed on other occasions. The lords of Limoges refused to pay to their overlord, the King of England, his just taxes and the services they owed him. The king, therefore, brought in his army and ordered the entire country to be laid waste. Some out of charity spared the poor, others, who took pleasure in this injustice, made everything their prey, saying, 'not pillage, not violence, but peace and obedience are in our acts; the earth is our lord the king's, we are his instruments; our reward is this: they are unworthy who disparage the king unjustly, but we are worthy who, in the sweat of our brow, carry out his orders.' Is not this the voice of those who carry off our tithes, who call themselves Hebrews, us Egyptians, themselves the children of light, us of darkness? We do certainly confess with tears that we are unworthy of all good, and knowing that 'our Master eateth with publicans and sinners,' and 'did not come to call the righteous but sinners,' we repent and pray to Him for pardon. Since, therefore, it is not permitted to do violence, even to the heathen or to force them to faith, how ought they whom God hath taken up be cast out and robbed? 'A contrite heart, a broken spirit' our 'God doth not despise,' He who in His mercy said: 'joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need not repentance.' Our God calleth sinners to Him and receiveth them; these men despise them and cast them out; 'He casteth not out him that cometh to Him,' they turn away those who come.

Concerning them is it spoken in all truth, ' by their fruits shall ye know them.' Let us hear of their fruits, their excellent fruits : in the first place they hold out to the poor open hands, but there is little in them ; ' they disperse indeed and give,' but they do not refresh, because each one receiveth only a bit, and since they do not enrich the poor in accordance with their own wealth, or in accordance with the poor's need, their giving seemeth to be done with their left hand, not with their right ; and yet, granted that they act justly in all things, in nothing for show, yet will they never recompense the Master for what they have taken from Him, since, of all their chapters there is none, or, at the least, only a few, which hath not caused more poverty than it hath relieved. They can be hospitable to each other, that is, to those within their own order, without a murmur, but ' not to us, O Lord our God, not to us.' Those whom they receive through fear of their power or to plunder, they appease with all the appurtenances of their pantry ; smiling faces and happy words are there, and so kindly and so generously do they open their bosoms, so unstintedly, so foolishly do they pour forth their all, that thou wouldst believe them to be angels, not men, and on thy departure thou wouldst sing their praises. But we, Egyptians and wanderers, who for God's sake only are received, claiming nothing except charity, we shall never of our own will return to them as long as any portal or purse is open to us anywhere else. After the vesper hymns they never invite us, or lead us in, or permit us to enter their hospice, although, after long journeying, all the more necessary is rest and refreshment at such a time, and refusal harder to bear.

In regard to their clothing and food and daily toil, those to whom they are kind, because they can do them no evil, say that their clothing is not sufficient to protect them against cold, or their food against

hunger, that their toil, however, is unremitting. And these friends of theirs use this argument to convince me that they are not greedy, because their acquisitions are not sought for their own ease. O, how easy the answer to such an argument! Money-lenders and those who are slaves to greed, do such not clothe themselves most cheaply and support themselves meanly? And it is their treasure which the greedy clutch when death cometh, they gather wealth not to gain ease with it, but to gloat over it, not to use it, but to hoard it up. If thou shouldst argue in regard to toil, cold, food, the Waldenses are less indulgent to themselves in such matters than are the Cistercians; the latter have many shirts, the former none, neither of them have skins; the Cistercians do not use linen, nor the Waldenses wool except in their short and simple cloaks; those have shoes and boots, these walk about with bare feet and ankles; those do not eat flesh, nor these bread; those give alms, these have no one to whom to give, for, since they share their food in common, no one among them asketh for food, but helpeth himself without restriction; and yet the Waldenses, with less respect and more open violence than the Cistercians, entice men and slay them; the former live always in tents or under the open sky, the latter 'make themselves glad in their ivory palaces.'

And in regard to this scantiness of clothing, theirs is a curious rule, meseemeth, concerning the use of breeches; these they must wear in their service at the altars, and, after they have withdrawn, they lay them off; this is a respect which is shown to sacred vestments, but these breeches are not sacred, nor reckoned among the apparel of priest or levite, nor are they blessed; they serve as an emblem, however, and cover the privy parts, thus seeming to mark the secrets of love and to prevent their disclosure. Their reason for not always wearing

breeches is, as a certain man explained to me, that they may, forsooth, suffer from cold in those parts that their passion be not aroused and they be not impelled to adultery. God forbid! And their undershirts are cut off short below the belt, leaving the uppermost portion, and thus those regions of the body which should be concealed are not covered by an honourable garment in accordance with a religious scruple which is approved elsewhere. Our lord King Henry II. not long ago was riding in front of his endless number of soldiers and priests, talking with Master Rericus, a great monk and an upright man; the wind was blowing hard, and suddenly a white monk, who was hastening his steps along the street, saw them and made haste to turn aside; 'he dashed his foot against a stone,' nor on this occasion 'was he borne up by the angels'; down he fell in front of the king's horse, the wind lifted his garment round his neck, so that, before the unwilling eyes of the king and of Rericus, was displayed the bare truth of his privy parts. The king, as one with a never-failing supply of good-breeding, pretended not to see, turned his head away, and held his peace. Rericus, however, exclaimed aside, 'Curses on a religion that bareth the rump!' I heard his remark and was sorry that reverence was thus derided, although the wind was within its rights in falling upon regions exposed to it. If, however, the Cistercians can endure scarcity of food, rough clothing, hard toil, and such single inconveniences as they describe, but cannot contain their lust, and need the wind to act as a check for Venus, it is well that they do without breeches and are exposed to the breezes. I know that our flesh, although it is of earth and not of heaven, doth not need such shields for these battles, because, 'without Ceres and Bacchus, our Venus is chilled'; but, perchance, the goddess hurleth her attack more boldly against those enemies whom she knoweth are more firmly

guarded. However this may be, the fallen monk would have arisen with more dignity if his body had been more closely confined.

I cannot forget that they are Hebrews and we Egyptians. In one respect, surely, we are Egyptians, in that we are despoiled; yet they are Egyptians of their own free will in that they themselves have handed over their possessions, we against our will, in that with full knowledge and wisdom we suffer pillage. But they in many respects are Hebrews: in their despoiling, as in Egypt, in their reviling, as at the rock Horeb, and again at the 'waters of contradiction,' in their greed, as when, contrary to the command of Moses, they did not save the gomer against the morrow, 'in their suffocating with their spittle the righteous Ur,' and in many other ways, whence the saying that 'for forty years long they do err in their hearts.'

Let us in addition add a few words concerning the deeds of the Hebrews, passing over, however, much of the bitter chronicle. Let us pass over their removal by night of the tree which marked the boundary of their lands beyond the fields of their neighbour, an Egyptian soldier at Coxwold—a story told by Roger, Archbishop of York. Let us not mention the meadow of another Egyptian which, before the fall of the evening dew, these Hebrews sprinkled with salt and let in their rams upon it; these, in their greedy search for the salt, tore up during the night all growing things by the roots, and made the field barren for several years that it might in the meantime be sold to them. Nor need I mention how their Hebrew brothers of this same region, a large band of them with many wagons, one night scattered unexpectedly their nearest neighbour's field with dung, and how, when on the morrow the Egyptian expressed surprise that so many of their wagons had trespassed on a field that had always been his, they jeered at him as one mad

who dared to call his a field belonging to their brother Hebrews who had worked it for many days at the cost of unceasing toil. Since he had never hitherto made accusation against them, they had appearances on their side, and they made themselves secure from interference, these white-clad squatters, before every judge, until the heir of the soldier, driven on by his raging anger, employed fire to wreak his vengeance on all of them and their houses. Let us moreover say not a word concerning the duplication, in exactly the same words, and concerning the same acres, of a deed which they fraudulently obtained from a foolish clerk without the owner's knowledge, to take the place of the original which, they said, had been lost: they then rented other fields in exchange for the first, but from the same owner, and surrendered one of the duplicate deeds, keeping the other; when the man who had sold the land, or rather rented it, died, they claimed from the heir, on the strength of the remaining copy of the bill, the property they had first obtained. In the presence of our lord the king they were convicted and showed their confusion in their usual way by jesting when they should have wept; they were let go by the king, for God's sake, against God. I must pass over also the discovery that they held at Neath sixteen acres of land belonging to Earl William of Gloucester which, after the delivery of the deed, was increased to one hundred.

These acts we need not hold in our memory, because they are clever devices, and, to use their words, deeds done with good intent; for they do them not to harm others but to profit themselves. Since, however, the Egyptians must be despoiled by all means, these acts are thus far pardonable, that the story of them telleth nothing of bloodshed and hence is less dreadful. At Woolaston Wood, however, they hanged an Egyptian and, imitating Moses, hid 'him in the sand'; the poor fellow had crept up to

their fruit orchard to satisfy his hunger, and found therefrom, at the hands of the brothers, eternal respite. Of their later acts the following must not be concealed, in order to show how little was their dread of such deeds, and how little restraint they put upon themselves in doing anything that might result to their advantage. There was a neighbour of these Hebrew brothers, a soldier of the Egyptians, who had been settled on a part of their possessions, and whom they could not remove either by prayers or promises. They sent, therefore, to the soldier a traitor armed with the pretext of seeking shelter in the name of Christ; by him they were admitted at night, wearing long cloaks and armed with swords and clubs; and they slew the Egyptian together with his children and his whole household, except his wife. He had defended her and her nursing babe as long as he had power to stand, and thus had enabled them to escape. She fled to her uncle—a day's journey away—and he, having gathered together her parents and neighbours, arrived on the third day at the place whither often he had come with his friends. Where there had been buildings, gardens, and large trees, he found a level and well-ploughed field, no sign and no traces of a human habitation, 'because they were not.' His suspicions, however, were not allayed, and he forced an entrance into the gate which 'did not open to them of its own accord,' and saw trees which had been torn up by the roots and cut into great logs. Thus confirming his former belief, he reported the affair to the judges. The wife of the Egyptian soldier, moreover, gave the names of several of the Hebrews, and, more important, the name of the layman who had opened the house to them. This person was arrested by the judges and, losing his self-control under the ordeal of water, confessed to the truth of the charges. He expressly named the Hebrews who had done the deed, adding that they had given him for his part in

it absolution from all his past sins, from the one in question, and from all to come, and for the rest had solemnly assured him that he could not possibly die by water, fire, or the sword. He was hanged, therefore, unhappy wretch, paying a penalty due unto them all, whereas his masters, thanks to the will of King Henry, because of their love for Christ, were bidden to abide unharmed. It was the Hebrews of Byland Abbey who did this thing.

The Hebrews of Pontigny had made from their large hogs bacons, which we, using another term, call gammons. They sold these, but held them as a deposit until the traders could return with wagons to carry them away. When the traders returned with their wagons they found, to be sure, the same piles of bacons which each had bought, with the number intact, but the bacons which they had left fat they were surprised to see lean, and merely skin and bones. They therefore went to the Count of Nevers, who was overlord of the region. On his arrival at the monastery, he was told by a certain shepherd that the Hebrews had squeezed the flitches in a press until all the blood was forced out from the meat, and had sealed this in new bottles wherein never before had any wine been put. The truth of this statement was established in the presence of the abbot and the cloistered brothers. The Count blushed and his companions were amazed : ' Please, please, Quintilian, give us some excuse, we 're stuck,' was all the monks could say. So their master the abbot began : ' We who live inside the cloister are not concerned in this ; the whole thing was done without our knowledge ; those fools outside have sinned through their ignorance, and they will be soundly flogged.' What a seemly excuse ! To me, at least, it seemeth not that this thing was done through ignorance, but with a sure knowledge of the evil thereof, and the fool, for all the cursing he received, was all the more ready for further evil.

And yet, by the above excuse, the cloistered brothers exonerate themselves of the dishonesty which is practised outside the walls, and lay it on their brothers who without them can do nothing. Therefore let the abbots take heed to the fate of Eli, since they do not chide their sons or correct them, but by their silence give consent and seem to spur them on. There is a similar situation in all robbers' camps; 'some sit idly at home while others go forth after booty,' but David speaketh no lie in his fair statement that 'he that goeth down to the battle and he that tarrieth by the stuff, they shall part alike.' And will it always be permitted to those within the cloister to be represented with closed eyes? If they should 'hear the bleating of a kid,' ought they not to cry with Tobias, 'See that it be not stolen goods'? At any rate they surely were not born within the cloister: let them call to mind the things they saw outside.

The Church seemeth, doth it not, to be the prey of its monastery? Have the monks, therefore, entered it as a cloister or as a camp? Since their rule preventeth them from possessing churches, they obtain from lawyers the right to the living, and, sending in a deputy, they have not churches, but yearly pensions. Let them look to it that the law be not cheated. But our protectors have sold us to them: hence I think that we should say not a word, lest 'they increase the grief of the wounded, adding iniquity to iniquity.'

Already the Hebrews have had an inkling of this book, and they call me a persecutor of religion: it is their sins which I blame, not their character, their hypocritical professors, not their well-founded order. Those who crucify the flesh to quench passion, who feed the poor to win God's mercy for themselves, who 'arise at midnight to give thanks,' I do not blame, but those who with all zeal search out every road to gain and walk therein, who open every gate to

greed and enter therein, who can imagine no bloody path to riches without treading therein; these are the things which it is my glory to hate, and from my knowledge of them I am forced to utter this complaint. The doers of such deeds as these I despise, and I charge them especially not to be found in these works. I see that on their lips my name hath become a reproach and a by-word, so that they compare me to the poet Cluvienus, user of 'charcoal and chalk,' a witless and foolish writer. This I am, surely; but, whereas my song is of malice and worthy indeed of chalk and charcoal, I am also a fool: I cannot contrive, I cannot flatter; and I am witless; as salt is of no avail in a stench, I confess that I am a foolish and dull poet, but, on the other hand, not a lying one, for he doth not lie who reciteth facts, but he who imagineth them. Moreover, what I know of these men—these Hebrews, I mean—and what the Church bewaileth, and what I often hear, of this I write, not without experience. If they do not gain wisdom, those things 'will be preached upon the house-tops' which now lie hidden 'in the ear.' But would that the Lord might stir up a strong adversary against them and change their 'vessels of dishonour' into habitations of mercy, so that they might see themselves with a clearer vision, and judge themselves the less in worth in comparison with the just and great, the more they themselves mock the contrite and the lowly.

Recapitulation of the Grandmontines. XXVI

THESE latter days have brought into being these cults of religion. And there is yet another sect, already mentioned, that of the Grandmontines, which traceth its origin to one Stephen, who drew his rules from the Gospel, with the wish to wipe out all avarice. They have one prior, who is always at

home, never for any reason going outside of the walls, no matter what may be the summons, who is feared in all places by those under him and who guideth according to his will that which he hath not seen or will never see. The clerks are always cloistered—that Mary may be their sovereign joy—because they are not allowed to go out. The lay brethren open the door to guests. These receive offerings, but do not exact them, and, what they receive, they expend with gladness, discharging the duties and business of the house, and, although they seem masters in everything, they are (really) the dispensers and servants of those within, since they administer all things for them, in order that no request for special favour may weigh a whit with the cloistered clerks. Outside of their first foundation, the Grandmontines rear or receive no dwelling-place, nor do they take up their abode in any parish without a full licence of the metropolitan bishop or archdeacon, or without a prior contract with the parish priest to receive an annual pension derived from the tithes and the revenues of the place. They keep no living creatures except bees; these Stephen granted to them, because bees do not remove the fodder of neighbours; and because their produce is gathered once and for all, for the good of all. In the possession of bees, too, the passion for private property can find no pride, nor have they any beauty which tempteth their acquisition. When the master calleth these monks out to any employment, two or more straightway go forth—but no one among them is without his companion, because 'woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up'! 'They open the hand to every man that asketh.' When there is no food remaining, they fast for a day and then tell Him to whom belongeth the world. But if He doth not hear them, two go forth on the morrow and announce to the bishop the hunger of the brethren. But if he, too,

doth not hearken, they fast until the Lord shall have visited them through some agent. Within their walls they hold secret converse, admitting no one save the bishop and princes of the realm. But when the visitors come forth, they have naught to say of poverty among them. Our lord, that is, King Henry the Second, to whom they fully disclose everything, is, through his natural generosity, so lavish in his bounty to them that they are nowhere in want. However, even at them doth Avarice point its finger and refraineth not from touching them. For they have recently arranged to have, in each of the neighbouring cities, citizens whose office it is to procure food and clothing for them from the gifts already received, and they have won for themselves from their princes complete freedom from fiscal burdens. Hence it hath come to pass, if we may believe rumour, that many men of rank offer themselves and their all, and are received into the order. And I think we should fear that some ill will come of it hereafter, for they join in the counsels and have in their hands the business of kings.

The Origin of Sempringham. XXVII

MASTER GILBERT of Sempringham, who is still alive, although now blind with age, for he is more than a hundred years old, founded a new religious order, which first won recognition from Pope Eugenius—an order consisting of regular canons, and of sisters too, who live with a wall between them and the men so as not to see and be seen. The men and women have no access to one another, save when unction or *viaticum* is necessary —and this is administered in the presence of many spectators through a window most carefully contrived for that purpose. They have many houses already, but they have not yet gone beyond the borders of England. No unfavourable report hath

as yet been made of them, but there is some reason to fear, for frequently the wiles of Venus penetrate the walls of Minerva and there is no collision between love and lore without collusion.

Recapitulation of the Carthusians. XXVIII

YET another kind of brotherhood, already described by me, is found in Grésivaudan. Dwelling together in one house, but distributed among several cells, are twelve priests and their prior, whose intercourse is very famous. Although these later days endeavour to attract God in every fashion, He seemeth less present to us now than when men sought Him from the depths of a simple heart without the contrivance of clothes or costly adornment, for as He is a searcher of hearts and not of clothes, also He is a lover of a well-disposed spirit and not of well-arranged clothing. Let them therefore not despise us, who are poorly arrayed, because He who 'could not be entangled in His talk' will not be tricked by apparel. Our King, Henry the Second—whose power is dreaded almost everywhere—although he is always in very costly array, as befitteth his state, striveth not to be proud, nor presumeth to be in any way high-minded nor indeed doth his tongue swell with any elation; nor yet doth he exalt himself above man, but the cleanness which always appeareth in his apparel without is ever in his mouth as well. Although no one to-day is his equal or like, he preferreth to confess himself contemptible than to conduct himself as a contemner.

Of a Certain Sect of Heretics. XXIX

OUR King, Henry II., keepeth out of all his lands a most damnable sect, the exponent of a new heresy, which, to be sure, confesseth with its mouth our own faith in Christ, but saith from the depths of its heart, 'There is no God.' These heretics have

gathered throngs of many thousands, the so-called Routiers (Ruttae), and arming themselves cap-à-pie, with hide and metal, sticks and swords, have reduced to ashes monasteries, granges, and towns. Moreover, they have violated women with a strong hand and without discrimination. This sect arose in Brabant, taking thence the name 'Brabançon,' for at first, sallying forth as robbers, they made for themselves a law against all law. Soon there were associated with these in the breeding of sedition, fugitives, false clerks, runaway monks; and deserters of God of every sort joined their nefarious assemblage. They have now multiplied so immeasurably and the hosts of Leviathan have waxed so mighty that they abide in safety or wander through lands and kingdoms amid the hatred of God and of men.

Of Another Sect of These. XXX

THERE is, too, another old heresy which hath recently increased beyond all measure. This traceth its origin to those who have forsaken God, when He speaketh of the eating of His flesh and the drinking of His blood; and who declare 'This is a hard saying.' Going back (and walking no more with Him), they are called Publicans or Paterines. They, however, have lurked among Christians everywhere from the days of our Lord's passion, and they continue to wander from the truth (*errant*). At first, indeed, they occupied single houses in the towns in which they dwelt, and from whatever quarter each man may have come, 'he knew his own house in the smoke,' so to speak. They do not accept St. John's Gospel; and they deride our views of the body and blood of Christ, the consecrated bread. Men and women dwell together, but no sons and daughters come from this union. Many who, regaining wisdom, have returned to the true faith

tell us that, about the first watch of the night, each group of these, closing all gates and doors and windows, sitteth in expectant silence in each of their synagogues. Then there cometh down by a rope, which hangeth in their midst, a black cat of marvellous size. At the appearance of this creature they put out all lights. They neither sing hymns nor even speak articulately, but they gnash with clenched teeth, and they approach, feeling their way, to the spot where they have seen their lord, and, when they find him, they kiss him, each with a measure of humility proportioned to the heat of his frenzy, some his feet, many under the tail, and very many his private parts and, just as if the licence for lust had been received from the place of stench, each seizeth the man or woman nearest, and they mingle just as far as each one is able to carry this mockery. Moreover, their masters say and teach their novices that perfect charity is to do or to suffer whatever brother or sister hath sought or desired, that is, to extinguish the fires of their common passions. Thus, from suffering, they are called 'Paterines.'

They have not yet come into England with the exception of some sixteen, and these, being either branded or beaten with rods by the command of King Henry II., are no longer among us. Neither in Normandy nor in Brittany are any found; in Anjou there are many, while in Aquitaine and Burgundy their numbers are infinite. Their fellow-countrymen also say that they catch their guests in some one of their dishes, and that those whom they dare not tempt by the hidden meanings of their public sermons thus become even as themselves. Hence happened that incident which Lord William, Archbishop of Rheims, brother of the Queen of France, reported to me, corroborating the story by many witnesses. A noble prince from the neighbourhood of Vienne, in constant fear of this detestable rapine,

always carried with him in his wallet hallowed salt, not knowing whose house he was going to enter; and fearing everywhere the blandishment of the enemy, was wont even at his own table to sprinkle this on all foods. When it was reported to him that two knights had misled his nephew, who was the lord of many people and towns, behold him straightway at his nephew's house! When they were ceremoniously feasting together, the nephew unwittingly caused to be placed before his uncle a whole mullet, seemingly 'pleasant to the eyes and good for food.' Then the knight sprinkled the salt thereon and suddenly the fish disappeared and there on the dish was left some substance like pellets of hare dung. The knight was horrified, as were those with him, and after revealing to his nephew the miracle, he most devoutly preached to him repentance, and taught him, with many tears, the multitude of God's mercies, showing him, moreover, that all the efforts of demons are conquered by faith alone as in the thing he had just seen. The nephew took the speech ill, and withdrew to his bedroom. Then the nobleman, indignant at the mockery heaped upon him, led with him in chains the knights who had seduced his nephew, and, in the sight of many people, shut them up in a hut, where he bound them fast to a stake; and he then burned the whole building with a fire that he kindled beneath. But the fire did not touch them at all, nor indeed was any trace of scorching found on their garments. Then there arose against the nobleman an uproar of people crying, 'We have sinned against very just men, counter to the faith attested by their true virtues.' The nobleman, wavering not a whit nor faltering in his faith as a Christian even in the face of so great a phenomenon, quieted the angry voices of the crowd by compliments and strengthened their faith by gentle speeches. He consulted the Bishop of Vienne, who shut up the offenders,

bound as before, in a larger house, and, walking around the whole building on the outside, sprinkled it with holy water to counteract their magic. He then ordered the torch to be applied; but the fire, despite all fanning and feeding, could catch or consume nothing. The city consequently reviled the bishop, and displayed such a loss of faith that many openly taunted him with mad words, and, had they not been checked by respect for their prince, they would have cast the bishop himself into the flames and would have freed the supposedly innocent. Then beating down the doors, the crowd rushed into the house, and coming to the stake, found charcoal and sparks where flesh and bones had been, and yet they discovered that the chains were unhurt and the stake intact, and that the very righteous flame had turned only against those who had erred. Thus a kind Lord changed the hearts of the erring to penitence and blasphemy to praise.

These things have come to pass in our time. I call our time this modern period, the course of these one hundred years, of which now only the final parts remain. Of this period the recollection is sufficiently fresh and clear, especially of those things which are noteworthy—since there are yet alive some centenarians and numberless sons who can recall very definitely from the narratives of their fathers and grandfathers things which they have not themselves seen. I give the name of modern period (modernity) to the hundred years which have passed, and not to those which are to come, although they may have the same right to the name, by reason of their nearness, since the past hath to do with narration and the future with divination. In the period of this century the Templars have attained their highest strength and so have the Hospitallers in Jerusalem, and in Spain the soldiers who derive their name from the sword. The story of these I have already told.

Of the Sect of the Waldenses. XXXI

I SAW in the Council at Rome under the celebrated Alexander, third Pope of the name, Waldenses, illiterate laymen, called from their founder Waldes (Waldo), a citizen of Lyons on the Rhone. These presented to His Holiness a book written in the French tongue, containing the text and gloss of the Psalter and of very many books of both Old and New Testaments. They besought him with great importunity to confirm the licence of their preaching, because they seemed to themselves experts, although they were mere smatterers. For it usually happeneth that birds which do not see the subtle snares or nets believe that there is free passage everywhere. Do not those persons who are occupied all their days with sophistries—men who can ensnare and yet can scarce be snared, and who are ever delvers in the deep abyss—do not those men, in fear of disfavour, profess with reverence to bring forth all things from God, whose dignity is so lofty that no praises or no merits of preachments can attain to that height, unless sovereign mercy hath borne them aloft? On every dot of the divine page, noble thoughts are wafted on so many wings, and such wealth of wisdom is amassed that he alone to whom God hath given something (to draw with) may drink from the full (well). Shall, therefore, in any wise pearls be cast before swine, and the word given to laymen who, as we know, receive it foolishly, to say nothing of their giving what they have received? No more of this, and let it be rooted out! 'Let the precious ointment run down from the head upon the beard and thence upon the clothing'; 'let clean waters be drawn from the fountain, not muddy from the market-place.' I, the least of the many thousand who were called to the council, derided them, because their petition produced so much higgling and hesitation, and when

I was summoned by a certain great bishop, to whom that mightiest of Popes had entrusted the charge of confessions, I sat down, 'a mark for their arrows.' After many masters of the law and men of learning had been admitted, there were brought before me two Waldenses who seemed the chief of their sect, eager to argue with me about the faith, not for the love of seeking the truth, but that, by convicting me of error, they might stop my mouth as of 'one speaking lies.' I sat full of fear—I confess—lest, under pressure of my sins, the power of speech in so great a council should be denied me. The bishop ordered me, who was making ready to reply, to try my eloquence against them. At the outset I suggested the easiest questions, which anybody should be able to answer, for I knew that when an ass is eating thistles, its lips disdain lettuce: 'Do you believe in God the Father?' They answered, 'We believe.' 'And in the Son?' They replied, 'We believe.' 'And in the Holy Spirit?' Their reply still was, 'We believe.' I kept on, 'In the Mother of Christ?' And they again, 'We believe.' Amid the derisive shouts of all, they withdrew in discomfiture, which was richly deserved, because they were ruled by none, and sought to be made rulers, like Phaethon who 'did not know the names of his horses.'

These have nowhere a fixed abode, but wander about by two and two, barefooted, clad in sheepskins, possessing nothing, 'having all things in common' like the apostles, naked following the naked Christ. Now their beginnings are lowly because they can find no entrance anywhere, for, should we let them in, we should be driven out. Let him who doth not believe hear what hath already been said of like sort. In these times of ours which we condemn and deride, there are doubtless those who wish to keep faith, and should they be put to the test, they would, as in times gone by, lay down their

lives for their shepherd, Lord Jesus, but because we have been led astray or lured away by a strange sort of zeal, our times have grown as base as though of iron. Ancient days pleased as though they shone with gold. We possess histories handed down from the beginning to our times, we read old fables, and we have understanding of the mystic meaning from which cometh the pleasure we should find in them. Bear in mind the envious Cain, the citizens of Sodom and Gomorrah—not one man, say I, but all men wallowing in a sea of lust—Joseph, sold by his brethren, Pharaoh punished by many plagues, a people showing themselves, by their worship of the golden calf, rebellious to God and to him who was chosen by God through the clearest of signs in the desert, the pride of Dathan, the impudence of Zimri, the perjury of Achitophel, the avarice of Nabal, and innumerable prodigies of lust, in unbroken series from the beginning to our times, and therefore do not shrink back with too great pride from things of our day like unto these or perhaps even less base. But because endurance of evils is more severe than mere hearsay, we are silent over what we hear and we wail over what we suffer. Thus, bearing in mind that there have been worse things, let us show restraint in those things that are lighter. Indeed warning fables set before us Atreus and Thyestes and Pelops and Lycaon and many others like these that we may shun their fates. The judgments of histories also are not without their value, for both kinds of narratives have the same practice and design. For history, which is based on truth, and fable, which weaveth a tissue of fancy, both bless the good with a happy end so that virtue may be loved, and damn the bad with a foul ending, wishing to render wickedness hateful. In narratives adversity succeedeth in turn to prosperity and *vice versa*, with frequent change of fortune, in order that, both being always kept before our eyes, no forget-

fulness of either may arise on account of the other, but that each may be kept in due bounds by proper infusion of its opposite. Thus exaltation or destruction will never pass the mean; that is to say, by the contemplation of things to come, meditation will neither be empty of hope nor free from fear—I mean, of temporal things to come, because that 'perfect charity' which is heavenly 'casteth out fear.'

Of Three Hermits and their Wonderful Penance. XXXII

PHILIP of Naples, a man of mark, told me that when he was returning from hunting in Nigra Montana, he met a man of the woods, hairy and deformed, lying by a fountain to drink, and that he suddenly dragged him to his feet by his hair and asked him who he was and what he was doing there. The fellow begged in his humility to be released, saying, 'Three of us came to this solitude in order that, living here in penance, we might become imitators of the Fathers of old: the first and best of us was a Frank, the second, far braver and nobler than I, was an Englishman, I am a Scot. The Frank is of such perfection that I fear to speak of his life, for it passeth belief; the Angle, or rather angel, is bound with an iron chain only so long that it can be stretched seven feet. He always beareth with him an iron hammer and a stake with which he fasteneth his chain to the earth on the Sabbath, and within these narrow bounds he prayeth throughout the whole week, unfailing in hymns of joy. He is never complaining or sad; eating what he findeth there, he moveth his camp on the Sabbath, not wandering aimlessly, but seeking a place pleasant in its prospect, not plentiful in its products, a retreat not protected from the inclemency of the weather; and wherever he findeth any food with water near-by, there with joy in his heart he staketh

out his possession. If you want to see this man, he is making his residence this week by the stream which floweth from this spring.' With these words he ran away with the speed of a wild animal. A little while after, the Neapolitan found the Englishman dead, and feeling such reverence for his virtues that he did not presume to touch him nor anything of his, he departed, entrusting to followers the due rites of burial. This Englishman bore in his heart Christ the fountain of joy, hence to him narrow circumstances could bring no sadness. So, as the Lord saith, let 'hypocrites be sad,' because 'perfect charity casteth out fear' together with sadness.

SECOND DIVISION

Prologue. I

THE victory of the flesh is contrary to reason, because man desireth less those things which are of God and most those things which are of the world. When reason, however, is observed, the soul is triumphant, 'it rendereth to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.' I have put first two illustrations of 'the mercy and judgment of God' which, so far from giving pleasure, are ever tedious and are awaited with dread, just as the tales of poets and imitations of these are awaited with desire. Let these tales, however, be put off if they may not be put out, and let us set forth those miracles which we know or believe.

About Gregory, a Monk of Gloucester. II

I SAW Gregory, a monk of Gloucester, already an old man and, in addition to the infirmities of age, afflicted with many other weaknesses: he had gall-stones and was spongy in his shins and thighs, and yet he was invariably cheerful and, although the inroads of disease never ceased, he himself never ceased from psalms. If it ever happened that sleep crept upon him more softly after long labours, in that hour he was wont to say that he was abandoned by God or given to oblivion; and when he was the more grievously beset, he poured forth his thanks the more effusively to the Highest, just as if he were saying with St. Augustine: 'Burn here, punish here, and do not accuse me in Thy wrath.'

I had commended myself to his prayers at the time of my first voyage; and when a tempest grew so strong that the ship was almost overwhelmed in the waves, I, having no other hope, pinned my highest faith to the merits of him to whom I had commended myself. With that devoutness which those in danger on a sinking ship are accustomed to display, I prayed God that, by His mercy and by the merits of this good Gregory, He should deliver us safe from the waves. In the middle of the storm I found a little sleep, and lo, I saw Master Gregory walking among the sailors, encouraging them and teaching them and making all things right. Upon awaking I found everywhere quiet and a great calm; I rendered deserved thanks to God.

Some time after, I reported to Gregory's Abbot, Hamelin, this thing about him, which he himself with many thanksgivings hath declared to many. And hearing of this incident, Gilbert de Lacy, a man of mark who had become a Templar, followed my example, and went with the prayers and the blessing of the aforesaid Gregory when he journeyed to Jerusalem, and afterwards reported that he had a like experience in the Grecian sea.

Of the Blessed Peter of Tarentaise. III

I SAW afterwards the blessed Peter, Archbishop of Tarentaise, which lieth among the Alps, a man so full of merit and so famed for his miracles that he may very properly be pronounced equal in virtue to the ancient Fathers, whom we worship in church. By the mere touch of Peter's hand and by his prayer, the Lord healed the sick and drove out demons; nor did the Archbishop ever attempt anything that he did not perform. He spent eleven days at Limoges with the King of the English, Henry II., who entrusted him to my care, for maintenance at the

royal expense; I found the man to be of a joyous nature and of laughing countenance in adversity, clean, temperate, humble, in every way perfect, as it seemed to me and to many others. I saw one miracle which God wrought through his hand and I heard of very many others. At a late hour one day, a great throng of the citizens of Limoges came, bringing with them a man possessed by the devil. After them came the Bishop of Poitiers, who is now Archbishop of Lyons, surnamed Albaemanus ('Aux blanches mains'), of Canterbury birth, a man of great eloquence and of the highest authority and reputation, not in order to put Peter's power to the test but to be able to know definitely what he was already inclined to credit. He accosted me with these words: 'Best beloved, call forth the Archbishop that it may be possible for us to bear certain witness to that of which all are talking. On several occasions I have seen men suffering from illusions which made them testify that they had seen miracles, and I have always recognized the pretence but never have I seen a real miracle.' Then I brought out Master Peter. Falling on his knees he laid his hand upon the sick man, who was unquestionably foaming and altogether frantic. Lord John the Bishop and I listened secretly and heard him say, '"While the eleven disciples were sleeping,"' and so on. Men were holding the demoniac down upon the bed, but they had not bound him, because he was their fellow-citizen. After saying a short prayer and reciting a gospel, Peter ordered them to take their hands off the sick man, who immediately wiped his mouth with his right hand, saying, 'Mother of God, have mercy!' Then with a sudden backward leap, Lord John the Bishop said in tears, 'Truly, the sick man is healed, Peter alone is bishop; but we are "dogs not fit to bark."'

Likewise of the same Blessed Peter. IV

MASTER SERLO of Wilton, the Abbot of L'Aumône, told me that this same good Archbishop Peter, during his stay at a Cistercian monastery, was asked by a monk of that cloister whose foot was swollen and distorted from birth to heal him by his intervention. Leading the monk aside and seating him on a bench, he made him take off his shoes; then Peter prayed on bended knees with the naked foot in his hands. Master Serlo drew near and, eavesdropping, heard these words from the Archbishop, who had leaped back from the monk as if from a blow, and was gazing at him in wonder: 'Brother, it is "better for thee to enter the kingdom of heaven with but one foot, than with two to be cast into hell fire,"' and then he sent the monk away. When Peter caught sight of Serlo, he said, 'Brother Serlo, if the Lord had allowed me to heal this brother, He would have lost him.' Serlo, indeed, imputed this outcome rather to his weakness than to his wisdom; but wishing to test what had been done, he reported everything to the Cistercian abbot, and urgently requested him to call the monk aside at once, and to order him to make a full confession. Under this command the monk said: 'Father, although I am of noble and famous parentage, yet when I saw myself unlike my kinsmen in my foot, and so deformed as to be a byword, I came hither driven by the shame of my debasement, but just now when Lord Peter was fondling my foot in his hand, I seemed to feel the approach of health; and thus detecting the beginnings of a cure, I thought of returning with keen delight to the world which I had left in sorrow and shame.'

Of the same Blessed Peter. v

SERLO also told me that Peter had wrought another miracle on the next day. At the command of the Cistercian abbot, Master Peter was preaching to the people when a woman interrupted him with loud shrieks and complained that her lord's purse had been cut off from her. Then the Archbishop, urging every one to be silent, poured forth many prayers that whatever the tearful petitioner had lost should be restored to her. Soon aware that exhortations were all in vain, he said at length : ' Seize that big fellow with the white cap and take the coins under his left arm-pit.' When this money had been found and restored, the thief's master asked the Archbishop what to do with him. He answered, ' Let him go, for though he can be caught he cannot be corrected.'

Men say that this Peter turned water into wine and fed men miraculously with a few loaves, hence you may know that the prayers of the deserving fail not to gain God's grace even in these days of ours.

In the country of Burgundy one often heareth the story of a soldier without sufficient fear of God, who, after pertinacious persistence in the practice of sin, suffered punishment in the form of a seizure ; a lizard fastened on his shoulder-blade with teeth and claws and, when it could not be removed either by the art of Hippocrates or by the aid of prayers, the Mother of Mercy miraculously magnified her power. As often as the poor wretch entered any church dedicated in her name, the lizard let go and disappeared, but always clung again at his going forth. When Peter knew of this, he heard the soldier's confession and enjoined penance. As soon as the penance had been performed, the sufferer was freed from his torture.

Of a Hermit. VI

GOD showeth forth His mercies when penance hath been done or begun, thus teaching that the truly penitent heart is delivered by invisible and hidden power. The Lord delivered a hermit. At the supper hour there came to the solitary in his retreat a small serpent, and after its entrance into the cell, as though hungry, it kept itself in humble fashion near the monk while he was eating, seeming by means of its humility to be asking alms. The hermit having ' the zeal of God, but not according to knowledge ' had heard, ' Give to every man that asketh thee,' and ' the dogs eat of the crumbs.' He gave crumbs, and, every day, he most hospitably received the guest at its coming, until at length it waxed so great that it could not go forth by the way it came. After a while, as time went on, the stranger creature, by reason of the narrowness of the little abode, enwrapped the place with its fiery coils, so that this dwelling sufficed only for the guest. The nurse of this coiling Zabulon wept and 'lifted his whole heart to the Lord,' full of repentance now that he had learned how the charity which he foolishly bestowed had been requited. The Lord, who, through His sovereign mercy, cannot refrain from pity, pitied this monk and sent him a messenger of safety, a man inspired to visit him. When the visitor had heard and seen the mockery, he advised the penitent to tolerate the snake's presence until the fortieth day. He did so, and, on the given day, was no longer found the creature which had hitherto suffered the hermit to find nothing else in the hut save itself. He who compelled the visible enemy to disappear by invisible power hath the power and surely the will to destroy those things which lie hidden, unless He findeth us stubborn.

Of Luke the Hungarian. VII

I SAW at Paris, in the school of Master Gerard la Pucelle, Luke of Hungary, a man of honour and great culture, who shared his table with the poor in such a way that they seemed invited guests, not seekers of alms. Through the King of Hungary, the clergy and people, the Lord called him to the Archbishopric of Gran. Hugh, a native of Le Mans and Bishop of Acre, told me of the life and conduct of Luke after his consecration as Archbishop. The aforesaid King of Hungary died, leaving as heir a young son, a very little boy at the time. Then the king's brother came to Archbishop Luke, demanding from him both installation and coronation. Luke reproved this man and accused him of treachery for ignoring law and custom and right, in his efforts to disinherit the innocent, and he refused to consent. But the uncle had himself made king by another archbishop of the kingdom, who had no authority for such a coronation. It was as if the usurper had said :—

> 'If I cannot move the powers of heaven, I will solicit those of hell.'

He was immediately visited with anathema by Luke, whom he forthwith urged with dreadful threats and even with the menace of a naked sword to absolve him ; but, receiving for an answer scorn and likewise excommunication, he thrust the Archbishop violently into prison and compelled the suspended churches to disregard the interdict. Since Luke's imprisonment long continued, a friend of his brought secretly to him in prison orders for his liberation from Pope Alexander III. addressed to the king, but these Luke was utterly unwilling to use when he heard that they had cost twelve deniers—the wonted price for a bull—the good man declaring that he would not be delivered by simony. But the

Lord opened his prison on Easter Day while the king was at a solemn mass. Then Luke entered the chapel with all men agape, and, having uncovered the altar and cast aside its ornaments, he thus spoke in the presence of the cross and in the hearing of the king, who was dazed with fear: 'O Lord Jesus, whose resurrection no men but Christians proclaim, through that sovereign virtue by which Thou arose from the dead, if Thou deemest this king deserving of Thy visitation, "overthrow the wicked that he be no more"; but if not, at least let him feel, within forty days in Thy strong right hand which smote Pharaoh, the power of Him whom this man hath pierced.' Upon leaving the chapel he was committed by his evil keepers to closer confinements, but bore all things with patience, never relaxing his vigilance in prayers and in praise of the Lord. And it came to pass that before the fortieth day the king died impenitent. His only brother, his peer in brutal passion, succeeded him. Luke granted to this man too a forty day respite and then slew him among his people 'with the spirit of his mouth.' He then installed the youthful heir with all ceremony. Luke guided the boyhood of the young king to a most peaceful conclusion, but he was less successful during his youth. For when the king became a young man, he entertained loftier projects than he could possibly sustain, and, after the failure of his own means, he refrained not from consuming the possessions of the Church. When Luke, after many tearful warnings, still found him wilful and headstrong, he, weeping all the while, subjected the youth to anathema. Finally, by many prayers raised to Heaven, Luke gained for the king God's grace, so that he was turned to true repentance and hastened to the church of Gran to give Luke the satisfaction for which he yearned. Luke, attended by all the clergy and a festive throng of people, came to meet him with open joy and welcomed him with

full absolution. While others were merrily singing, Luke wept in secret. Then the king asked: 'What is it, dearest father, that maketh thee weep amid such general rejoicing?' And Luke replied, 'How can I rejoice, forsooth, when on this very day next year, amid our passionate distress, thou wilt be borne into this very place a dead man?' And so it came to pass.

Of the Senseless Devotion of Welshmen. VIII

'IN every nation,' as hath been said elsewhere, 'he that feareth God is received of Him.' Among our Welshmen, the fear of God is seldom 'according to knowledge.' With Lord William de Braose, a man well skilled in arms, was, as he himself told me, a Welshman of noble race, with such zest for goodness that every night at the first cock-crow he rose from his bed and, kneeling naked upon the naked ground, persisted in prayer until morning light. Moreover, he was so temperate and kept such a strict guard over himself that any one who knew him would think him above men and little lower than the angels. But if you saw how senseless he was in hostile encounters, how thirsty for blood, how careless of his own safety, how greedy for the death of others, how glad at the doing of any crime or murder, you would never doubt that he was inwardly given up to iniquity. So constant and characteristic is this lack of finer feeling in Welshmen, that if in one respect they seem temperate, in many they appear tempestuous and savage.

Of Elias, the Welsh Hermit. IX

I ONCE saw Elias, the Welsh hermit, a man of exemplary faith and of praiseworthy life. With him were his brother Walenfreit and very many other persons in the forest which is called Dean, not

from any connection with tithing but merely as a proper name. These men, not at the suggestion of Elias, but at their own instance, kept animals in the pastures which abound there. It happened that a mare was missing, and that despite a long search she could not be found. The loss was reported to Elias, who said, 'Richard, the tax-gatherer, hath carried her off to Austclive, exhausted by much waking and working; you will find her in the shed near his door.' Then he took out four pence which he handed to them, saying, 'Give the money to him for the labour of his theft, lest the workman be defrauded of his hire.' This was done and everything was found to be as he had said. No one can doubt that, in this case, Elias was a prophet. He ended his life, and is now with Him in whom he put his trust and who is a propitiation for us.

Of Cadoc, the Welsh King. x

CADOC, King of Wales, heard the words of the Lord, 'He who leaveth not all things for My sake is not worthy of Me,' and leaving all things, he lived alone in a retreat, eating with a happy and healthy spirit of worship bread gained by the labour of his hands and by the sweat of his brow. It came to pass, after the passage of days and years, that his successor, who had been chosen by lot, journeyed into his neighbourhood and sent him word that he awaited, at the hermit's hands, bread for himself and his soldiers. Cadoc answered that he had a bare pittance, not a plenty for so many, but that he would give this if it was asked for in God's name. The other, however, sent back this word, 'If he send, I shall receive it; but if not, his house and his bread and himself will be consumed in flame.' Cadoc answered, 'Better for him to have the bread than for all of us to burn, but may a curse fall on all who eat!' While they ate with full

knowledge of the anathema, but with no restraint, a knight named Iltut, standing in their midst, abstained himself, and begged them to abstain. While his stubborn fellows mocked him, they perished in a chasm which opened beneath them, but the ground remained under the feet of Iltut and thus preserved him. So much of Cadoc Brenin (King).

Of the Appearance of Phantoms. XI

WELSHMEN tell us of another thing, not a miracle but a marvel. They say that Gwestin of Gwestiniog waited and watched near Brecknock Mere (Llangorse Lake), which is some two miles around, and saw, on three brilliant moonlight nights, bands of dancing women in his fields of oats, and that he followed these until they sank in the water of the pond; and that, on the fourth night, he detained one of the maidens. The ravisher's version of the incident was that on each of the nights after they had sunk, he had heard them murmuring under the water and saying, 'Had he done thus and so, he would have caught one of us'; and he said that he had thus been taught by their lips how to capture this maiden, who yielded and married him. Her first words to her husband were: 'I shall willingly serve thee with full obedience and devotion until that day when in your eagerness to hasten to the shouting (*clamores*) beyond Llyfni you will strike me with your bridle-rein.' Now Llyfni is a river near the pond. And this thing came to pass. After the birth of many children, she was struck by him with his bridle-rein and, on his return from his ride, he found her fleeing with all her offspring. Pursuing, he snatched away with great difficulty one of his sons, Triunein Nagelauc (Trinio Faglog) by name. Since this son was of lofty spirit, he passed beyond the boundaries

of his own narrow possessions. He then chose the King of Deheubarth, that is, of North Wales, as his overlord. After a long stay at that court, he did not brook the boasting of his master, who, beholding from his seat at the dinner-table the size and power of his retinue and its admirable equipment of weapons, said arrogantly, 'There is no province or kingdom under heaven from which I cannot easily carry off booty and return without a battle, for who can withstand me and my mighty following? Who, indeed, could easily escape from our sight?' Triunein, hearing these words and weighing the worth and worthlessness of his compatriots, said: 'My lord king, without prejudice to your Royal Majesty, our king Breauc is so pre-eminent in his own valour and in that of his men that neither you nor any other king can carry away from him by force booty on that day on which, in the early morning, the tops of the mountain are free from clouds and the rivers of the valley are misty.' The king, at these bold words, angrily ordered him to be bound and cast into prison. Upon this, a grandson of the king, Madoc by name, who loved Triunein, said: 'My lord, you may not indeed, without injury to your fair fame, bind or maltreat this man, even as a jest, before he is proved a liar. When he said that mists are hovering above the river and that the mountain tops are free from clouds, these are signs of clear weather; he wished to signify that, on a clear day, no one is able to carry away booty from that land. Let us test whether this boasting is true and, when a clear day comes, let us make this Triunein our leader, since he knoweth the best places for entering and leaving that country.' The king assented, and his marauders entered the kingdom of Brechein of Brecknock and collected much booty. King Brechein was sitting in his bath and no one told him of the raid. He was feared by reason of this vice, that upon the first intelligence of evil, just

as if possessed of a devil, he was wont to strike suddenly every messenger of evil report with whatever he had in his hand, stone, stick, or sword, and, after the first cast or beating or blow, he was wont to repent and to recall the messenger, whether hurt or unhurt, in order to hear him through. He heard loud shouts but, since a lance lay near his hand, no one dared to tell him aught although his army was mustered against the enemy. But at length a boy of the noblest family among them, leaping into the midst of the soldiers, said, 'I know that fear preventeth every one of you from reporting this rumour to our king, but, if you will all give me your blessing, I will announce the danger to him.' Then, having bent his head and having been blessed by all of them with both their hands and their tongues, he took his place near the king in his bath and said, 'The men of Reynuc, that is of Brecknock, will not join battle now through dread of your anger.' The king sprang from his bath and, in the first onset of his fury, he threw at the boy a stone that he found near, but he did not pursue him. Later he characteristically recalled him and, as soon as he had heard the rumours, he snatched up his clothes and weapons and jumped upon a hobbled horse. This carried him easily, just as if it were not hobbled, from Mount Cumeraic, where he then was, as far as his own country. Here he was advised by a woman to free his horse from the hobbles, so he straightway stopped and did not go farther until he had taken them off. Then, cursing the woman, he did not check his pace until he met his own men. At the sight of him, his soldiers, full of courage and zest, rushed upon the enemy and destroyed them with savage slaughter. After the massacre of almost the entire army, the king next day ordered all the right hands of the dead foes to be brought together in one place, and into another place their privy parts, and into a third, near the way of their flight, all the right

feet, and he made separate mounds over these members in memory of his victory after all their boastings. These remain until this day, and are named according to the limbs that they contain. But men say that Triunein was saved by his mother and liveth with her in that lake above mentioned. I think it all a lie, because a falsehood of this kind is so likely, to account for his body not having
9 been found.

Likewise concerning the same Apparitions. XII

NOT unlike this story is that of Edric Wilde, that is, the man of the woods, so called from the agility of his body and the charm of his words and works, a man of great worth and lord of the manor of North Ledbury. When he was returning late from the hunt, he wandered in doubt about the ways until midnight, accompanied only by one boy. He chanced upon a great house on the edge of a grove, such a house as the English have in each
20 parish for drinking, and call in their language 'guild-house' (*ghildhus*). When he drew near, attracted by a light in the house, and looked in, he saw a great band of many noble women. They were most beautiful in appearance and clad most elegantly in robes of the finest linen, and they were taller and more stately than our women. The soldier noted one among them far excelling the others in face and form, more to be desired than all the darlings of kings. They moved about with an airy motion,
30 pleasing gesture, and restrained voice, and the sound, though melodious, was heard but faintly, and their speech was beyond his ken. At the sight of her, the soldier received a wound in his heart, and he could scarcely endure the fires kindled by Cupid's dart. He is wholly consumed by all the flames of love and winneth a mighty courage through the burning passion for this fairest of plagues, for this golden

menace. He had heard of the wanderings of spirits, and the troops of demons who appear by night, and the sight of them which bringeth death, Dictinna, and bands of dryads and spectral squadrons, and he had learned of the vengeance inflicted by offended divinities upon those who came upon them suddenly. He had heard, too, how they preserve themselves undefiled and how they secretly inhabit unknown places apart from men and how they detest those who strive to explore their counsels that they may expose them and to pry into them that they may publish them, and with how great care they conceal themselves lest, once being visible, they should lose their value. He had heard of their revenge and of instances of men whom they had punished, but, because Cupid is rightly painted blind, Edric, recking naught of all this, doth not weigh the danger of the ghostly company, his eyes are closed to any avenger and, because he hath no sight, he rashly offendeth. He went around the house, and, finding an entrance, he rushed in and seized her by whom his heart had been seized; straightway he was seized by the others, and, being clutched close in the fiercest of contests, he escaped after a while only through the greatest of efforts of himself and his boy, not altogether without injury, but bearing on his feet and shins such marks as the teeth and nails of women could inflict. He carried away with him, however, the lady of his choice, and used her for his pleasure during three days and nights, but in all that time he was unable to get a word from her, though she passively submitted to his love. Finally, on the fourth day, she spake these words: 'Save thee, dearest! and safe thou shalt be and withal full of rejoicing in the happy lot of thee and thine, until thou shalt cast in my teeth either the sisters, from whom thou hast snatched me away, or that ground or grove whence thou carried me or anything else there anent these. From that day

thou wilt fall from happiness, and, having lost me, thou wilt suffer from many other losses, and, because thou hast failed to regard times and seasons, thou wilt die before thy time.' He promised with all possible assurance to be firm and faithful in his love. He called together the noblest far and near, and, in the presence of a great throng of folk, solemnly married the lady. William the Bastard, recently crowned King of England, was then reigning; and the monarch, hearing of this marvel, and wishing to test openly its truth, summoned both the man and wife to fare together to London. They brought with them many witnesses, and also the evidence of many who could not be present; and indeed the woman herself, who was of a beauty hitherto unseen and unheard of, was the chief proof of her fairy nature. Amid the wonder of all, Edric and his wife were sent back to their home. After many years had passed, it happened that Edric, on his return from hunting about the third hour of the night, not finding her whom he sought, called and bade others call her. And when she came tardily, he looked angrily at her and said, 'Were you detained by your sisters?' and he spoke the rest of his reproof to the air, for she disappeared at the hearing of the word 'sisters.' Then the man regretted greatly his monstrous and calamitous error, and betook himself to the very spot where he had made her captive, but with no weepings nor wailings could he win her back. Day and night he cried aloud to his own undoing, for his life passed away there in never-ending sorrow.

Yet he left an heir, his son and hers, for whom he had died, Alnodus (Ælfnoth), a man of great sanctity and sense who, at an advanced age, fell into a paralysis and trembling of head and limbs. When this was pronounced by all physicians incurable, he learned from wise men that he should employ all possible means to hasten to the apostles Peter and

Paul and that he would certainly recover his health, where their bodies are buried, at Rome. To this he answered that he should never go, to the detriment of St. Ethelbert, king and martyr, whose parishioner he was, before presenting himself to that saint. And he had himself carried to Hereford. Here on the very first night, at the altar of the aforesaid martyr, he was restored to health; and, as a special deed of grace, he gave for perpetual alms to God and to the blessed Virgin and to the holy king his estate at Ledbury, in the land of Wales, together with all its appurtenances, an estate which is even now under the rule of the Bishop of Hereford, and which is reported to bring in thirty pounds a year to its lords.

We have heard of demons, incubi and succubi, and of the peril of cohabiting with them, but we have seldom or never read in old histories that their offspring are happy in their end, like Alnodus, who gave his whole inheritance to Christ in return for health, and passed in pilgrimages the rest of life in His service.

Of the same Apparitions. XIII

PHANTOM is derived from 'phantasy,' that is, a passing apparition, for those forms which demons sometimes assume before men by their own power, having first received God's permission, *pass* either harmfully or harmlessly according to the will of the Lord, for He who permitteth the appearance of phantoms either preserveth men or deserteth them, and alloweth them to be tempted. But what can we say of those ghostly appearances which abide and are perpetuated through worthy descendants like the instance of Alnodus (Ælfnoth), or like that already cited example among the Britons, which is the theme of the following story: A certain knight buried his wife, who was dead beyond a doubt, and got her again by snatching her from a band of

dancers; and he was afterwards presented by her with children and grandchildren. Their posterity surviveth until this day, and those who thus derive their origin have become a vast number, all of whom are called 'sons of the dead woman.' We must attend with all patience to the works of God and to the rein that He giveth to evil, and we must praise Him in all things because in such measure as He Himself passeth our understanding, so His works transcend our searchings and are beyond our disputes; and whatever we can conceive in regard to His purity or know, if we can know aught—that clearly He must possess, since He is the very essence of true purity and pure truth.

Of the same Apparitions. XIV

A CERTAIN knight found that his first-born of a wife who was very dear to him, and a worthy and well-born woman, had its throat cut in its cradle on the first morning after its birth, and so with a second child a year later, and with a third in a third year, despite all the watchings of himself and his friends which proved lamentably futile. He and his wife therefore anticipated the fourth childbirth with many fasts and alms and prayers and tears; and when a boy was born to them, they environed the whole neighbourhood with fires and lights, and all kept their eyes upon the child. Just then arrived a stranger, weary as from a long journey, who, seeking hospitality in God's name, was most devoutly welcomed. He sat watching with them, and lo, after midnight, when all the others were plunged in sleep, he, who alone was very wakeful, suddenly saw a reverend matron bending over the cradle and seizing the child to cut its throat. He then sprang up all alert, and held her fast in his grasp, until, when all were aroused and gathered around, she was recognized

by many of them, and indeed soon by all, everybody protesting that she was the noblest of all the matrons of that city in birth, manners, wealth, and all honour. But to her name and to various questions she deigned no reply. And because the father himself and many others attributed this silence to her shame at detection, they pleaded for her release; but the stranger, without yielding, declared that she was a demon and held her tight, and with one of the keys to the nearest church he branded her face as a sign of her evil. Then her captor instructed them to bring thither with all speed the lady for whom she had been mistaken. And while he was still holding his captive, the lady was led forward and resembled her double in every way, even to the mark of branding. Then the stranger said to the others, who stood foolishly agape with wonder, 'I opine that she who hath now come is very virtuous and very dear to God, and that she hath provoked by her good deeds the envy of demons against her, whence it cometh to pass that this base messenger of theirs, this baleful instrument of their wrath, hath been moulded, as far as possible, in the likeness of this good woman, that she may shed upon this noble soul the disgrace of her wicked deeds. But that you may have faith, see what she will do after her release.' Then the creature flew away through the window with great weeping and wailing.

Of the same Apparitions. XV

WHAT more can be said of these beings and their behaviour? Paul and Antony, who were properly called 'hermits,' because as roving dwellers in a vast desert they sought God in solitude without knowledge of each other, were admonished in spirit, Antony to be an arriving guest, Paul a receiving host, the one awaited, the other awaiting. But the guest coming, and in doubt about the way, was met

by a galloping centaur who crossed his path—a creature double in shape, man from the waist up, horse below. This being replied to his questions with neighs instead of words and pointed out the way with his hand. After this creature, yet another appeared of its own free will with the feet of a kid, a hairy belly, and on its breast a dappled fawn skin, moreover, with a glowing face, a bearded chin, and horns upright. The ancients picture Pan as of this sort, for *pan* is interpreted *all*, whence he is said to have in himself the form of *all* the world. With careful words he showed the way, and when asked who he was, replied that he was one of those angels who were cast out with Lucifer and who have been scattered through the world, each one's punishment proportioned to the pitch of his pride.

Also of the same Apparitions. XVI

IS not this too a phantom ? At Louvain, on the border of Lorraine and Flanders, in the place named Lata Quercus (' Big Oak '), many thousands of knights had come together, as even now is their wont, to contend in arms in knightly wise—in the game which they call tournament, but which may more fitly be called torment. Before the meeting in the lists, there was seen sitting on a mighty charger a knight, beautiful of person, of more than average height, and fitly accoutred in goodly armour. Leaning upon his lance, he sighed so heavily that many bystanders remarked it and asked him the reason. But he answered them with a deep breath, ' Good God ! How great a task it is for me to overcome all who have come hither.' As this answer passed from mouth to mouth, the stranger was pointed out by every one in turn with whispers of envy and indignation. But he, taking the offensive, rushed with his lance upon his opponents, and, the whole day long, he fought so

valiantly, and was so shining a mark in many triumphant encounters, gloriously prevailing against all comers, that no envy could hurtfully stifle his praise, and the malice of hatred was turned through admiration of him to love. But praise is chanted rightly only when the end is achieved, and the day is praised only when evening hath come. He seemed a 'child of fortune,' but, at the very end, when all were departing, he was pierced to the heart and suddenly slain by an unworthy knight of little reputation. Both divisions of fighters were recalled, and when each and all had viewed him without his armour, no one knew him; and until this day no one hath ever learned his name.

Of G(r)ado, a most valiant Knight. XVII

ADMIRE in due measure G(r)ado as a firm rock among tempests, for he, in the midst of hope and fear, balanced himself so evenly, while performing the labours of a Hercules, as not to fall with shame into the reproach of either extreme. He was the son of a king of the Vandals, whose kingdom he had left in his boyhood, not fleeing the demands of his fatherland or the discipline of his father; but having a mind greater than the world, he scorned the confinement of his paternal borders. After attaining an adequate knowledge of books, he turned him to arms and subdued the monsters of the whole world. And although he was not a prodigy like Hercules in regard to his giant stature, nor like Achilles in regard to his nature half-divine, he fully deserveth to be extolled not with lower titles of praise, but, by reason of his prowess, with even greater ones of valour and of strength. Thoroughly trained in battle and skilled in the chase of fish and birds and beasts, he shone so brightly in both war and peace that he was said to be ignorant of nothing. Although a troop of armed men could

hardly resist the sword in his right hand, he was a lover of peace and ever its worthy champion. He wandered through all the world, and took part everywhere in far-famed contests, always carefully weighing the claims of both sides, so as to redress wrong and uphold right. And because he never withdrew from any undertaking, nor, by ever refusing to act, proved recreant to his vows, he was said to have all wisdom by those of whatever kingdom he spoke the tongue. By the fortunate frequency of the successes of his whole life, he seemed to win obedience, just as if 'every living and moving thing' obeyed his will with full understanding. Coming into our island of England, he saw Offa, a most valiant king, of the age between boyhood and youth—a most happy period, if one could only recognize its happiness, but our whole life glideth by in such wise that our eyes do not perceive present happiness, but are open only to the past. This king had shut up the Welshmen in a small corner of their Wales and had surrounded them with a ditch which is still called from his name (Offa's Dyke), and, crossing or passing which, they were made to atone and to moan by the loss of a foot. He had brought his kingdom, by the dint of great toil and zeal, to the highest pitch of prosperity, and had won as his wife the daughter of the Emperor of the Romans. We have heard of many marriages between Romans and English that ended in the tears of both, and this match was one of these. Romans on missions from the emperor had come frequently to Offa, and, enriched by him, had returned full of praise of king and kingdom. When Rome beheld these in the shining glory of their garments and gold, it was straightway aglow with innate avarice. Nor need we marvel, for the name 'Roma' is formed from the first letters of the definition both of avarice and of itself, that is, it is made up of the letters R and O and M and A, and the

definition, along with the word itself, is *Radix omnium malorum, avaricia.* Covetous Romans suggested, therefore, to their lord, the Emperor Cunnan (Conrad)—of whom a monk had said, at the sight of his deformity, ' Lord Cunnanus is nothing except *Cunnus* and *anus* '—that, because Rome was deservedly the head of the world and the mistress of all nations, England should be made a fief instead of free; nor did they cease from inciting him to that end until they finally brought him to their own pitch of avarice. But only one thing restrained them from beginning the attack—they were well aware that Gado was still alive, the arch defender of all innocence, and that it would be impossible to begin so arduous an undertaking anywhere, either far or near, without his being called in for the defence of justice. The emperor sighed for a long time for this consummation, and the Romans sighed along with him, but they kept their counsel well. In total ignorance of these plans, Offa sent away Gado, whom he had kept near him for a very long time in his constant regard and full reverence; and Gado carried away with him not as much as he could but as much as he would of wealth. With this heavy meed of treasure he left England for the farthest Indies, summoned thither by breathless messengers and anxious letters just as if he were a sword in the hand of the Lord, the avenger of all injuries to which he was bidden. Since he was thus dwelling in the uttermost parts of earth, the memory of him waxed fainter among the Romans; and there were even those who feigned to the emperor the manner and place and time of Gado's death, to still his fear of attacking the English. Then the forces of the empire were levied by the weightiest proclamations, and a numerous, indeed innumerable, army was led in an unforeseen attack upon Offa and his English—I mean, unforeseen by them, but foreseen by God. For Gado, having speedily

adjusted the difficulties of the Indi, was hastening home by sea to his father's kingdom, but since the winds were contrary to his wishes, though favourable through God's will to the aid of English, he, as defender and friend, was borne on the same day to the same shore as the assailants and enemies. He presented himself to Offa, and, having gathered forces, abode near by at Colchester, where it is reported that Helen, the finder of the Cross of Christ, was born; and hither his messengers returned to him bearing a refusal of the peace which he sought. Gado, therefore, seeing the battle imminent, perceived that he had been borne thither by the Lord, and willingly obeyed His hest. Now he prepared himself for the work in hand, and, putting on the costly garments which he always wore, and accompanied by a hundred picked knights, he hied him to the tent of the emperor. The first who beheld him was struck with all wonder, and, eager to be his messenger to the emperor, announced the approach of a man of might, grey-haired, silk-clad, like unto the angels and already glorified by God, and with him some hundred knights, the best, it seemed, from all quarters of the world, the bravest and the fairest. It must be noted that Gado always had in his train at least a hundred. In great alarm at these reports, the emperor, well aware of what had happened, stood dumfounded, and accused his councillors of betraying him into coming. And lo, Gado, appearing in their midst, asked, 'Is the coming of his Imperial Majesty peaceful?' The emperor replied, 'What is that to thee, who never abidest at home? But is thine own coming peaceful, thou who huntest strifes and contentions throughout the world?' Then Gado, ever a man of the staunchest heart and of steadfast truth, gently replied: 'Peaceful, because with the grace and virtue of God, innocence will have peace. In calling me "hunter of strifes" thou dost not err,

for, ever ready at the summons, I eagerly track them out, and when I find them, destroy them with all my strength. I hate the makers of discords and shall never be their friend, unless they cease from fomenting them.' With these words he left the tent, and, joining those who were awaiting him without, he saluted the Romans and departed. He did not salute them because he loved them or wished to be saluted in turn, but he took pleasure in recalling the proper usage, for no consideration of courteous habit must be omitted, lest there result forgetfulness of good manners which so easily slip away; whence it cometh about that customary courtesy must be paid even where it is not due, and happy is he who preserveth good manners by frequent use. The Romans wondered and feared, because the knights of Gado were famous for their lofty height and splendid presence as well as for their rich dress, and were superior not only to themselves but to all men whom they had ever seen. Gado hastened at once to Offa, bringing to him as much hope and security as he had brought dread and distrust to the Romans, and, apprised of his right and of the wrong done him by the invaders, he put on his own armour and then moved the army forward to a just combat. He stationed the king and his whole host, with the exception of five hundred picked men, in the middle of the city in a large and empty place. He himself with only his own men hastened straightway to the gate which was first exposed to the attacks of the enemy, and he put in command of the gate next to him a youth of highest rank, the king's nephew, Suanus by name, with the aforesaid five hundred picked men. When the first phalanx of the Romans came, they avoided in fear Gado, and concentrated all their attacks upon Suanus, but he sustained these assaults with such valour, and resisted them with such resolution, that,

disbelieving the eyes with which they had seen Gado elsewhere, they thought that they had found him here in person; and they strove to overwhelm with an excess of numbers the men whom all their warlike efforts could not master. At length, of their phalanxes two were put to flight in disorder, and of the five hundred of Suanus, two hundred had fallen. Before the three hundred survivors could recover from their weariness, a fresh phalanx of five hundred rushed upon them. When Suanus sent a knight to Gado with a request for aid, he was told to fight on bravely. He obeyed without protest and rushed upon the enemy with so little regard for them, and bore himself with such confidence into their midst that it seemed not a conflict, but the flight of lambs before wolves or of hares from dogs; and he pressed on, going beyond the gate, slaying them clear to their fourth line. Red with mortification, however, because he had asked for aid, Suanus counted life cheap, and was ashamed to come back from the enemy, and, by his death, he prepared to redeem the reproach of cowardice, until Gado, in pity, commanded him to draw back. Suanus, not consulting his own wishes but prudently obeying his superior, left the gate at Gado's behest and hastened to his king. Then the enemy, like a great 'force of water at the breaking of a dam,' rushed into the gate, confident of triumph, but Offa met them bravely in the market-place, and they dashed against a mighty rock of resistance. In the rear, Gado threatened them through the same gate, and, like a sharp sickle among the reeds, he rushed through the middle of the unhappy wretches, leaving a wide swath wherever he went. The Romans, caught in a trap, fell back and were felled, and, because the conquered had no hope, nor the conquerors any fear, the victors disdained to pursue and Gado recalled the king. The Romans, who had begun the war, were granted peace, and

in ships bestowed by the king they carried their dead with them to Rome for burial.

Of Andronicus, the Emperor of Constantinople. XVIII

WHEN Louis the Fat was reigning in France and Henry I. in England, the ruler of Constantinople was Andronicus, famous for his two sons, Andronicus and Manuel. After Andronicus had been sent by his father upon an expedition and was tarrying there, the father passed away. Then Manuel occupied the throne—illegally, since he was the younger brother—and drove out Andronicus upon his return. The older, carrying through provinces and towns his complaint of so great a wrong, succeeded in arming against Manuel almost half the world, and would have prevailed against him; but Manuel, who was lavish of treasure and greedy of honour, and who knew the Greeks to be soft and effeminate, wily and loquacious, faithless toward their enemies and cowardly, used them to suit his purposes of the moment by pouring forth wealth and feigning promises. Moreover, he brought in, as if for the protection of the persons and property of the Greeks, men from this side of the mountains, whom he really designed as a protection against his own perils. Since he spared no money, these starvelings filled the land with their swarms, for, entering in hordes, they grew by degrees to a great multitude. Conqueror by their work and his wealth, Manuel, who pitied his brother in the hour of total defeat and exile, granted him a kingdom bordering on the land of the Parthians (that is, the Turks), large in size and value, but remote, exacting in return the obligation of an oath of perpetual renunciation of the empire, binding not only him but his son and heir, a younger Andronicus. So Manuel thought that he had satisfied justice in the matter of his

usurpation, and piety by his unforced gift. After the death of Andronicus the father, Andronicus the son renewed the obligation exacted by Manuel. Since this relation was faithfully observed even to the times of Pope Lucius, who succeeded Pope Alexander the Third, the aforesaid Manuel ruled the empire most happily; he accepted for his son, Manuel, the daughter of Louis, King of France; and he departed full of years and honours, happy save in this, that he left a son barely seven years old in the care of a Greek, who was called from his office 'Protosalvator.' When the news was brought, Andronicus, being a man of the basest audacity, who had already twice denied Christ in order to wheedle aid from the Turks, even now denied Him the third time, so to speak, and, gathering a huge band of Saracens, carried his quarrel through the neighbouring islands that belonged to Manuel and the adjacent provinces. As a pretext, he alleged that the Protosalvator wished to misuse the wife of his lord and to lead her in marriage, and that the two had conspired to kill the young Manuel or, indeed, had already slain him, so as to rule together with a seeming regard for virtue. Moreover, he promised with tears to be a most faithful guardian of the young prince, should the people deem him worthy of attaining this end by their grace and aid, thus disposing of all deceit and scandal. Still weeping, he added to his promises presents and every pretence of a righteous grief. All men believed him and accepted him as the boy's guardian and tutor. Then, coming in strong force, he shattered the opposing battle lines under the direction of the Protosalvator, for they were not imbued with soldierly courage, but were sold by their leaders to a death of treachery. This is Greek faith. He finally reached the sea, which is called the 'Brace of St. George.' Sending in advance certain Greek citizens of Constantinople, he

crossed the sea by the favour of Alexius and their aid, and was admitted through the Gate of the Danes upon paying a price and giving a promise not to hang the citizens. Remaining in Constantinople were men brought thither by Manuel, whom the natives called Franks, foreigners of nearly every nation; and these the Greeks hated heartily by reason of envy, for to such an extent was the might of Greece exhausted by the Trojan war that since Ajax, against whose valour deceit unjustly prevailed, there is nowhere to be found among the Greeks aught lofty or eminent; and to such an extent have they declined that they have become the hateful refuse of all peoples and the castaways of every commonwealth. We know also that fugitive bands of the proscribed and the condemned have attached themselves to this country of Greece, and that those whose deep-seated baseness hath exiled them from their own homes have acquired among the Greeks such an authority that Grecian envy can be as hotly kindled against them as it would against the Trojans restored to life. I begrudge not their claims to that very holy virgin (St. Katherine) whom the Lord, from her cradle to the day of her death, hath followed with signs and miracles. I detract in no wise from those whom the Lord hath chosen, I am speaking only of soldiers, because this Grecian race hath declined in the exercise of arms after the destruction of the Trojan army, nor hath there been found among them aught of military glory since Achilles, Ajax, and the son of Tydeus (Diomede).

Of Gillescop, a most valiant Scot. XIX

I MET once a man from Scotland who had won in that country everlasting fame. His name was Gillescop, that is to say, Bishop. Although he had taken part in almost all the combats of dukes,

chiefs, and kings of the lands, he carried off the palm of both armies in each encounter, whether he chanced to be with the victors or with the vanquished, since he was, from youth to age, a man of fortunate daring, who never basely fathered rash presumption, although he rushed with seeming blindness into every danger. Rarely or never was this splendid daring denied success. He was called Bishop not from the office, but from his crown of baldness. Now near Scotland are many islands ruled by petty kings, one of whom, governing a land only two miles from the Scottish coast, was a man of notorious boldness in arms. In the early dawn of the Lord's Day, he carried off the mistress of the aforesaid Gillo, who, hearing of the abduction at prime of the same day, took it so savagely that, without consulting friends and without seeking or bespeaking a boat, unarmed save for a sword and entirely naked save for breeches split in the seat, he dared to enter the deep, using himself as rudder, oar, and sail, at once the ship and its helmsman, at once army and leader. Although he rushed headlong into every possible peril, he crossed safely and reached land. He approached the home of the abductor from the rear, and, entering unobserved through a small door, he saw within, among three hundred or more revellers, his mistress clinging in the king's embrace. At this sight, the unexpected guest sprang madly in, and with one blow slew the king and was gone. The revellers stood amazed; and some in grief for the dead, but more who were more kindled by a wicked indignation into passion, chose to chase him with weapons. Bearing in his hand through the midst of the waves his bloody sword, Gillo sought safety in swimming, like a wild boar barked at from a safe distance by dogs whom fear of wounds keepeth from close encounter, but whom fierceness of spirit doth not permit to give up the fight. Having stabbed two of his

enemies in the sea, he settled down safely at home, the doer of a deed unparalleled in boldness, and the bitterest of avengers.

This same person answered his lord, the King of Scotland, when that monarch was prevented by illness from going forth safely to meet the enemy: 'Sire, when you thus send me in your place, you pray that I fight bravely. Be assured that, whether you or your enemies be victorious in the war, I shall triumph over the praises of all.' And he triumphed.

When the same Gillo, victor in the battle, had put many of his enemies to flight, he himself was wounded in the thighs with a broad spear; he left his comrades to gather the spoils and, supporting his steps by means of his spear, was returning. When he was far from his companions and their protection, three of the conquered army suddenly leapt upon him, the first with a spear, the second with a knife, the third with a bow. Gillo was unarmed save for his spear, but to this he soon added the aforesaid weapons. At the first onslaught, he caught one of his foes on his spear and pierced him to the heart, warding off with his left hand his opponent's spear; then, drawing out his own from his enemy's body, he stabbed the second through the middle of the groin. The third assailant found Gillo reeling, and hence, reckoning him lightly, embraced him as if choosing for the foe a death of his own selection. But Gillo speedily drove the knife under his heart, receiving himself a thrust between the shoulder-blades. The four lay together on the ground, but he alone escaped and was found by his friends and carried to a place of safety. He lived to old age despite dangers of very many different kinds; and perhaps from experiences of this sort was framed the soldiers' proverb: 'Go thou where thou wilt, thou wilt die where death is due,' as if any one was able to rush

upon every death, and yet not anticipate his end. It is well for soldiers to believe this, and hence to be stirred to emulation.

On the Character of the Welsh. XX

MY fellow-countrymen, the Welsh, although they are in every wise faithless to every wight, to each other as well as to strangers, yet they are good men—I do not say eminent in merit or pre-eminent in manly strength, but biting in their attack and bitter in their resistance: good, that is, in their evil, lavish of their lives, greedy of liberty, negligent of peace, warlike and wise in arms, eager for revenge, generous of their property, very sparing, each one of them, in his own eating, but giving freely to any one else, so that each man's sustenance belongeth to everybody; and no one ever asketh another for bread, but without question taketh it wherever he cometh upon it and any other food which he may find ready to his hand. And so far from being open to the charge of greed, they hold generosity and hospitality in such respect that no host, before the third day, may ask of him whom he hath received under his roof whence he came or what his name, lest his guest be shamed or gather the impression that his host suspecteth him and feel obliged to reply to his host's questions in order to abide in safety from his power. On the third day, however, the host may respectfully question him.

On the Hospitality of the Welsh. XXI

CONTRARY to this practice, the following came to pass. A certain man of those parts took a stranger into his house, and, leaving him early one morning, went forth, lance in hand, about his own affairs. That night he passed elsewhere, and

when he returned the second morning and could not, after a search, find his guest, he asked his wife what had become of him. She replied, 'He was lying abed at early dawn, and through the open door saw the severe storm of wind and snow. "Good God!" he cried out, "what a terrible tempest!" I answered him, "It only maketh it pleasant for a slothful man to tarry in the house of a wise one." At this he gave a great groan and said, "Wicked woman, I will not tarry," and out he hurried with his lance and I was not able to call him back.' Her husband, crying out that he had been deceived, pierced her to the heart with his lance, and, sobbing bitterly, followed hard upon the footsteps of his guest. After he had gone on for some time he came upon a dead wolf, and eight others prowling round the path in front of him, and at length a broken lance. Farther on, some distance away, he saw the object of his search sitting on the ground, and one wolf, but far larger than the others, leaping at him from close range. He hastened then, drove off the wolf, and, throwing himself at the stranger's feet, he begged him to pardon his wife's fault, telling him of the punishment meted out to her. The poor fellow, almost dying as he was, and seeing the wolf awaiting the outcome, replied: 'On this one condition will I acquit thee of my death, that thou step aside, while I have any strength and life remaining, until I meet the attack of the wolf, which meseemeth is so evilly clinging, as it were, to me, and can slay it.' The other thereupon withdrew as requested; the wolf leaped upon the wounded man, who slew it with the lance which he who stood by had lent him. The host then carried his half-dead guest back to his home and shortly afterwards laid his dead body in the earth. This was the beginning of a feud between the descendants of the living man and of the dead, and of mutual revenge lasting even unto

this day. And although the living kindred are without blame, they are not without reproach, because of the birth of suspicion owing to the remark of an inhospitable wife. Since I have begun to talk about the Welsh, let me bring to your attention a case which hath been discussed and debated for a long time.

On Llewelyn, King of the Welsh. XXII

LLEWELYN, King of Wales, a faithless man, as nearly all his forbears and descendants, had a most beautiful wife whom he loved more passionately than he was loved by her. He therefore armed himself in every way against assaults upon her chastity, and, consumed by his suspicious jealousy, made every effort to prevent another's intercourse with her. There came to his ears a story that a young man of those parts, most excellent in reputation, report, character, birth, and beauty, and most happy in the circumstances of wealth and person, had dreamed that he had intercourse with her. The king explained this by saying that the young man was the victim of delusion, and yet, as if he were dealing with an actual occurrence, he was wild with grief and by a wile caught the guiltless youth; and, had he not been hindered by the standing of the other's kindred and by fear of revenge, he would have tortured the young man and put him to death. As is the custom, all the youth's relatives offered themselves as security for him, and urged him to beware standing trial. He gainsaid them and demanded an immediate judgment. Their offer thus refused, they complained of the refusal, and while he was held in prison, they spread abroad the report of the trial. Many kept thronging to the suit both at the bidding of the king and at the invitation of the other party, and when the second were worsted

on every point, they called to their aid wise men from every possible quarter. Finally they consulted a man whom report placed above them all, as he was in fact. He replied to them: 'The practices of our land ought to be followed, and the statutes which our sires made and which have been fixed by long habit we can in no way overthrow. Let us follow them, and, until the public law decideth to the contrary, let us bring forward nothing new. By our most ancient laws it hath been set down that he who doth violate the queen of a king of the Welsh shall pay to the king a thousand cows, and then go free unliable to any other penalty. Concerning the wives of princes, likewise, and of any of the chief men, the penalty consists in the payment of a definite number, according to the position of each one individually. This man is accused of having dreamed of intercourse with the queen, nor doth he deny the accusation. In view of his confession of the truth of the charge, it is clear that he must give a thousand cows. In view of his dream we thus give judgment, that the young man shall place his thousand cows in sight of the king in a line on the bank of Lake Bethenium, in the sunlight, when the shadow of each cow may be seen in the water, and that the shadows shall belong to the king, but the cows to their former owner, since a dream is the shadow of reality.' All expressed their approval of this decision, and its execution was ordered despite the violent opposition of the king.

On the Same. XXIII

THIS Llewelyn in his youth, during the lifetime of his father, Griffin, was slothful and inactive and always sitting in his father's chimney-corner, a trifling fellow and a weakling who went forth seldom. His sister had taunted him freely,

and finally, on the night before the Feast of the Circumcision, she went to him and, weeping bitterly, said: 'Dearest brother, to the great annoyance of the king and this kingdom, thou hast become the laughing-stock and the byword of every one, although thou art the only son and heir of the king. Now, however, I beg thee to do what is most easy to do and without danger in the doing. It is the custom of this land for all the young men to go forth on this night, which is the first among the nights of the year, to seek spoil, or to commit theft, or at least to eavesdrop, that each may make by this means proof of his prowess—to seek spoil, as did Gestin, who journeyed far and whatever he seized brought back easily and without trouble, and for that year prospered in great undertakings; to commit theft, as did the bard Golen, who, from a sty full of pigs, brought back the straw without a grunt from a single pig, and whatever he wanted during that year he could steal without any complaint or even a sound; to eavesdrop, or to listen, as did Theudus (which in the Latin is Theodosius), who went secretly up to the house of Meiler and heard some one of those sitting within say, "I saw early this morning a 'little cloud rising out of the sea,' and it became a very great cloud, so large that it covered the entire sea." Theudus therefore concluded that these words signified the following outcome: that he, a little cloud, that is, a small child, having been born from the sea, namely Wales, which is always in upheaval, would become a king; and this the future actually brought to him. Now, dearest brother, go forth to eavesdrop, at least, since this is without any danger.' By these words the boy was aroused, as if his spirit was awakening from a heavy sleep, and he was thrown into a passion which he had never before experienced; by a quick and ready will he became strong and active. Gathering a band of several youths, he

took his stand beside the wall of a certain man's house, secretly listening with eager ears. Within, many men were seated, and in their midst was a dismembered ox which their cook was stirring in a cauldron with a meat-hook. The cook spoke, 'There is one remarkable piece which I have found here among the others, for, although I prod it continually and force it to sink beneath the rest, it immediately appeareth on top of them.' 'This saying doth apply to me,' quoth Llewelyn, 'whom many have tried, and will continue to try, to oppress, and always, contrary to their hopes, I shall rush furiously upon them.' Happy, therefore, in such an unmistakable prophecy, he left his father, declared war upon his neighbours, a thief most clever of them all and a most eager raider upon others' wealth. In headlong zeal there gathered about him all bands of iniquity, and in a short time even his father feared him. After the old king's death he held under his sway all the territory of Wales, and in peace except for such persecution as he visited upon his own people. For he was like Alexander of Macedon and all those whom insatiable desire hath set free from all check—prodigal, watchful, active, bold, quick-witted, affable, lickerous, wicked, treacherous, and pitiless.

This man, whenever he saw any youth showing a promise of goodness and strength, either treacherously slew him, or else, with his own safety ever in mind, weakened his body that he might not grow into a strong man. Having suddenly become supreme lord of all, he would say, 'I slay no one, but I dull the horns of the Welsh that they may not harm their mother.' His nephew, Llewelyn Luarc, was a boy of fine natural endowment, slender and sightly, having many qualities in perfection, and showing many marks both of manly might and merit; the king, therefore, foreseeing his greatness, grew fearful for his own power, but

in spite of many blandishments he failed to catch him in his snares. The occasion, however, which he had long sought for he at last found without danger to himself. When there was no need for fear on the boy's part, the king then said to him, 'Tell me, beloved, why dost thou avoid and shun me, the safest refuge for thee and thine? Thou art bringing dishonour upon thyself and upon thy family, and there is no way of atoning for the bad repute into which thou art bringing them unless between us, who are united by blood, thou establishest a pleasant intercourse; if thou hast any fear, I shall give thee as sureties whomever thou choosest.' To this the boy replied, 'Give me, I pray you, Hoel as a surety, him whom you forced, by your order, to suffocate his relative secretly, and Rothericus, whom you treacherously received with kissing and clipping, and treacherously slew with a knife, and Theodosius (Theudus), whom, as he walked and talked with you, you tripped and threw headlong from a steep cliff, and Meilinus, your nephew, whom you secretly caught in a snare and, having loaded him down with chains, compelled him to die in captivity.' And in this way he cast up to him many others whom he had destroyed.

Among all his works of wickedness there is one noble and honourable deed by good report accredited him. In his day he showed himself so oppressive and dangerous to his neighbours that King Edward, who then ruled the English, was compelled to intercede in behalf of his people or to take up arms for their defence. Ambassadors were therefore dispatched from Edward to Llewelyn across the river Severn, and the two kings carried on a parley with the river between. Edward was at Austclive, Llewelyn at Beachley. The ambassadors passed back and forth in small boats, and after the exchange of several messages, there was a

long argument to decide which one of the princes should cross over to the other. The crossing, moreover, was difficult on account of the difficulty with the waves, but the dispute was not on this account; Llewelyn claimed precedence, Edward equality; Llewelyn based his claim on the ground that his ancestors had won from the giants all of England, together with Cornwall, Scotland, and Wales, and he maintained that he was their heir in direct descent; Edward based his on the ground that his ancestors had won this territory from Llewelyn, who had acquired it. Thereupon, after a lengthy dispute, Edward entered a boat and hastened across to Llewelyn. At this point the Severn is a mile wide. Llewelyn, seeing and recognizing him, cast off his state robes—for he had dressed himself for the ceremony—went into the water up to his waist, and, embracing the boat affectionately, cried: 'Wisest of monarchs, thy humility hath overcome my pride, and thy wisdom hath triumphed over my stupidity; the neck which I in my folly raised up against thee, thou wilt now mount, and thus wilt thou enter the land which thine own kindliness hath this day won for thee.' And he took him on his shoulders and made him sit down on his own cloak, and, joining hands, did him homage.

This was an excellent beginning of peace, but, after the Welsh fashion, it was kept only until chance arose for doing harm. This trait afforded me an opportunity of answering by a parable a question of the blessed Thomas, at that time the Chancellor of my master, King Henry II. He asked me, since I live on the marches of Wales, what conception the Welsh have of loyalty, that is, of honour, and how far they can be trusted. I replied: 'There was living in exile in Gaul a knight from Germany named Franko. As he was journeying through a grove called Bihere he saw King Louis, the son of Charles (the Great), sitting alone on a rock; his

sons had captured a stag, and having caught sight of another passing through the forest, had left the king and followed in pursuit of the second stag. The knight was on his way to speak with the king, but did not know that this man was he, yet he turned aside to him and asked him where King Louis was. Louis, wishing to hide his identity, replied, "He will be here in a moment," and as the soldier prepared to dismount, the king stood up in front of him to hold his stirrup, as is customary, in order to prevent the saddle from turning. Noticing then that the knight wore a very long sword he asked him to allow him to look at it. While he was admiring its great size and its shape, holding the naked sword in his hand, he forgot his plan of hiding his identity and said in kingly fashion, "Fetch me a stone for a seat." Franko, in fear of the sword, brought it, and then asked for his blade. When he had it in his hands again, "Put back the stone," he said, "in its place." The king, seeing the upraised sword, was afraid in turn, and put the stone back. Now by this story I have described for thee the honour of the Welsh; as long as thou holdest the sword they will kneel to thee, when they get hold of it they will command. That thou mayst know something of the future fortune of this Franko, I may add that the king, when his attendants came up, and Franko was about to flee in fear, stopped him and commended him highly, telling his attendants how well and cleverly he had made him put back the stone, and gave him Crépy en Valois for an inheritance.'

In robbery and theft lieth the glory of the Welsh, and such pleasure do they take in both that it is a disgrace upon a son if his father dieth a peaceful death. Hence it is that few live to white hairs, and hence, too, the proverb, 'Death in youth or destitution in old age,' meaning that each rusheth into death to avoid beggary in later life.

On Conan the Fearless. XXIV

CONAN THE FEARLESS, so called because he never knew fear, a night-hawk and leader of robbers, wished to rob a soldier who dwelt on the banks of the Severn at Glamorgan, an active man and rich. Conan went out alone from a grove which commanded the whole region, after having hidden a large band in the grove, and he laid for the harmless man his harmful snare. When, about evening, he saw that a knight was hastening to the house of the aforesaid soldier, and that this traveller, sending a page ahead of him, was received by the host into his house, he returned to his companions and said, 'The soldier whom we plan to rob must be left in peace, for he hath received in hospitable entertainment a knight who besought this in the name of charity, as is our custom, and he hath in the person of this knight God as his guest, against whom any struggle is unequal.' All laughed at him and taunted him for this remark, saying, 'Ha, how finely this fearless fellow talketh,' and other slurs of the same kind. He, preferring to die rather than be convicted of cowardice, followed the others until they arrived in the neighbourhood of the soldier's house. They aroused the dogs which, at the sight of the large crowd of men, rushed out from the yard, as usual, barking loudly. The soldier's guest was lying in the hall, near some large windows which were close to the ground; he concluded from the noisy barking without that a great crowd of people had arrived; in all haste and silence he put on his armour, took his lance in his hand, stationed himself in the middle of the room in front of the windows listening, and he heard the crowd, even though it tried to hush the uproar. And now a nephew of Conan, opening the window stealthily, put in his foot to enter; but the ready knight struck him with his lance to the heart and

hurled him out. His brother, thinking that he had leaped out through fear, cursed him heartily and ran past him; but he too was wounded in a similar way by the same knight, who cast him out. Then Conan, having taken up the dead bodies, fled in haste, saying to his men, 'I knew that God was within; I know also that Judas Maccabaeus, God's bravest champion, once said, "Not in the number of soldiers is victory in war, but courage is from heaven." On this account I was afraid to carry out this assault, nor hath the Master forgotten to take vengeance upon my nephews for their proud chidings.'

On the Thief Cheveslin. XXV

CHEVESLIN of North Wales, carrying a bridle about his neck, spurs in his belt, took lodging in South Wales in the house of Trahair. After a sober and modest dinner they had been sitting in silence for some time when he said to Trahair: 'All of you are curious, and yet, owing to your regard for our custom, no one asketh who I am or whence I come. Since, however, each one of you is very eager to learn this, know that I am from the northern part of Wales, and have been led to these southern parts by the fame of a blooded mare, which a man who liveth on our common border guardeth with such jealous care that now for a month my plots have been at fault and my endeavours have been futile, although I have always, as was fitting, carefully hidden all signs of these spurs and this bridle, as ye know I should.' Trahair gave a laugh at this and replied, 'Surely it is a well-founded and fair opinion which our people have of yours, when they call you faint-hearted and slow-footed. Who of us, for reputation's sake, would not prefer, in the performance of a dangerous theft, to be caught in an act of foolish rashness and end

our days rather than to sit idly for a month doing nothing, with a very rich stake in sight; and see how utterly lost to shame thou art in not blushing to confess such a disgraceful thing. Explain to me who owneth this mare and how it is guarded, and then remain here with my wife and children until the third day after my arrival there, so that thou mayst hear of my glorious death or of my wonderful return with the booty.' The other replied: 'We have heard that many bold boastings of thy people have dwindled like a tamarisk to a broom. Cadolan, whom thou knowest well, Uther's son, hath the mare in Gesligair; during the day it feedeth surrounded by an army, during the night it standeth in the inmost corner of his house, so that the whole household lieth between it and any enemy; moreover, in order to guard her closely, four of his best slaves sleep, between her and the fire, on a "brachanum," that is, a rare carpet; if thou fetchest me this in addition to the mare, ten cows will be thy reward for the mare and five for the carpet.' Trahair took the bridle and spurs, and, although in Wales no one who is caught in a theft is, as a general thing, arrested or ransomed, but punished immediately with death, yet, as if in no danger, he made his preparations at close quarters, and found that things were as he had been told. On the first night he took his stand close by the house, with ears intently listening and eyes wide open. It was, too, a night well suited for his plan, very dark, and without stars. Having found opportunity, he made, with as little noise as possible, a hole near the door with his knife, and through this hole he thrust his hand, unlocked the door, opened it wide, and, going stealthily up to the mare, unhitched her. Then, finding the four slaves who were sleeping on the carpet, he dared, in the mad recklessness of his courage, to take the fringes of the carpet—they were very long

and strong—and to tie them securely to the beast's tail; and then through the hottest part of the fire, which was smouldering there under its covering of ashes, he dragged the four out of the door, and left them unconscious. Raising a hue and cry, the whole crowd was soon in pursuit, guided only by the little sparks from the carpet that he was carrying. Extinguishing these, he returned home unharmed, surrendered the mare and the carpet, and received the cows, winning for himself and his people whatever glory there was in this bold act in rivalry with the northerners.

On the Madness of the Welsh. XXVI

THAT ye may know, moreover, how fatuous and foolishly mad are the passions of the Welsh, hear this tale. There was a boy of the town known as Sepes Incisa (Hay?), who went forth to cross the stream called Wye. He was carrying his bow and two arrows, and meeting two of those who were his enemies, he fled. One of his pursuers followed so closely on his heels that he was about to capture him, but the boy with one of his arrows shot him through the breast. The man, however, called to his companion, 'Follow him, because I am dying, and fetch me my life from him.' The other pursued the boy as far as the next town permitted him, and then returned to his comrade. The boy thereupon followed him at some distance on his return in order to learn the end of the wounded man, and he noticed that, when the unwounded man had come to the other in a grove of trees, his fellow asked him whether he had fetched him his life from the boy. On receiving a negative reply, he said to him, 'Come hither, that thou mayst receive a kiss from me to carry to my wife and sons, for I am dying.' As the unwounded man was about to kiss his wounded

companion, bending over him as he lay on the ground, the dying man stabbed him in the stomach with his dagger, crying, 'Give up thy life, since thou didst not, owing to thy cowardice, fetch me mine.' The other, then, lying above him, likewise thrust his dagger into the other's stomach, saying as he did so, 'No boast wilt thou make of my death, and only this ill hath befallen me, that I am slain by wounds from thy hand before I can pierce thy wife and sons with similar kisses.' Behold how foolish and unjust is the anger of the Welsh and how ready they are for bloodshed!

Concerning a certain Marvel. XXVII

THE greatest marvel that I know happened in Wales. William Laudun, an English soldier, sturdy in his strength and of established courage, went to Gilbert Foliot, at that time Bishop of Hereford, but now of London, and said to him, 'Master, I fly to thee for advice; a certain Welsh malefactor died in my house not long ago, a non-believer; after an interval of four nights he hath never failed to return each night, and hath not ceased summoning forth, one by one and by name, all his fellow-lodgers. As soon as they are summoned, they grow ill and die within three days, so that now only a few survive.' The bishop in his wonderment replied, 'Power, perchance, was given by God to the evil angel of that wretch to render him restless in his dead body. However, dig up the corpse, cut the neck, and besprinkle the body and the grave with holy water, and then rebury it.' Although this was done, none the less were the survivors assailed by the restless spirit. On a certain night, therefore, William himself, since now but a few were left, was summoned thrice, and he, bold and active as he was, knowing full well what the summons signified, drew his sword and rushed out.

As the demon fled he pursued it to the very grave, and as it lay therein, he clave its head to the neck. From that hour ceased the persecution from this ghostly wanderer, nor henceforth did William or any other suffer harm therefrom. The manner of this thing we know, of its cause we are ignorant.

Another Marvel. XXVIII

WE also know that, in the time of Bishop Roger of Worcester, a certain man who, it was said, died in unbelief, for a month or even longer, both day and night, wandered about, seen of all, in his hair-shirt, until he was surrounded in an orchard by all the people of the neighbourhood. He was seen there, it is said, for three days. We know, moreover, that this same Bishop Roger bade a cross be raised over the grave of this wretch and his spirit to be laid. When the demon had come to the grave, followed by a crowd of people, he leaped back, seemingly at the sight of the cross, and fled elsewhere. Then the people, acting upon wise advice, removed the cross, and the demon fell into the grave, covered himself with earth, and, after the cross was raised again, lay in peace.

Another Marvel. XXIX

IN the book of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, dealing with the deeds of Charlemagne, whose personal attendant he was up to the day of that king's death, I find it recorded that a soldier of Charlemagne's army, dying at Pampeluna, left all his goods to a certain clerk, his dearest companion, to be divided among the poor. The clerk, however, after distributing all else in due order, was greedy enough to keep for some time the soldier's horse, one of the best in all the army. Three times he was warned by the soldier in a dream not to keep

for himself what had been left for the poor, but he wrongfully paid no heed; the fourth time the soldier appeared to him when awake and said: 'Now art thou condemned and God hath hardened thy heart that thou mayst not repent. Since thou hast mocked His patience and scorned His warnings, and in thy pride denied God His honour, on the third day from this, at the third hour, thy living body will be carried off by demons into the air.' When this saying was reported to Charles, he had the clerk's house surrounded by his whole army. There were standing by also all the people, clerks carrying crosses, reliquaries, and candles, laymen armed with swords and other suitable weapons; in spite of all, however, in the midst of a mighty yelling in the air, the clerk was seized out of their hands, and on the fourth day, three days' journey away, his mangled body was found among the rocks.

Another Marvel. XXX

A SOLDIER from Northumbria was seated alone in his house one day in summer after his lunch about the tenth hour (or three o'clock), when, lo, there appeared, clad in a cheap and ragged cloak, his father who had died some time before. The soldier, thinking him a demon, drove him from the door. Then to him said his father: 'Dearest son, have no fear, for I am thy father, and bring thee no harm; but summon a priest that thou mayest learn the reason for my coming.' A priest was thereupon called and came with a great crowd, and the man, falling down at the priest's feet, cried out, 'I am that unhappy wretch on whom thou long since didst lay a curse because I wrongfully held back my tithes, and whom thou, without calling me by name, didst excommunicate along with a crowd of others; but of such avail to me have, by

God's grace, been the general prayers of the Church and the alms of the faithful that I may now seek absolution.' He was thereupon absolved, and, attended by a great procession, he came to the grave into which he fell and which of its own accord closed over him. This strange hap introduced a new discussion of Holy Writ.

Concerning certain Proverbs. XXXI

A CERTAIN knight, Hereditary Seneschal of France, at his last hour spake thus unto his son: 'Best beloved son, by God's grace thou art dear to all, and God is clearly with thee. But now these my last precepts do thou observe for the good of thy health and for the firm foundation of thy person and thy property, and that thy undertakings may find joy in a happy outcome. Thou shalt not free one who hath been justly condemned; thou shalt not drink stagnant water which doth not make its own channel; thou shalt not exalt a slave; thou shalt not marry the daughter of an adulteress; thou shalt not trust a red-headed man of low birth.' The son, after he had laid his father in the grave, was received by the king into the inheritance and office of his father, dear at first to the king and acceptable to all France, for he was a gentle man and wise, who carefully moulded himself in the morals of the good. And yet too little diligent was he regarding his father's precepts: he married the daughter of an adulteress and, having a red-headed slave like a 'hungry Greek,' and noticing his marked attention, his diligence, his close application to affairs, thought himself as lucky in his coming as though with this fellow the blessing of God had descended. This slave, therefore, he put in charge of his household and his money as well as of all his affairs.

Conclusions of the Foregoing. XXXII

A FOREST and timber—I do not say fictitious but factitious—I set before you; elegance in the telling is not my aim, nor, if I should strive after it, could I attain it; let the individual reader carve the shapeless mass set before him that by his efforts it may appear in pleasing form. I am your huntsman: I bring you the game, dress the dishes for yourselves.

THIRD DIVISION

Prologue. I

WHEN our counsellors leave the business of counselling, wearied by the greatness of a king's tasks, they take pleasure in unbending to join converse with the lowly, and in lightening with jests the weight of serious affairs. In this way may it please thee, after thou hast rested from the counsel of a book of philosophy, or, it may be, of the divine book, to hear or to read for the sake of pastime or pleasure the savourless and sapless trifles of this book. For it is not of the contests of the courts or of the magnitude of a philosopher's maxims that I am going to treat; the stage and the arena I now occupy, a naked boxer and unarmed, whom in such wise thou hast, actually of thine own motion, sent to face the well-armed tiers of hissing spectators. And yet if this stage or this arena should be visited by Cato or by Scipio or by both, I hope for their pardon, provided they do not judge me too critically. Thou biddest me write for those who come after us *exempla* which will either provoke a laugh or point a moral. Although it is impossible for me to carry out thy bidding, because 'a poor poet knoweth not the caves of the Muses,' it is not difficult to collect or to write that which a good man's goodness will make useful for him (since 'all things work together for good to the good'), or to entrust to a rich soil seeds which shall bring forth good fruit. But who can cultivate a worthless and froward (warring) spirit, since, according to the Scripture, 'Vinegar upon nitre is he

that singeth songs to an heavy heart.' Here are songs sung by Sadius; is it thy pleasure to hear them?

On the Comradeship of Sadius and Galo. II

SADIUS and Galo, equal in character, youth, and comeliness, well learned in the science of arms, and of a long and noble lineage, loved each other with warm and honourable affection in which they stood proved amid adversity, and served far and near as a pattern and a proverb. For faithful friendships have this pleasure in their happiness, that when they are fostered among the good they force even the unfriendly to praise them. Sadius was the nephew of the king of the Asiatics, in whose palace both the young men served on equal footing as soldiers, and he was loved so deeply by his uncle that the king without Sadius would have been without spirit or life; and rightly, too, because in regard to virtue of mind and ability of body he was such as thy very self wouldst wish to be. Galo, although a stranger born, was rich in the same happiness in all respects save the king's deep affection, and often he was wont to weep to himself over his misfortune—which perchance another would have deemed success—namely, that he was too passionately loved by the queen. She was most pressing in her attacks upon his heart, trying by words and signs, by every means in her power, either to bend him who was unyielding, or to soften him who was hard, or to make him who was wise play the fool; with hands and eyes desiring but not desired, tendered but not tenderly received. There were gifts without end, necklaces, rings, girdles, Persian garments, and in truth a passion which was not slothful, not forgetful. No form of solicitation did the queen leave untried, no form of persuasion; completely did she show herself a bawd by her

immodesty, and whatever passion is wont to urge to the love-crazed, this she attempted. Galo tried in every way to act respectfully and modestly, and without an uncompromising form of refusal, since he desired to calm her without despair until she could return to her senses, and he hoped to accomplish this by gentle reproof. She was in haste to hold him back when she saw him slipping from her, and ran with loose rein; he gave all his efforts 'so to run as not to be overtaken,' locking fast the doors of his modesty, and—a thing which is of no small merit with the Most High—he guarded against the comeliness and carnal enticements of the queen and against the campaign of her charming body the camp of his chastity, and, in the wisdom of one who doth not deceive nor is deceived, he finally refused her gifts, rejected her letters, shut out her messengers, and in every way endeavoured to drive her to despair. Thou, Sadius, feltest at length thy comrade's carking care, and on being told of it by him, thou madest it thine own. Sadius went into the queen and, as if he knew nothing of her love-lorn state, sang songs to a heavy heart; he extolled her high lineage, praised her for the beauty of her body and her face, lauded also the virtues of her character, and above all else magnified the marvel of her chastity—that she, full of all the graces, possessed as she was of all those qualities which can excite the desires of even the most continent, could escape from the pressing assaults of nobles and of princes, and, although she was not one who could refuse what her own spirit listed, yet was she never slavishly lusted. 'Now,' said he, 'Lucretia would confess that she hath been outdone; but there could be no man who dared hope to have such constancy of spirit. And yet there is one, and the only one I wot of, whom I can praise for a like self-control, save that he is denied the exercise of love by his impotence. But the quality

which others admire in him and marvel at, this I am quite sure is entirely lacking to him.' 'Who is he?' she asked. 'Surely he is one,' he replied, 'who is far superior to all other men, but the Lord, who hath donored and endowed him with every happiness, hath denied him this one thing, and, as he doth often assert, hath saved him.' The queen's suspicions were aroused, and, thinking that her own case was referred to in some way, she drew nearer to him, asked eager questions, and tried with all the flattery in her power to hear his name, to know the person. Sadius besought her earnestly to keep the secret, and most solemnly did she promise. He then replied: 'My comrade Galo, although he can have his desire from any woman, doth admit that he is sexless, but to me only is this known.' This information brought the queen inward sorrow, nor could she, indeed, restrain her tears. Sadius bade her farewell, thinking that he had put a flea in her ear (given her a bone to pick), and, receiving her permission, very gladly took his departure. With all haste she sought seclusion; with all haste he told his story to his comrade, who thanked him affectionately for this thoughtful service in his behalf, and rejoiced in the escape which he hoped and believed would result from this act.

But it turned out otherwise; for she whom Sadius had awakened to greater anguish did not sleep. Turning over all the schemes which passion could suggest, she determined to adopt one, and this full of hazard. She made up her mind that, through the agency of the best-born maid in the palace, she would find out whether Sadius was telling the truth or not—an attempt which she did not dare, owing to her self-respect, to take upon herself. She gave the maid her instructions, and told her how to approach Galo so that she could slip into his embrace, and bade her cling

closely to him, when both were slightly clad, and put her hand upon his privy parts, and to report, without yielding her own honour, whether he could or could not. She then sendeth forth the maid, and straightway repenteth her of the sending, and longeth to cast off the queen and become the maid, and then, throwing herself on her bed, she thus communeth: 'So she hath gone and thither; there her bedfellow, whom at least I do not love and will not name, hath come to meet her as he is wont to meet me. O, how faithful and how kind he hath always been to me, how pitying and how patient, and how hard a Demea, he who hath so often defeated me in my will, and, tearing himself from my embrace, would beguile me by his words, flattering, yes, but surely poisoned. Queen, and beauty of beauties, and mistress of all, he would call me, and also his very own. His very own? O, how well his own, whose slave I was, so far as he would let me, and far more! How kindly his reproaches when he would tell me that I was married to the king and dedicated to him, that he would keep his oath, and for my sake do all things —and he would add, "but this"! O, kind God, how big that "this"! Whatever I sought of him was in that "this"; it was all things. Why then did he say "all things but this"? rather "all things but all things," and this meaneth nothing; surely he would have said with greater truth, "My lady, for thy sake I will not do all things," and would that he had not revealed his purpose to me thus outspokenly and without pretence, and so condemned me by an everlasting repulse! O God, who hath ever so heartlessly turned himself from such embraces, aye, and these so stark? Either I am deceived by young men's sighs and old men's too—my mirror is most truthful—or my beauty should have power to urge any man to passion. O, but I was forgetful! Honest, indeed, and truth-

ful is Sadius. He hath lost his sex; was Galo then a fool in hiding from me his loss, in not allowing me to fondle him, in denying me lest I deny him? If indeed he had yielded to me and I had clung to him in close embrace, and if I had found him slothful, thither would my hand have wandered where I could have learned whether he is female or male or neither. O, I cannot believe it! Sadius lieth. He is male, he showeth it by the most unfailing signs that he is a man, that he is unmaimed, that he is without blemish. But O, what a poor fool I to have sent a maid most fit and wise to perform a task that belonged to me! Whither had fled my mind, my will? She will slip in upon him, and he will act too honourably, too carefully, until he feeleth, and at the first touch recognizeth that it is another than I, and if not, she will reveal it, and to my sorrow will be received; once or twice will this thing be ere she returneth, and then, what if she will continue, if she will love and be loved? I cannot believe it, I cannot think it, I am convinced, I have no doubt, that he and she —he and I it would have been long since had not I been consecrated as queen, and had not I been a wife—yes, and his own honour held him back. What hindereth in this case? These scruples? Surely not, and surely the deed is done. No word now of "all things except this," but "this above all things else." How glad she was, how quick to seize my mission from my lips, and how unquestioning! Truly she was not slothful, she was not afraid, there was no "bear in the path," no "lion in the streets," when she went forth. But even now the day hath dawned. O, how swift was she in her going, how free from fear, how slow in her return, how full of fear! Now "there is a bear in the path," now a "lion in the streets." But he will use force and keep her by him that he may make her his for ever. And how willingly,

how willingly will she endure that force! But what is my complaint? Whom can I accuse, and with what right? I have proved my own undoing, my own betrayer, my own ensnarer. She surely was not; she did naught but what I, what all would do. But doth Sadius speak the truth? No, no, naught of the truth. It is clear that he can; if he could not she would have returned. All signs of strength are manifest in him, for now heavier waxeth that sweet down upon his cheeks; in him naught dull or cloddish; no weakness in his eyes, in his heart no cowardice. Could he, if unsexed, have power to cut his way through the cohorts of armed men, to render of no avail the prowess of all, to raise his own fame to the highest heights of praise? I am sure that Sadius spoke false. But she whom so nicely I did drive on to my own hopes' overthrow, who now boasteth in what is mine, who is with him and heedless of me, who hath made no haste to come to me, who hath not shown the willing obedience of yore, who was a ready volunteer to her own volition, she surely hath reaped delights that are mine. And what must I say except that lovers are lorn of sense. But I shall find out when and how, whether with garments neat, her hair well dressed and crowned, she did set forth.' And calling the girl's companion she thus addressed her: 'Hearken, Lais, when did Ero depart?' The girl replied, 'Just now, at the first cock-crow.' The Queen: 'She whom I sent at twilight?' Lais: 'The same.' The Queen: 'Why so late?' Lais: 'Late gone, late return.' The Queen: 'Dost thou know our case and why I sent her?' Lais: 'No, but I know that she dressed with all haste and departed late and gorgeously arrayed.' The Queen: ''Tis bad; how arrayed?' Lais: 'With necklaces, rings, perfume, crimson, finest linen, hair brooches, not a hairpin out of place.' The Queen: 'Woe 's me! the meaning?' Lais: 'Really I

know not; but she had forgotten nothing that could avail one going to see her lover; well perfumed, well bathed, well rouged, well dressed, well crowned. No need to complain of her for having left behind gold, fine garments, or any aids of that sort; she paid regard to all things, but gave no thought to a quick return.' The Queen: 'And I thought her such a simpleton, such a fool in all these wiles.' Lais: 'She a simpleton! O, how very clever in the matter of a certain gentleman, if it were only right for me to tell!' The Queen: 'Kind Lais mine, tell me all.' Lais: 'She is making a set at Galo with all the means in her power.' The Queen: 'What about him?' Lais: 'He feigneth that he is loved by another in order that he may thus win love.' The Queen: 'In saying "that he is loved" thou sayest what is not possible.' Lais: 'Ero now knoweth whether it is possible.' The Queen: 'Woe 's me! Ero?' Lais: 'Yes, Ero.' The Queen: 'Our Ero?' Lais: 'I know no other.' The Queen: 'How knowest thou that she knoweth this?' Lais: 'We have recognized it by unfailing signs.' The Queen: 'Appearances are sometimes deceiving.' Lais: 'O, unhappy love, mad above all madness! Try it never so earnestly to conceal itself, before it knoweth it is known by all, and if I dare speak——' The Queen: 'Kind Lais, dare what thou wilt.' Lais: 'Galo, they say, was brought up among barbarians, but his barbs reach the inmost heart.' The Queen: 'Whose inmost heart?' Lais: 'I pray not thine, dear lady, as some lying tongues do say, because he hath filled my heart with every sorrow; and yet whose heart escapeth? But I hear the door.' The Queen: 'Perchance it is she; depart, hasten, lest she come upon us talking here. Ho, Ero, so thou hast come!' Ero: 'I have.' The Queen: 'What took place?' Ero: 'I came, I touched, but I was repulsed. And yet, I doubt not of his

power.' The Queen: 'Why didst thou not return at once? What pleasure foundst thou in delay?' Ero: 'Desire feeleth delay in the shortest moment. I left here just now and hastened with all my might; how could I have come more quickly?' The Queen: 'From the time I sent thee on my errand till now, thou couldst have returned from a journey of ten miles, but thou wert unwilling to go forth unless well arrayed. Wert thou going to be married?' Ero: 'It was well to have the power to win his favour until I could know: and I almost won his favour, and I felt that the man was sound and ready, had he felt you; but when he realized that it was an inferior, one less fit and far less suitable than yourself, he cast me out.' The Queen: 'Now I know that thou art a wanton in thy love,' and seizing her by the hair she threw her on the floor, struck her with hands and feet, and gave her almost lifeless to her companions to guard most carefully, that no liberty be allowed her. She then went off to her room, cast herself upon her bed, and uttered all that baneful love can teach dark hearts; finally she poured forth all her passions upon Galo, and railed at him with all the abuse that anger doth suggest.

Woman's heartless anger and pitiless revenge pursue a hated person to the utmost bounds. The queen, thus sorely wounded, did not cease grieving over the defeat of her plans, and she was carried on to wreak her fury both by the violence of her love and by the virulence of her hate. Any injury whatever is kindled into a blaze of passion, but hate is made lasting only by those causes which love furnisheth, when love is either stolen from one by an eager rival or is mocked by an object of eager desire. The queen felt that she had been deceived, and, since her feelings were dulled by her desires, she trusted not her feelings, but, against all the warnings of her heart, she struggled, strange

to say, against her heart. Galo received her bidding to come to her and came, and there ensued an open struggle with attack on one side, defence on the other. For she it was who attacked, he it was who defended; she hurled the javelins of wantonness, he caught them on the breastplate of temperance; she led Venus to the attack, he offered Minerva for the defence. At length, however, marshalling against her all his forces of strong denial, he drove her to sure despair. The queen, now no longer a queen but a tigress, aye, a terrible bear, sank from love to hate, and, lamenting that her frowardness was dulled by his firmness, she determined to trap him in some way on the charge of *lèse-majesté*, and swore that she would have her revenge on Galo.

It was the birthday of the king of the Asiatics; there were gathered about the king, therefore, the primates of the continent and the leading men, who had come in accordance with his command to the celebration. While all were feasting, Galo alone sat with wondering gaze fixed fast upon the table. The table of the king was in the form of a large hemicycle, and the chairs of royalty were placed in the centre, whereby all cause for jealousy was removed since, sitting in a hemicycle, they were all equally near the king's chair, and no one could be chagrined at his remoteness nor boast of his proximity. Galo and Sadius sat together. But the queen was on guard, she was ever watchful against Galo, her heart had been set in flames by Cupid's dart, but now had been extinguished by a leaden weight, and she was the first to note how rapid and how troubled was Galo's breathing, and she did not doubt that Galo longed to enjoy his dearest secret which filled his heart with such passion even at the memory of it. Because he believed this to be well hidden, and thought that he was very surely concealing his purpose, all the

more eagerly did she desire to bring him to a confession of it, wishing to confound, in the presence of this great assemblage, him whose repulse of her and the red shame thereof rankled in her heart.

It was the king's custom on each celebration of his birthday to present the queen any gifts which she might wish. She asked him, therefore—and her lord granted her request—to give her for her annual gift one which she need not name. The king 'swore and repented,' because 'the Lord did not swear.' She urged him to make Galo confess, while they were at the table in the presence of all the guests, the turn of his inmost thought—what it was whereon he had been pondering during the whole hour of the feast. The king grew pale and trembled, and the whole table from one end to the other was grieved. Greater, however, than any one's was the indignation which Sadius felt for Galo, his beloved comrade, and he was the first to ask that the wish be changed. The king, too, repenting now of his promise, felt that he was the third person or party in the nameless gift. Thou wouldst have seen the confusion of Herod and the insistence of the dancing maid, the blush of Phoebus and the obstinacy of Phaethon, the anguish of this king and the mad impulse of his queen. The gathering of princes with one voice begged for lenience for Galo, but all in vain. The queen strove with fell purpose for her revenge, and gave all her efforts to gain her nefarious end, thinking that it was her victory because it was won by her own anger. Eager, therefore, was the insistence of this foolish woman, as if her honour depended on the dishonour of an innocent man. Galo sat without movement, and because he was ignorant of any guilt he feared no snares, nor paid any attention to what was being done. He finally noticed the excitement of Sadius, and with a sigh, which came from the bottom of his heart, he aroused

himself from his deep thought. Then, on being told of the queen's request and the consent of the king, he uttered a groan, and begged to be excused from the telling. Long was the dispute between his earnest supporters and the dissenting queen, but of no avail, and he began thus :—

'Just one year ago, on the day of the Pentecost, when I was suffering from an attack of burning fever that never left me for a day, I was sitting on my couch at Salona on the fifth day of my illness after the climacteric. It was a holiday, and my attendants, wearied with their toil and tedious watching, together with the rest of the household, were taking part in the customary festivities. I longed to go forth from the city with my armour on, to try my strength, my horse, and my weapons. I put on my coat of mail, my helmet; the rest of my harness I could hardly bear, for I was weak. I mounted my horse, which had waxed fat through lack of exercise and more restive, and, leaving the city, I took a road through a deep grove, and from the morning until evening I never drew rein. My swift-footed steed had carried me a long, long way, and I paid no heed; when I did take count, I desired to turn back, and I felt that love had led me far astray; for I was in love and my love was not returned, and, ignorant of the way, I had been brought to a large, wonderful abode. The lofty palaces within high walls, the ivory homes, the beauty rare and beyond compare of the works of art, excited my wonderment; the inhabitants were either keeping themselves concealed or there were none. I made my way through the midst of the city, my thoughts busied with my grief, and without my consciousness or my consent, my horse leading me rather than ridden by me, and I came to a palace within the inner walls—a palace which towered above all others, standing out most clearly to my gaze. I drew my breath, looked long thereon

and wondered. I rode through the palace but came upon no one, and, passing through a lofty chamber and two others which lay beyond, I entered a spacious garden, and in that garden encountered a maiden sitting beneath a blossoming cherry tree, clad in queenly garments of silk. I made ready to dismount, and, weak from my fatigue, I fell, and rested for some time in a sweet swoon at her feet. But she moved not, nor gave any sign that she saw me, or that she was a living woman. I cast aside my shield and spear, and as a suppliant kneeled before her, and begged her saving aid. On her part, not a word. I added some speech which should have won an answer, but not a word did I force from her, and she sat in silence like a statue. I was ashamed to return without some token, and—the confession is not to my honour—I threw her on the ground, and that I might take the firstfruits of her maidenhood, I made ready to outrage her with all violence. When she saw that she could not protect herself, she cried out, calling "Rivius!" Rivius hastened at her cry. He was a giant of wondrous stature, of enormous size, to cope with whom no knight, save our lord the king and Sadius, was equal. He appeared before me completely armed, sitting on a horse up to his rider's weight, and his eyes shone through the eyelets in his helmet like lighted lamps. I was afraid, I confess it, and I blushed—but now, out of respect for our king and for his nobles who are present here with him, may the queen have mercy upon me, lest the story that is to come bring me everlasting disgrace.' The king, therefore, and the entire assembly were moved with pity, and in tears pled in Galo's behalf, but this unconquered tigress could not be moved either to notice any of them or to leave her folly, or to deign any response; on Galo only did she fix her gaze, urging him to continue with his tale.

Again Galo began: 'The giant, although fierce in his great fury, bade me take up my weapons, scorning to fight me unarmed with all his might. We met in a struggle far beyond my strength and full of peril. For easily and without trouble, owing to the great length of his spear, he cast me into the fork of a near-by tree and held me firmly there, cursing and reviling me, unable to move as I was, that he might boast in his mighty strength and his damsel have her revenge and enjoy my suffering. Is this not yet enough, O queen?' The king besought her, all prayed to that deaf image, but she was speechless to them all, save that she bade him to proceed, and Galo went on: 'God, in whom was my hope, sent to my aid another damsel whom I knew not, and who, falling before the feet of the heartless maiden I have mentioned, bespoke pardon for my offences; she kissed her feet, watering them with idle tears, for the giant's lady, she of exalted pride, with her foot bruised my helper's tender lips against her teeth. 'Tis enough, is it not, O queen? What mischance more portentous or more pitiful ever fell to the portion of any man? But I know that you have no pity. I shall confess all. My love—and she is a damsel most worthy of one far nobler than I—kissing the feet of the giant with bloodstained lips—ah, the pity of it!—pleaded my weakness resulting from my long illness, saying that it was to his dishonour that a mighty man had driven to single combat one lacking in strength and weak from loss of blood. The giant blushed but spared not; for he was awaiting the bidding of her who sat there immovable and inflexible, and he looked for mercy to one who showed no mercy. Then, with sweet love, my champion, for whom my heart was aching, weeping bitterly because she could not win peace, sought for a truce for one year, and gave herself as hostage, that, when the year's circle was complete, on the

corresponding day she would produce me, did not death interpose, to fight against Rivius in single combat. And with her tears, which could have broken the barriers of all wrath, and the hearts of all tyrants, although she did not move the giant's damsel, she did indeed bend the giant's self and made him yield to her prayers. The day is at hand, and the (sweet) source of my safety, attended by five hundred knights, is at the gates; the giant, however, followeth with a band of five thousand. This is the thought which made me dull at our feast because it bringeth to me dread without end. Now, however, best of kings, obtain excuse from the sequel, which is full of shame.' Then the queen: 'Surely the giant's damsel, whom thou detractest because she did not attract thee, is a maid of steady purpose and firm, praiseworthy even in the things for which thou blamest her; but this is thy practice, aye, thy besetting sin. Now weep on, and let thy tears outpour to move me who am not a giant, or, if thou wilt, let her come, thy paragon, thy love, who overcame the giant, at whose tears the dead arise, the anger of devils is appeased. O, how well thou praisest whom thou praisest; how far doth her weeping surpass, so wouldst thou claim, the songs of Orpheus which did not win Eurydice for him except under a doubtful pact. What was Amphion in comparison with her tears? These would have built the walls of Thebes without need of song. By the sweat of his brow did Hercules, conqueror of monsters, prove of service to the whole world, and yet of more use, had she wished it, would her tears have been. Let her now weep, now let our great king command, and Galo pray; but hearken, counsellors, and surely I shall remain victorious, in spite of your regard for the king and for them. We will hear all.' Then said Galo: 'Thou wilt hear things yet more repellent and a disgrace yet greater, in that I, while our lord the king and

those sitting here with him were beseeching thee and thou wert refusing their prayers, was pondering deep within my soul my firm resolution that on the appointed day, neither in behalf of my hostage, whom thou revilest, nor for any other cause, whether loss or gain, honour or dishonour, would I go forth to meet the giant either with armour or without. We had covenanted under oath that our lord the king and the giant, each attended by a large supporting army, would be present, but this is now not to be, because I shall have no meeting with the giant. Let Hercules be summoned, and with his club let him mete punishment to this monster meet for his prowess, this enigma reserved for the sweat of his brow, a victory that belongeth to God not to man. There you have the whole tale, nor have I hidden one iota of my baseness from you. The shame of past defeat and my fears for the future I have now set forth; what more is there whereby the queen may wish to do me harm or have the power? Now nothing else remaineth for me save to make my dwelling in lonely wastes and in regions strange to man, to avoid the crowded haunts of my fellows. And would that the memory of me might as far as possible be blotted off the face of the earth, that I might leap, like Empedocles, into Aetna's flames, or fall upon the sword of Pyramus, or hand myself over to the beasts of Ocean's god, lest if I shall live too long I may become a never-ending sign of infamy and a monument of dishonour and a base pointing of the finger. In this life, which I shall quickly shuffle off, let those find joy to whom is granted the freedom of being, who dare to speak what pleaseth them and to leave unsaid that which threateneth death. When I came hither I was free, and now on my lips silence hath been enjoined lest I speak too fully except what I would not, or leave unsaid except what I ought not. O,

deadly slavery and worse than death! Thought is free even to those in bonds and to sinners, and whither it will it passeth unrestrained, but I—I have not the happy lot of even the basest slave: my thought is in bonds and a knight hath been made a hostage to a brazen brow, but late a knight, now a monstrous prodigy among knights, and a woman's victim, to cleanse some sin I know not what.' He ceased and leaped from the table, but not alone, for very many of the princes and a chosen band of the royal household sorrowfully attended him. But now the queen, wounded sore with her burden of love, added insult to insult, screaming out behind them, 'From Galo's own lips we have heard most certain proofs of his cowardice that he will have no meeting with the giant. These are the praises bought from the hireling crowd with which they raised Galo to the stars; these are the claims of his own tongue and his haughty boastings. A giant he called his opponent: O, would that we could summon him to see whether he be a giant! We know beyond a doubt that all the giants met death at the hands of Hercules. This is the saying of a man in senseless fear and a complete defeat, of one severely beaten and a fool. Truly indeed is he a very giant who with a single blow made him, who is taller than any giant, a dwarf. Now let the gods be in fear of his weapon, and with all care be on their guard lest the Titans come to life again and cast their claws into them. Under their master Mulciber let Steropes and Pyragmon (the Cyclops) sweat at their tasks that Jupiter may not be unprotected against the piling up of mountains; let him take up his thunderbolts, Mars his helmet, Phoebus his arrows, Pallas her aegis, Diana her quivers; or if there be giants as huge as he describeth, let Stilbon range his magic arts in the face of the hostile battle lines, that they, in defence of their sire's deity, may

make equal such battles as Galo hath pictured. Rejoice, Sadius, thou who art now in grief, and be glad that thy innocence hath been rescued from disgrace.'

These and other taunts from the queen attended Galo as he went forth as much a victor in the quarrel by his silence as a conqueror over her incest through his long endurance. As he hurried farther and farther from the city the others returned, but Sadius besought him with unfeigned tears and cried: 'I know that the whole world is aflame with deep passion for thy soldierly prowess, and that thou hast a place in the love of kings and princes; but no one will deny that thou owest all to me, whose soul thou holdest in thy heart as handmaid of thy soul; therefore the check-rein of no power can restrain me from performing any prayer of thine, no spurs can prick thee on to avoid my presence or to escape from my comradeship. I can well believe that in the entire story which the queen wrung from thee thou toldest the truth except in thy avowal of cowardice, for this hath never found entrance into thy breast. It is not my wish that thou enter into single combat with the giant as thou forecastest; but let it be my pleasure to take thine armour, and under pretence of thy person to undergo the danger, so that, under thy name, with no other privy to our plan, and with thy soldier's honour secure from stain, thou canst not sorrow even if conquered, or, if I am victorious, be cheated of thy triumph; and thus by no chance hap can envy find delight in the severance of our comradeship.' Thus spoke Sadius with loyal tears and a suppliant groan. Galo stopped therefore, and because of his constant sobbing could hardly make reply. When he could speak he said: 'Let there be joy in the heart of gracious Faith, and let her, now from ancient days in exile, gladly seek again her native place, and let her cry aloud to the

world that she is now secure by Sadius' defence. Best beloved, thy love hath found a path whereby I may return, only let the manner of thy finding be changed a little; let us secretly make an exchange of our armour, and I, clad in thine, may thus trick the thought of all and meet the giant in combat; in this way, if I am slain, the true identity of the slain will be made known, or, if I survive, thine will be the glory of the victory, and when we have laid our armour off in secret, thy fame will be sung with transcendent praise. I add this request also: that before the combat, thou hint to our lord the king and to our lady the queen that I have kept back from the fight by this agreement with thee, namely, that thou in my behalf wouldst undergo the danger of the meeting. This, too, may thy friendship grant me, that when the fight beginneth, and the crowd of spectators hath surrounded us, thou call my protectress to thee, and to her alone reveal the truth of our ruse, and that throughout the duration of the combat thou have thought for her comfort, if by chance there should meet with her some ladies of our party or some from our enemy's. You will recognize her, close in height to the tallest, taller than the average, with slender neck, sloping shoulders, happy in her slender grace, charming above all others, so that her hidden beauty can be longingly desired from those charms which are disclosed.'

Thus was the compact made and faithfully kept. And lo, the lists, after the usual fashion, with due regard to form, are occupied to the very centre by attendants of the giant; the other side is reserved for him called king of the Asiatics, and it is filled with rich magnificence. Thereupon the giant's tent, of precious stuff, was raised, and at the door of the tent, where all could see, there sat, clad in queenly garments of silk, the damsel who had bruised the lips of Galo's damsel, garbed in the

same array as when he had first seen her. Then the giant in full armour came forth, and at his size the whole assembly paled, and by a concerted groan testified to their true wonderment. The giant sat upon a horse the great size of which was suited to his master's weight, and, running and circling here and there, he sharpened his spirit, trained him in his duty to come, and by play, as it were, made him ready for the real work that was at hand. All who saw him marvelled at him and waxed sore afraid, and in behalf of Sadius raised their shouts, and the more they showed to him their favour, the more they showed their hate for Galo. These two heard but were not moved, and played their parts amid the shouts of praise and blame, Sadius with all constancy, Galo with all confidence. The giant then rushed forth to meet Galo, and each attacked the other with blows that ended differently; the giant broke his lance and it clung to Galo's shield, Galo clove the giant's horse from his head to his shoulder, and cast horse and rider to the ground. When he saw that both were fallen, like a lofty oak that is felled by the last blow of the axe, he cried out: 'Because thou didst give to Galo, although thou hadst him in thy power, permission to take his armour, that thou mightst not enter into unequal combat with a man unarmed, I dismount that I may not have unfair battle with one on foot.' He dismounted, they fought on their feet, and foined fiercely at each other. The king, with many a groan, wept for his nephew who was undergoing no danger; the queen hurled insult after insult into the face of Sadius, and with taunt upon taunt she flayed the absent Galo. Sadius, bearing all in silence, rejoiced that she was deceived, and that she might be the more jealous, he turned his back upon her, and lovingly gave his care to her whom, in the performance of the duty laid upon him, he had

begun to comfort. The queen saw and was jealous, thinking that the damsel had been chosen, herself disdained, and, with her anger doubly kindled, she doubled and trebled her wrathful words against them both. As often as fortune brought some mishap to Galo, all turned their eyes upon Sadius. Their thoughts, their words were slurs for Galo, but the expression of these slurs fell upon Sadius. In regard to the size of the combatants it seemed an unequal contest, in regard to the blows the equality was judged to be complete, and the smaller fighter's courage was the bolder. The giant purposely gave ground in order to crush the onslaught of his rushing foe by an unexpected and sudden repulse, but so closely, so keenly, did Galo press upon him, so boldly and so spiritedly, that the giant was completely cheated of his hope and his willing flight became a forced one, and now the giant tottered upon the carpet of his damsel and Galo leaped upon him with such sudden force that the giant stumbled before her and fell in a heap. A shout arose on the one side, and on the other there were low whispered groans, and it was very clear which party it was which was more disposed to anger or more profuse in joy. The king and his attendants long for the end, and—a concession which respect for an established peace alloweth—with nods for words encourage Sadius to rush upon his enemy. Galo, however, with a fitting graciousness, biddeth the fallen giant arise and return to the combat. Thereupon the giant arose quickly, and seeing the tears of his beloved, forgot the mercy which had just been meted to him; nor did he now heed the dictates of graciousness or of just gratitude, but with all the ardour of his passion he threw himself upon his enemy; Galo resisted, and the giant attacked him with the most unrelenting fury and, by fighting well, he made his enemy fight well. Finally, raising his arm on

high, with one blow he tried to end the combat, but as the shield of Galo caught the strong blow of the sword the weapon was broken at the hilt. Then fear came over the giant, and he confessed within his breast that he was all but overcome, but Galo, following his usual custom, stepped back that he might appear a good knight at all points, and granted the giant a truce and permission to seek another sword, saying, 'My aim is to win fame by valour, not by luck.' Glad then were the giant and his supporters, but Sadius' friends were sad, and they complained that an easy victory had been unadvisedly converted into a rash venture. This, however, meseemeth, is a capital wrong, that when one wittingly doeth a thing which causeth joy to his enemy, his friends wax sad. The giant withdrew to his tent, and from his chamberlain received a sword, huge in its size and very fair to the sight; drawing it, he recognized that it was one the edge of which neither wood, nor bone, nor steel, nor any armour could withstand. He cried out that he had been deceived by the bearer of the former sword, and this bearer he then cleft in twain from his neck down through his spine and reins to the ground, saying, 'Base-born slave, this would have given me the victory in the first exchange of blows,' and he added, 'Look thou, who in Galo's stead hast joined in combat with me, thou who art for a surety a better man than he, give thyself up to my prison, if life is preferable in thy mind to death.' Galo replied, 'All the courage and the boasting which this sword hath brought thee result not from thine own valour, but from my sufferance, and I suffer thee now to take from it any advantage which it may bring. My assurance of safety cometh from my strength of body and my soul's valour, not from the addition of armour; my fame is my support.' The giant, in anger at these words, rushed upon him, and, with his first blow,

cut like a thunderbolt whatever part of Galo's shield it reached, and, with the second, the greatest part of his mail and shield. Galo was straightway aware and saw well that from this sort of a sword no armour could protect him; he knew, too, that protection must be sought in his strength and skill, and in the face of the danger pressing upon him he made ready not to flee but to put to flight; so rapidly did he move the sword in his right hand before his enemy's face that in no wise, without suffering a wound, could the giant show his hand between the shields. Galo pressed on, in deep earnest now, and he compelled the giant to give ground, and finally he cast him headlong above his lady, she being the stumbling-block to his feet. Then Galo stepped back, and, although he was in fear for his own life, he made a dangerous hazard of his safety. He bade the giant arise, and urged him to have no fear, thus furnishing the queen an opportunity of praising Sadius and of indulging in her joyous taunts against him. The giant, then, happy in this mercy, and skilfully using the kindness extended to him, leaped uninjured to his feet and brought his sword down upon Galo's shield with such force that the point cut through the metal and made a severe wound in his face. The blood gushed forth and stained Galo's armour down to his feet; wherever he retreated or advanced, he left footprints full of gore, a sight hateful to his friends and glorious to his enemies. Galo—and no wonder—was afraid of the sword, which he saw pierced everything it met; he weakened the force of the blows by allowing his shield to give before them, taking ever great heed not to allow the sword to find any resisting surface to which it could fasten itself. The king feared for his nephew and was eager to pledge his whole kingdom for his safety. The queen put her hands to the reins, summoned

Sadius' companions, bade them lead off the hostage, and, without awaiting the fulfilment of her commands, withdrew from the lists, uncertain whether to rejoice in the discomfiture of Galo or to grieve over the death of Sadius. Galo, seeing that his enemy was more reckless than was his wont, and without caution was rushing upon him, and that his blows were aimed altogether blindly, laid a cunning and careful snare for the giant's hand, and as it was in movement he caught it with a swift blow and cut it off; then, quickly seizing the sword, he put his own in its proper place and mounted his horse. Galo was victorious and the giant defeated, and the victor, speaking without raising his helmet, under the name of Sadius, presented his captive to the king, a gift most acceptable and received with the expression of heartfelt thanks. All surrounded the victor and desired to see the wound in his face. The king, more impatient than his wont, raised his hands to remove the helmet, but Galo forbade him and led Sadius and the damsel apart, to effect in secret the exchange of armour. Galo, with the damsel, remained at home; Sadius, eagerly awaited by all, sought the court. The first question of the king was about his wound, and his unmarred face caused amazement in the soldiery. The queen came quickly forward on whose lips had always been insults to Galo, praise to Sadius. She offered him golden boxes filled with precious ointment; to her said Sadius: 'No need have I of thine ointments; know that he hath conquered who still beareth the sign of his victory, who hath received the wound, who hath been proved to be no dwarf, who hath shown himself greater than the giant. I am he, the sign for thy mockery, who, standing by the damsel, listened to praises from thee that were not meant for me in person, and to thy most unworthy insults to Galo who, thank

God, by his incomparable valour, hath triumphed over all thy plots.' At these words the queen, as though she saw the Gorgon's head, stood petrified in her surprise, and tried to disbelieve the truth which she dreaded. Then no longer did any one doubt of the victor; all were assured of the triumph of Galo and of the loyalty of Sadius, and they hastened to bear to the conqueror the victorious eagles. Then the wound was seen, and humbly did the king beseech his Galo to pardon the injury that had been done him. Since the whole city rejoiced in its festivity, the queen alone suffered on all sides such discomfiture that her bruised soul grew sick. Like a serpent at the eventide, which, when caught in the heat of the day, cannot find shade from its severity, and, striking at every obstacle, vomiteth all its poisons to no avail, and, listless at even, hideth beneath the grass and lieth in wait for the cattle returning from their pasturage, desiring to slay them all and yet remaining powerless, so the queen, deprived now of her power, wasted away in empty longings, only retaining, but all in vain, the wish to injure. Truly did Galo enjoy a good end through the just judgment of God, and, tried in the furnace of love, he shone forth the purest example of purity; and the queen, when her malicious acts were made known, wept as she deserved to do, and became an object of ridicule and the butt of every idle tale.

Foolish, perhaps, will this tale seem, and frivolous, but only to the foolish and the frivolous, for whom there is naught in what we say: concerning such there may be a time when we shall speak, but not for such. What ability we have and what knowledge, we expend for the kind and the clear-minded, knowing that the busy bee doth gather both wormwood and thyme that it may contribute its honey, choice product of the bitter and the sweet, to the storehouse of wisdom. May one gather from

trifles such as these, and by a grace given by God, the power to choose and to love the bitter paths of justice, as did Galo, and not perversely strive with the queen to cling fast to evil delights; and it will prove to be a song sung to the wisest heart.

On the Contrary Relation of Parius and Lausus. III

LET the reader rejoice and the listener be delighted that Galo and Sadius enjoyed a comradeship calm and without a cloud, and then let them wonder as much at the clouds of treachery in the friendship of Parius and Lausus. Born from the heart of Lucifer, Envy first did rage against God, having dared the extreme crime, and, when cast down from heaven, it crept into that first and fairest part of the world, into Paradise itself; whence, conquering and conquered, it was also cast out, and, whatever it findeth in the world without, it doth observe diligently, and ever mindful of its high birth, whatever it seeth beneath it it doth despise, and, directing its efforts above itself and disdaining to degenerate, it always seeketh loftier ends, as if, by mounting higher and higher, it doth not despair of again reaching the place of its birth. It maketh itself equal to all and like all, even though its attack may be against those unlike itself, for it always directeth itself against the better. It is, moreover, humble among the lowly, proud among the proud, in a hut poor, in a palace rich. Every other fault seemeth to have set limits, and because it is confined within the limits of earth, it withereth away: this exceedeth all bounds; it hath its baneful dwelling in all life of earth, sea, and air, so that, as we know, worm envieth worm. It doth infect all that is said about both the best and the worst in life, and, when received by the lower, it attacketh the higher,

and, because it is too weak to dare against God, all that is divine and is, as it were, closest to God, it doth belittle by blasphemy; an outcast from heaven, a fugitive from Paradise, at first it lived an exile among us, and soon out of the place of our exile it made itself a native land.

This Envy made its way secretly into the royal hall of Babylon, whose king, Ninus, it found enviable in everything and rendered envious: him who had been a lover of the world and its peace, it turned into a hater of the world and its scourge. Concerning whose rule, how enviously he exercised it, and how greedily against his neighbours, history doth clearly tell. But Envy, who had infected Ninus, in anger at his two chamberlains, Lausus and Parius, who were friends to each other and in accord in all things, because they were closest to the king, determined to overthrow them after he had been overthrown, and since it had no power over the better of the two, it stained the worse with the dye of its slander. Thereupon Parius in secret envied Lausus, the evil the good, the perverse the gentle, and with filthy steps he dogged him, ever watchful how and when and by what artifice he might do him harm. Whatever in Lausus' character had pleased him before was now distasteful, and there was nothing which he, a base prophet, did not interpret to his own hurt. That Lausus was devoted to his master's interests, that he was a careful and far-sighted steward, a faithful servant, on the most happy terms with his lord, that he was also a real friend to Parius himself, an aid to his advancement, all this he construed as double-dealing, and him who was honest in his efforts of well-doing he accused of deceit. Lausus was as unconscious of this alteration in his friend as he was of any altercation, and he displayed to him his comradeship with kindly frankness. Each outwardly was the same, and in their words was the

same candid freedom; inwardly they were not the same, and in their hearts there was a secret antagonism. With the same deference love and envy vied to please, and so very like true affection is this affectation that no one can detect the falsity of the outward imitation. These two were admired of men as were Nisus and Euryalus, in the eyes of God they appeared as Pirithous and Theseus. No longer now could Parius endure the flames of hate which of his own accord he had kindled against Lausus; now from the furnace in which he had nursed them they violently burst forth, and to find vent in action was the desire of the secret design that had long seethed in his degenerate soul; now Parius in his unrestraint plotted all manner of death against his friend, and although he prayed for death of every kind, privily one only did he plot, and this the most secret, in order that his baseness, born of the night, might not burst forth into the light and be known. The women of Scythia, he knew, have double pupils in each eye, and slay whomsoever they look upon in anger; he knew that the astrologers of Thrace, by the sole power of their charms, kill those with whom they are at enmity. What more secret than these destructive forces? What death less apt to arouse suspicion? In both he found reasons for suspicion, the very agents of the crime inspired his fear, and that which he himself knew he believed was hidden from no one. He dared against God, from whose eyes no shield protected him, before men's report he trembled although well armed; that he might blot out a man's life and at the same time the manner of his death, he debauched his soul entirely, and gave himself up completely to strange thoughts to the end that he might be called by a new name—not only a slayer of life, but also a slayer of death. He determined on poison, but a strange, a curious poison, most potent and also

most secret, such as were not those of Scythia and Thrace; Circe he passed by and Medea, and whatever poisons leave traces of the truth he passed over. A deed unseen before and unheard of he devised: he was troubled to leave no stone unturned; and because he came upon nothing which was not well known from long use, his persistency was rebuffed and gave way, his mind, in want of the new, but wanting in invention, returned to the old. Calling to mind, therefore, Hercules and Deianira, he prepared for his friend the poison of a Nessus; and, wrapped in deadly robes, his victim died. The death of Lausus was the talk of all, but people knew not the method of his death, nor did they know anything to be said touching that death; and since there was no suspicion of the traitor, there was no mention of betrayal made against the guilty man. Death and the man departed together and no one discovered the cause of death. All grieved and wept, but the tears of all were outdone by the woeful wails of the traitor. The murderer tore his hair and mauled himself mightily, and strove by his piety to palliate his cruelty; under the covering of love he hid the truthfulness of his hate, cast himself above the corpse on the grave, and, with angry words and threats, struggled against the resistance of those who forbade his interment. It was for death, not for a man, that Parius was arranging burial, and it was death itself which he cunningly laid in the earth in the presence of all the people. At length, with seeming reluctance, he accepted outwardly the consolation of which within he had no need, sole occupant of his lofty seat on which he sat in state, sharing his station with no other. Ninus, on the other hand, to prove his true grief, brought Lausus' surviving son into the palace, a boy of really lovable charm, noteworthy both in character and beauty; he was handed over to his father's

murderer to be brought up under the protection of a father; the wolf received the lamb into his keeping, and, in spite of his soul's desire, he showed his exultation in his face. The fortunate boy was brought up modestly and performed his duty becomingly, and straightway won such favour in the sight of the king that he was ranked higher than Lausus was and Parius is; soon there was free intercourse between the boy and the king, none between him and Parius. Soon the boy was in regular service at the king's toilet, caring for his head and hands and feet. In great rage, therefore, was the ravager of men, and he rallied all his ravenous fury; he is consumed by his cruelty, which is now restored to life, and the doer of a monstrous murder returneth to his former straits; he payeth no heed to any thought or feeling which might make him pause, and, fresh from his triumph over the father, taketh up his arms against the son. The words of his mouth are those of him who did bring envy into the world, for the author of crime guideth his hosts of iniquity, and, lest they may grow weary, when created, or wander from the path and be lost, pointeth out the bypaths, and giveth strength to their unholy steps. Parius was his pupil and under his guidance, and is led by him into a new deed of dire duplicity. Parius summoned the boy whose guardian he was; he began his discourse with praise of the beauty and speech and character of the youth, and, that flattery might sink to the level of the foulest lie, he told him that he alone was worthy of the friendship of such a king, was suitable for such secret service, praised and avowed his anxious care; on one point, however, and only one, did he completely correct the falsity of his fair words, saying, 'Although nature, my dearest son, hath blessed thee beyond measure, and hath charmingly imprinted her own fitness on all thy members, yet, lest she arouse the

envy of the gods, she hath stopped short of perfection, and, lest the delicate flower of thy sweet looks, both at sight and touch, upset all minds, she hath suffered a stench to be born in thee. I speak, beloved, as a father to his son, and I desire to urge thee in every way that, when thou dost assist in the king's toilet, thou stand not too near; act with a little more self-restraint and caution, lest, owing to thy frequent presence, thou be made a nuisance by this thing which he, through the respect of his affection, hideth from thee, and, although most patient, beareth with much difficulty.' Thus spoke Parius, and with his words his tears gushed forth, and although they are feigned, fain was the boy to believe. Chill amazement seized the poor lad; a flood of tears was checked by the exceeding anxiety of his grief, his utterance came brokenly, and the life-blood was driven from his veins back to his heart. At length he mastereth his emotion, and to his master expresseth all the thanks that lie in his knowledge and power, falling down in the excess of gratitude at the other's feet. How hard the evil that showeth no pity and knoweth none! The stainless ariseth from before the crime-stained, the low-bowed head of humility is lifted from the feet of high-reared pride. The sorrow of a sick mind affecteth the flesh, and the anguish of a sore-tried soul is written in the body's suffering. The boy lieth upon his bed, he doth not leave his couch. Ninus seeketh him whom he hath lost, findeth him, sitteth sadly by him on the bed, and, feeling deep compassion for him, offereth him kindly comfort. The boy for shame turneth aside his head lest the imagined stench may offend his lord. The king, ignorant of the truth, layeth this to the seriousness of his affliction, and he provideth for the boy the best physicians possible, and after a lapse of time, not very short, he receiveth him again as cured. The boy, although

restored to health and to his office, never presumed to enter the presence of his master unless summoned, he performed his service with bowed head like a slave, and with averted gaze discharged his full duty to the king. Ninus, noticing these things, did not believe that he had completely regained his health, and said that his mind was affected or that he was still weak. For a long time he allowed this behaviour to go unchallenged, without any suspicion of mean dealing or trick, kindly interpreting the boy's actions in the best light. Parius then, having won fulfilment of his dastardly device, often took the boy's place; when the youth would go, he kept him back, and whenever the boy was summoned, he would hasten as if eager to make up his delinquency, and by his chidings, his advice, his substitution of self, he kept the other far, found fault with him when he went, praised him when he stayed away, and bespelled him by his arts. No day passed but that the boy was completely dissolved in tears. This was a source of wonderment and of grief to Ninus, who asked him what it meant. The boy foolishly, out of respect for him, held his peace. Thereupon, more privately, the king addressed Parius, and bade him under threat to confess the truth. This traitor, falling down at the king's feet, implored his pardon in these words: 'May mercy be shown me by my most kindly king if I become the accuser of the boy and the cause of the death of him whom I have brought up, and whom I, with the strong affection of a father, have loved as I loved his father. This story I have, owing, I confess, to my great love for him, hidden from you: have mercy if you can, and let his fault be pardoned. I deserve death because of my silence, but I was influenced both by my feeling for the boy and by my own ingenuousness, and that which my master now compelleth me, in tears and against my will, to confess to him,

this with difficulty did I wrest from him by (violent) threats without end. I knew most certainly that he lied when, contrary to my own belief, he did swear that at the king's toilet, in his tendance of your hair and face, he suffered much discomfort, and he compared your breath, which beyond all doubt excelleth in sweetness the ripe fruit of summer and fresh balsam, to bilge; such is my tale and I deserve the death which is now impending. This is why he avoideth my lord with such strong dislike, why he turneth his face from him, bendeth his head, holdeth his hand before his mouth, shunneth all conversation with him.' Who could refuse to believe a story which bore such close resemblance to truth? What boy would not avoid such a master? What master would not become a bloody tyrant toward the innocent? What crime more heartless hath ever been devised? What poisons more deadly have ever been imagined by any one or heard of? How dire to both, and how cruel such a plot! How baneful and pitiless is this evil in the house 'clothed in the scarlet' of devils! And yet surely for all its clothing, 'it will be afraid of the cold blasts of winter.'

The king believed Parius, and showed himself merciless to him who loved him, and although nothing is more unsparing than a king in his wrath, he yet postponed his revenge, trying whether he could be merciful, longing rather to pardon than to punish. There approached meanwhile the yearly festival of the city in which the king himself was obliged to take part, dressed in his royal robes and wearing his crown, or else thus to array another and to send him to take his place. He who was chosen would receive from the king the highest rank in the whole kingdom of Babylon for the entire year. The king ordered the boy to array himself for the festival, to mount a horse with trappings suitable for the occasion, and gave him

power for all the year to come. Parius, on learning this, 'thinking, too little done,' quickly carried out 'what remaineth to be done.' He did not dare attack the king, he assailed the boy, and used every resource to urge him to repay him all the kindness he had shown him or would show him, and besought him with tears, that now for the first time were unfeigned, to transfer, unknown to Ninus, his honour to him. Eager for the advancement of his beloved guardian, the boy readily complied. Parius, therefore, on the festive day went forth from the palace wearing the king's crown and his robes, carrying his sceptre, and riding on his horse. Ninus ascended his throne in a lofty tower that he might view the results of his purposes concerning the boy, and lo, Parius was at the gate, marked above all, the goal of all eyes; he halted in order that a longer wait might enhance the brilliance of his entry and his majesty be not lessened by an untimely haste, when suddenly a young man, who had placed himself in readiness, leaped out upon him, and to his undeserved majesty displayed a due and duly ordered contempt, and into that bed of treacherous dealings, his heart, he plunged his sword, that the steel's chill might cool the fire of all his passions. Parius fell dead from his horse, since 'the sun had gone down upon his wrath'; the young man sought the nearest altar for refuge, the whole city hurried up, and now there was not the confused murmur of men, but a mob. The king, thinking that the mourning was for the boy, came to look upon the agent of his wrong; he recognized the dead body of Parius, saw the boy lying upon it almost dead from grief, calling, amid his tears, upon his dearly beloved guardian, tearing his hair, beating his breast, and bewailing the loss of such fond fostering care. Ninus saw at once that his plans had miscarried, but he did not know the explanation of the mistake; he

summoned the boy apart from the crowd into an inner room, and entered secretly; the boy, following out the instruction of the dead, bowed his head, placed his hand before his mouth, and kneeled before him. The king, waxing angry as before, and already planning in his thought another death, cried out, 'Why dost thou place thy hand to thy nose? How cometh it that to thee only I am an abomination? Is there any odour from my mouth so strong that thou canst not approach nearer to me?' 'Nay, my lord,' replied the boy, 'but from mine, and I would prevent your noticing it.' The King: 'Who told thee of this?' The boy: 'Parius told me, whom he loved deeply, this thing that all others have concealed from me, namely, that from my mouth cometh a stench so exceeding strong that you would be troubled by my presence; hence I renounced the hope of closer attendance upon you; hence I have always obstructed my breath with my hand, lest the stench be a nuisance to you and my fault ruffle the serene calm of your serenest countenance. In return, then, for this forearming, and for his unfailing care displayed in other ways, he besought me for the honour you bestowed upon me, and he received it. Behold now here in your presence the complete outpouring of my soul, and me abjectly kneeling for your mercy, until I may suffer the penalty I deserve or else rejoice in your pardon.' Ninus, on hearing this, was deservedly affected, and for a brief period he pondered over what had happened, and informed his courtiers of the twofold treachery of the baneful Parius, and of the most righteous vengeance which had befallen his envy, for God was judge; the king restored the boy to his former favour, and the dead body of him who was responsible for this misunderstanding he ordered to be hanged upon a gibbet that in death his evil life might be made manifest.

Our merciful Father, by the rod and staff, correcteth His children, and by His correction preserveth them from the avenger of wrath until they completely despise Him as did Parius. He, at the first inception of his jealous feelings toward Lausus, brooded over his hate, and then repressed not himself but pressed hard upon his friends with all his might; all the adversity which might have befallen him from Lausus' prosperity, or all the abasements from his advancements, all the painful emotions from his promotions, these he ought to have understood as chastenings. On the contrary, in his perfect contempt of God, he drove God far from him, and when He had turned from him on account of his foul murder, the 'snarling lions' cubs' sought him from God as their prey and he was given them, and they guarded him, and when he would have his satisfaction to the full, that he might slay Lausus' son together with the father, and be stuffed full with yet other wicked deeds, they called him at their pleasure. In this manner is he whom God hath completely forsaken, guarded by the devil to whom God hath forsaken him, that upon him the Evil One, to whom He hath abandoned the wretch, may abundantly vent his rage without hindrance, and that the man may, by his fatal successes, be fattened for his fate until the cup of his iniquity is filled to punishment. Let the envious hearken unto these words and gain wisdom from them, nor despise the way, poor as it is, in which I have digested them, if there will seem to be any advantage therein.

The bee alighteth on sweet and bitter flowers, and winneth from each some wax or honey; the lover of wisdom findeth in every poet something deserving of his approbation, and riseth the wiser from every page which he hath conned. For he graspeth and holdeth fast to the letter, nor doth he condemn unless he hath considered, nor

thoughtlessly neglect what he hath not thoroughly read. If any author is wise in the matter of his opinions, he approveth; if, however (and God forbid !), he findeth naught of profit, he doth not impute this to the author's folly but to his own dullness; and often, while he vainly struggleth to win from what he hath rejected something that will please or profit him, he chanceth upon some fresh subtleties and superior to those which the author hath employed. 'Not thus the unholy, not thus,' but they hate before they hear, they inveigh before they weigh, like those of whom it is written, 'they which are filthy, let them be filthy still.'

For this reason alone do I give pleasure because my tale is an old one; will it please you, none the less, to give ear for a moment to things which happened recently ?

On Raso and his Wife. IV

RASO, a Christian, one of those who are commonly called sub-vassals, had a castle which he had built as strong as possible owing to his need of protection; for he had frequent skirmishes with the inhabitants of a city over which a certain Emir—this was the name of the office—was the ruler. Although Raso was not the equal of this man either in strength or in numbers of his hosts, yet by the activity of himself and of his only son he held the upper hand. The youth's mother died, and Raso, desiring to gain new friends on his side by marriage, placed a second wife in his late wife's bed, wedding a most beautiful lady and the mistress of great riches. To her his soul was bound so tightly that his jealousy made him vacillate for a long time in serious and uncertain meditation, whether it would profit him for guarding her wifely honour to make her a Danae or a Procris. Danae, he heard, had been deceived by gold, and any woman

who doth not love knoweth that she may love on account of beauty, goodness, or gold; Procris he praised for the love fetters which bound her to Cephalus; the wife-loving husband had wisely, he said, granted to her liberal licence, and both were happy, she because he was wife-loving, he because she was for this reason chaste, *i.e.* in accordance with his deserts and reward. Raso saw that she (Danae) who was shut up had gone astray, that she who could stray had shut herself up, that wanton passion claimed her who was guarded, whereas a bulwark of chastity girded her who was unguarded, that she who feared dared, that she who regarded most disregarded most; he preferred to be loved because of the grace of his worth than to be feared because of the suffering of a prison, since fear is troubled lest it fear, love anxious that it be loved. He therefore let loose the rein from his mare that she might seek her fodder whithersoever her hunger bade her, eagerly praising her honour to the stars, asserting that her chastity, whether assailed by craft or power, was equal to the virtue of one deprived of power. She, with an unwavering gaze, together with the most solemn assurances, which, since she added her tears, assured the matter, gave him a full sense of security. He, eagerly greeting the granting of his desires, mingled happy tears with hers, and, noting the many proofs of her loyalty, tempered his severity, and melted his mood of stern husband to that of a wife-lover; there was nothing now which he entrusted to his only and much beloved son—nay, he himself had an excellent household, and was busy with his own affairs—and whatever was adaptable for her hand was put in her charge, nor did he wait for her to prove herself worthy of his confidence.

The Emir came one day, led by chance, to the gate, attended by a great retinue of soldiers; him, Raso, in the presence of his wife, as if he were still

her suitor, attacked so violently that he completely vindicated himself from any charge of senility. The Emir was captured, then, on that day by the bravery of Raso and his son, and put into prison, the key to which was in the lady's hand. This Emir was of an age where youth and boyhood meet, his stature was of even length, he had an active body and a kindly countenance, as far, at least, as a Saracen's could be. The lady ' was caught a prisoner in his eyes,' and since the stewardship of everything was given over to her, it happened that she was able very easily to gain fulfilment of her will. She became bold from her liberty, checked herself by no reproof, hoped to obtain from him that which the old man failed to supply, made for him a curious prison, gloomy and strong—the key of which she hung from her own girdle; and by the meagreness of food and drink she weakened the prisoner, and the little she thought that he ought to enjoy she cast through a window as to a bear. No one was allowed to approach, as if she had no confidence in anybody; she who knew that all pride is overcome by hunger, and that Raso trusted her faithfulness without question, yielded to a passion which was unjust to him. She was trusted and was praised by him who gave her his faith and praise; her husband was deceived, and no marvel, because his deceitful wife expressed for him the truest affection. Raso troubled or vexed not himself but went forth on expeditions and to wars, and fondly fancied, from the loyalty of his wife while he was at home, that she was his while he was away. Having found her freedom, this wanton, adapting whatever precautions to preserve her love that prudence bade, mounted horse, and, with the Emir, eluded his guards and escaped. The Emir perched himself upon the steed which Raso loved best, and which was of the purest breed and more than a match for all. After these

had been received into the city of their hopes, Raso returned to his castle; he heard the news with much grief, and said that in this especially he had been mocked, that in the face of all tales and stories, and the wisdom of all philosophers from the beginning, he had put his faith in a woman; and yet it was not the loss of the Emir, nor of his wife, nor of the things which they bore with them that he bemoaned beyond all bounds, but only the loss of his horse, nor could his son nor his household give him comfort.

After several days he dressed in the garb of a beggar and entered into the Emir's city. While sitting among the beggars asking for alms, he was recognized by his wife, who, in order to make an end of her fear, delivered him over to the Emir as one deserving of hanging. The Emir, through a herald, summoned the citizens that they might behold Raso, their common enemy, and lead this bane of their country to destruction. There assembled a great crowd amid loud cries and blare of trumpets and of horns. The noise and tumult drew Raso's son who was lurking near by, and, when he learned the reason of the uproar, he betook himself as quickly as possible with armed attendants to a hiding-place in a neighbouring wood and waited. And now, in the presence of the multitude, the lady is hailed as saviour of the city, and is escorted with great honour, the Emir arranging and directing all. They were off their guard and unarmed, the attack was swift, and Raso's son struck down the Emir with the first blow and killed him. The lady, riding on the swiftest horse, easily escaped; there ensued great slaughter of horsemen and foot-soldiers, and a pitiless pillaging of the whole people. Raso was returned to his own, but amid the general rejoicing he sat in sorrow, counting as little the booty and the spoils, the captives, and the death of the Emir, the annihilation

of the citizens, and his own salvation, and whatever else was done; because his horse could not be returned to him, he reckoned all else naught. He therefore changed his countenance and his dress, simulated, dissimulated, cared not to whom he might be like provided he be unlike himself; he played a part and departed as far as possible from his usual mood. On the same day of his escape he took his place among the poor, and when led into the lady's presence, he took care to keep his face turned from her, and contrived to sit behind the lofty throne on which she was sitting, his back turned to hers. At the dinner hour the soldier who was dining with the lady begged her to withdraw with him, when night came, to his cities, in which he was rich, assuring her that she could be free from all fear of Raso, and enjoy the pleasures of life to the full. She listened gladly to such words and others of like import, and thus besought, the woman, in love with novelty, was readily drawn along to her own desires; the hour appointed was that before the dawn, the place the south gate. Raso carefully noted these arrangements, and he went forth in joy, hastened to his castle, and, putting on his armour, returned before nightfall, and stood on guard at the south gate through the night, ready to rush upon the soldier, if he should come, and kill him; or if the lady should come first, he, in the guise of the soldier, would carry her off. But she was a woman who did not sleep in her desires, and she anticipated the hour of tryst; seeing a man in armour, she gave to his hand that best of steeds which she had taken from him, that by his aid she might mount it. But he, seeing the goal of his hopes, very sensibly leaped quickly to the ground, and, exchanging horses, they rode away in gladness. The deceitful lady did not realize that she was deceived, and, ignorant of her destination, followed her empty hopes. Raso, who

was exhausted by his toil and long watch, fell asleep upon his horse, and when he snored was recognized by his wife. She besought him to turn aside a little way until he could enjoy a nap; he turned aside but feared to dismount, and propping himself by his lance, snatched slumber. The soldier, on his part, deceived by a ruse which he could not overlook, aroused the whole city, reported that the lady had fled, and now with an armed band was near the spot where Raso was sleeping. The thoroughly evil woman, who did not cease wondering how she had been carried off, saw the soldier approaching, and summoned him with such signs as she could. As they came nearer, Raso's steed, which was usually restive before strangers, raised its head and neighed, and stamping its hoofs upon the ground, warned his master of approaching death. By this kind act Raso was awakened, and bravely withstood the first onslaughts, and, as loudly as he could, summoned his son who, he hoped, was in a small wood close by with his followers. They did not disappoint his hopes and quickly hurried up, and bravely pierced the opposing lines. Raso, by the speed of his horse, was carried from one spot to another as he willed, and he threatened whomever of the enemy he desired; he encouraged his followers, and bended his whole endeavour to revenge. But his only son, who centred on his father and none other all his affections, was making every attempt to punish her who was clearly the cause of their misfortunes, and when he had at last beheaded her, he withdrew, bearing her severed head. Raso returned with his men, carrying the happiest trophies of his victory. For the rest, he said to the rest, 'Beware, for so I say unto you, believe Raso: since birds which have escaped from many nets are finally caught by a little snare, so this bird.' It is written 'In vain is the net cast before the eyes of fowls';

before fowls of this sort rarely is it cast in vain, for they have not eyes; this bird, this fox, this woman, had seen many handsome faces and remained loyal, she had heard and had not hearkened to the suit of many rich men, and by the face of this Saracen, a lawless captive, and debased, she was made a lawless captive and low, and an adulteress: to the nets of the law and of her husband—I speak according to the laws of Venus—she denied their dues, herself, and cast upon her neck a noose unbefitting her rank and reputation; she had wings since she flew away, she was without eyes because she did not take heed, in that the sweeter her crime appeared in her own eyes the more harmful it was, the more baneful to Raso.

On the other hand, in a far different way from Raso was Rollo injured by his innocence.

On Rollo and his Wife. v

ROLLO, a man of great name and of great fame in war, fortunate in his character and condition, since he was not a jealous man, had a most beautiful wife, for love of whom was pining a youth of the neighbourhood, in beauty, race, wealth, and noble character surpassing all the youth of those parts. And yet 'no future had his hopes'; his bold attempts came to naught, he was refused, and he earnestly asked himself, amid his tears, what it was that he lacked to win the consummation of love. Finally he considered Rollo, a soldier of the most secure fame, whereas he, on the other hand, was simply a boy who idly spent his time, still wrapped in swaddling clothes, and had done nothing. He deserved his repulse, he said, and unless he proved himself above others, ought not to be preferred to them; his suit was unfair, her refusal very fair. At once he breathlessly turned every effort to feats of arms, took part in every tournament wherever

held, and when thoroughly instructed in the arts of war, in its changes and diverse haps, he received at the hands of Rollo himself the belt of knighthood, so that henceforth he became more acceptable to him, and could speak more intimately to his lady, or even tell her of his grief; and if he ought to do naught else but gaze at her, this, too, he could do. He went forth, therefore, whithersoever his master love called him, to all armed uprisings or quarrellings, and whatever of them he found languid or drowsy, he aroused and brought to consummation, and, even without bringing them to consummation, he became the preferred of all and the most powerful of all. He turned out in a short time to excel every one in the neighbourhood in brave deeds, and, although not exceeded, he was fired to greater. 'He conquered bronze battle lines,' walls, and towers; but the spirit which upbore him in all his victories was of itself rendered effeminate, aye, feminized, since it changed into a feminine lack of self-control, so that like a woman he heedlessly hastened to gratify his hopes, a lamb within and a lion without, and he who overthrew the castles of strangers was unsexed by the worries of his own heart; he became a weakling, wailed, prayed, and wept. She, not like a maid or a madwoman, but like a man, cursed him, spurned him, and by every means she could drove him to despair. It happened that one day Rollo was making a journey with his dearly beloved wife at his side, and he was met by our youth, whom he addressed by name, Resus. The young man, directing, as to his masters and superiors, a few courteous and humble words, bade them farewell and departed. The lady was proudly disdainful. Rollo, on the other hand, gazed at the retreating youth for some time with his entire attention fixed upon him, and after a time turned back his gaze and went on in silence. The lady, suspicious and afraid that he

might have noticed something, asked him what was the matter, why he had gazed back for so long a time upon one who did not gaze back upon him. To her Rollo made reply: 'Glad was I to look back upon what I would I might see for ever, the surpassing marvel of our age, a man remarkable for family, character, beauty, wealth, and reputation, and the favours of the entire earth, and indeed such a one as is not found, according to the poet, "in every respect blessed."' She, harbouring in her soul from this high praise more than she expressed upon her lips, replied, 'In my eyes he neither seemeth handsome nor have I heard that he is good.' A different thought was busy in her brain, namely, that Rollo was loyal and truthful, and that what she had heard from others must, on her husband's word, be believed. She was sorry then that she had repulsed the young man, and despaired of her ability to undo what had been done; and he whom, as the humblest suitor, she in her pride had scorned, was now the proudest of the proud and she was humble and afraid even to hope for him. When, on their return, she betook herself to her room, she would fain weep, but could not in the face of gossip; for tears that arise from guilt need secrecy, and the daughters of the night dwell even at the door of hidden chambers. She hurried thence into the secrecy of her deepest retreat, and exploring her thoughts by deploring her sad state, she finally determined on a plan, a bold one—to try by messenger whether he would deign come to her. The ambassador of her passion hurried forth, and in eager haste returned accompanied by the burning desire of her soul, and at her bidding withdrew. She had arranged for Venus and herself a secret chamber into which they entered bent upon the attainment of their prayers, and once within it she began: 'Thou art wondering, perchance, my best beloved, what sudden reason it

was which hath given me to thee after so many heartless refusals; Rollo was the reason, for I had not believed report, but him I knew to be most truthful, and I was influenced by his assertion that thou art more learned than Apollo, more lenient than Jove, more leonine than Mars, in harmony with time, place, and circumstance; nor is there any other gift given by the gods except immortality which he did not add to thy good qualities. I believed then, I confess it, and I was made prisoner, and see, the long desired delights I gladly offer thee.' And she fell back and drew him to her, but he, putting a check upon his mad passion, made answer: 'Never will Resus make to Rollo a base return for his great kindness: it would be a caitiff's act to violate his bed, which all the world denied me and he himself presented.' Thus did he withdraw and withstand; he had the power and he did not sin: she had overcome herself that she might indulge herself, he overcame himself that he might be without her: the former victory was long delayed, the second quickly won: the one was aggressive and gained only through long watches, the other was elusive and won after a short but brave watchfulness: the one was sweet and delightful, the other bitter and doleful, but the fruit of them will be found to have changed their savour 'in the time of harvest.'

Thus, contrary to the belief of Ovid, from the youth and his passion she was returned a virgin, as far as in his power lay, but on her part in the very heat of her passion, on the threshold of Dione, on the brink of an easy fall, in despair of her self-restraint. Who would not admire him and as far as possible imitate him? He surely was able to undertake escape by a preventing grace, and, though caught, to escape by an attending grace. He was strong, but in him, in both respects, the Lord was strong; he was praiseworthy, but by

the Lord's help. The slothful man will see these things and will look for favour; he will pardon and he incurreth offence. We, however, are not now so, but let us be sure that 'without Him nothing can be accomplished,' and let us endeavour to have the beginnings, as it were, to arise from us, and to no endeavour let hope and prayer be lacking; let us gird up our loins to force God to be on our side, and let us feel assured that our force will be pleasing in His eyes. Virtue, when seized by her cloak, never leaveth it in your grasp, but, whithersoever you draw her willingly, doth she attend you, an object of your desire. He who is master of his flesh escapeth from wrath, and he who putteth a bridle upon himself is guided by God's hand. To Him, from whom all favours come, be thanks.

FOURTH DIVISION

Prologue. 1

THE gain of us all in knowledge is enhanced if no man among us liveth with closed eyes or ears, or indeed with any of the senses inactive; and it is, moreover, meet and right for us to build up ourselves within by means of things without. Amid these things, to be sure, because we are blind to the future, we see face to face certain happenings of the present; let us hasten to see, too, several happenings of the past which we have not seen. Nor let us despise the things that have not come to our ears, but, leaving the future in the hands of God, let us lose no time in informing ourselves from those things which the Lord hath set for us to imitate or to avoid. Let us ever ask of Him, who is our present help, to promote in us the pursuit of the free choice of good and to offer a refuge to us when fugitives from evil.

I see younger men either despising or disparaging whatever they see and hear, and many men biding sluggishly at home in an old age which is either base or else doth not rise above the level of the crowd. I once knew a lad, whom I am proud to count among my kinsmen and who was educated among us and by us, always ‘ hanging on the lips of the speaker,’ clinging to his elders, seeking the society of good men, assaying brave deeds, never idle but indefatigably busy, ever so keen in his quest of all honourable things that though, to my regret, he was not a scholar, he could at least transcribe any written page whatever. Before he

was twenty, he left our mother and his, England, and attached himself, a solitary foreigner, to Philip, Count of Flanders, in order to gain from him instruction in arms, and chose him as his lord; nor was the choice unwise, for of all the princes of this age, with the sole exception of our own, this nobleman is the most valiant in war and the strongest in government since the passing of the young King Henry, the son of Henry, our King, who hath—God be thanked—no peer among living men.

The aforesaid young Henry died at Martel (Corrèze) in the very month in which I wrote this page at Saumur, on Saint Barnaby's Day (June 11), in the year of our Lord 1183, and of his age 27. He was a man of unprecedented skill in arms, who aroused an almost 'somnolent soldiery,' and led it forth to the very greatest deeds. We (who have known him as friends and intimates) can describe his virtues and his graces. He was beautiful above all others in both form and face, most blessed in breathing courtesy, most happy in the love of men and in their grace and favour, so potently persuasive, that he beguiled almost all his father's trusted followers to rise against their liege lord. You may compare him to Absalom (if, indeed, he was not greater). The Hebrew prince had one Achitophel, the young Henry, many and no Hushai. This parallel the Lord hath to-day made manifest, since He hath filled to the brim for our sovereign lord, his father, 'the mercies of the faithful David'—that is, those which He showed unto His faithful David—since the Lord 'hath delivered him out of all trouble, and his eye looketh with contempt upon the wrath of his enemies.' His Absalom had aroused all Aquitaine, Burgundy, and many of the French against his father, our sovereign lord, and all the men of Maine, Anjou, and Brittany; and indeed the greater number of

those who warred on our side wavered to him. Indeed those of Maine and Anjou, disregarding our tears and supplications, openly deserted us during the siege of Limoges, and, returning to their own lands, necessitated the disbanding of the army because so few were left. But Absalom, to whom all the forces of the world seemed forthwith to flow, conspired against his father at Martel, and mortally smitten, on that very day, by a hammer of death in a just avenger's hand, perished; and sedition now yielded to sedateness. Then the world became quiet 'with the passing of Python.' Although the prince ordered his body to be buried at Rouen, it was carried off by the men of Le Mans, and kept by force in the Church of St. Julian, where it was afterwards entombed; but now the king his father hath ordered it to be transferred thence to Rouen, so that this town should be for ever linked with the memory of a man full of favour and graces. In that he was rich, noble, lovable, eloquent, beautiful, valiant, in every way charming, 'a little lower than the angels,' he turned all to evil, and, emboldened through the perversity of his good fortune, became by reason of his baseness of temper a parricide, so that he placed his father's death among his highest desires. It is said that Merlin had prophesied of him: 'The lynx, penetrating all places, will strive for the destruction of his own race.' He left 'no place unpenetrated,' he stirred every stone, he befouled with his falseness the fullness of the world—he the prodigious betrayer, always prodigal of evil, most serene source of sin, fostering fuel of baseness, most comely court of crime and the fairest kingdom thereof. Prepare then to hear how he became the founder of the sect of traitors. His father had done much to restore the whole world to peace, free both at home and abroad; but the young Henry brought about by his wiles the breaking of treaties, and he who

was in many ways a false son to his father, as I can bear witness, turned against the peaceful king, in breach of oaths, the arms of those bound by oath. He constantly set a stumbling-block in his father's path; but was wont to return to him after defeat, being ever the more prone to errors the more confidently he felt that paternal favour could not be denied him. He never brought down upon himself any wrath which he could not placate with his first tears; he desired nothing which he could not extort with a few flatteries. He, forsooth, succeeded in turning every man against his best self, by leading him, against all conscience and faith, to the abandonment of God. He, the hammer, smitten mortally in Martel, died penitent, so they say, but he could not be bent by any warning to peace with his father. It was as if he said, 'If I shall depart, I shall keep the peace; if not, I shall fight on.' 'War was in his heart.' He left as his heir his brother Richard, for whom he had a consuming hatred, and died full of wrath. Not in such wise did the Lord (of mercy) look upon his end.

Epilogue. II

AT the court of King Henry I penned the pages of this little book by snatches and divorced it with all force from my heart, in the endeavour to obey the bidding of my lord. I shrank from my task, I strove to conquer the unconquerable. For, although the Muses are exiles from all courts, they have forsworn ours above all the rest, because it hath persistently turned its back on them and hath turned its face far more on others, in that its fret and fury did not furnish sufficient respites of repose for sleep, far less for study. I tried to compel them, and they were disdainful. When, however, the news of the death of my lord, the

aforesaid king, was brought, I myself died daily with the tears attendant upon two years of mourning. But now I rise up for the business of life with a newborn sense of my inestimable gain in being free from the court. Now that I am delivered from its bonds, I perceive, in my freshly found quiet, my full wretchedness when in bondage there. 'In quiet,' I say correctly, if it be quiet to recognize, by certain proofs, one's escape from the prince of darkness and to rule, in every wise, the kingdom of one's own soul, with the consent of the Lord, who hath driven the devil forth to bondage. We are given into the hands of him (the devil) to whose power the flesh and spirit of the blessed Job submitted, and we behold him so much the more severe and ourselves so much the more sluggish in victory as we are the farther from patience. The Ancient of Days scanneth and turneth our sphere, he possesseth the hearts of all, and glorieth in the sway of the world; 'the lying serpent encircleth all in his coils,' leaving little or nothing without his folds. For a long time, wicked deeds were wrought by evil-doers under the pretext of some reason, that at least baseness might have the covering of justice or rather some semblance thereof. But now justice hath perished and its face will not be sought out. Nay even, with the destruction of peace, a madness hath been completely revealed in the midst of pillage, and every forehead hath become so brazen that shame and reverence no longer exist. Now no injured man maketh plaint or plainly seeketh whence his wrong, for there is nowhere a reason and no one will give him answer. And now, for the first time, I can be content with the business of life, because the Muses are changed with the world's changes, and it no longer behoveth one to speak from their caves nor to be bound in the rules of arts. We do whatever we please, drawing no

distinction between virtue and vice. If Cato shall return, Numa be restored, the Fabii revive, the Curii be recalled, the Rusones be resurrected, things will go on just the same, for where there is no vestige of culture, Cato will not use his wisdom, Numa his justice, Fabius his innocence, Curius his courtesy, Ruso his piety. Whenever none of those virtues, from which they derived worth, is held in high esteem, such men forsooth are dull. If you should resurrect Nero, Vitellius, Catiline, they would find most people more monstrous than themselves. If you should call up Mamertus (Claudian) from the shades, Helicon and the Pierian Spring would avail naught against the many Rufini of our time. Let Virgil then sleep with Homer, Marsus with Catullus; let Cherulus and Cluvienus, Bavius and Maevius be awake and sing, and naught will forbid my cackling among them. To such poets do our times belong. The Muses cannot chide, nor punish injuries, nor will they plead an excuse for the arts, because everywhere the world is out of joint. Therefore, safe though weaponless, I approach that at which I erstwhile trembled.

May my book now find such readers! They will deem me a poet; but indeed 'the impious read not so, surely not so,' and hence they will cast this poor little book as dust to the winds, for they hate it before they have heard it, they discount it before they count its worth, they grudge it before they greet it. Assault itself, if one may say so, assaileth it.

I had a friend, a man of philosophic regime, whom, after long acquaintance and many visits, I found on a time greatly altered in clothes, carriage, and countenance, woefully sighing, pale of face and yet in far better apparel, speaking fewer but weightier words, arrogant with an unwonted dislike of other men. His former wit had vanished, and he was no longer merry as of old. He called himself a sick

man, and he was indeed far from well. I beheld him seeking solitude and shunning my conversation as far as his regard for me permitted. I saw him possessed of Venus. For whatever was apparent in him smacked wholly of the lover and in no wise of the philosopher. I felt a hope, however, that he would rise again after his fall. I was ready to pardon that of which I knew no part. I thought it a jest and it was deadly earnest. He strove for the treatment of a husband, not of a lover, and yearned not to become Mars but Vulcan. And yet my sense left me and, because he seemed on the road to death, I was ready to go with him. I spoke to him and was rebuffed. I sent others to speak with him, and, as he would not listen to them, I said, ' A most evil beast hath devoured my dearest friend ' ; and, in order to fulfil all the conditions of friendship, I wrote him a letter changing our names, calling me who am Walter, Valerius, and him who is John and red, Ruffinus. I headed the letter thus :—

The Advice of Valerius to Ruffinus the Philosopher not to Marry. III

I AM forbidden to speak and yet I cannot be silent. I hate cranes and the voice of the owl, the bubo, and other birds who forebode with doleful cries the bitterness of a muddy winter, and so dost thou deride the prophecies of loss to come—true prophecies, too, if thou continuest in thy course. Hence I am forbidden to speak, being a prophet of truth, and not a diviner of my own desire.

I love the nightingale and the merle, that herald with gentle harmony the delight of the soft air, and I love above all the swallow that filleth to the brim the season of coveted joy with a rich plenty of pleasures—nor am I wrong.

Thou lovest parasites and players who whisper

of sugared baits to come, and especially Circe, who doth cheat thee by pouring profusely sensual delights that are redolent of the aroma of sweetness long drawn out. For fear that thou be made swine or ass, I cannot hold my peace.

Ministering Babel pledgeth thee in the honeyed poison; it moveth itself aright, and awakeneth delight in thee and leadeth thy spirit's force whither it will. Hence I am forbidden to speak.

I know that 'at the last, it will bite as a serpent,' and will make a wound which will defy every antidote (treacle). Hence I cannot keep silent.

Thou hast many advocates of thy pleasures, most practised in pleading against thy well-being. Shall I be the only one to hold the tongue—I, who alone proclaim the bitter truth which thou loathest? Hence I am forbidden to speak.

The foolish 'voice of the goose among swans,' which are trained only to give pleasure, hath been blamed, yet the voice of the goose taught the senators to save the city from burning, their treasures from theft, themselves from the enemy's weapons. Perchance thou, too, wilt understand, with the senators, because thou art wise, that the swans chant death to you and the goose hisseth safety. Hence I cannot keep silent.

Thou art all aflame with thy desires, and, being ensnared by the beauty of a lovely person, thou knowest not, poor wretch, that what thou seekest is a chimera. But thou art doomed to know that this triform monster, although it is beautified with the face of a noble lion, yet is blemished with the belly of a reeking kid and is beweaponed with the virulent tail of a viper. Therefore I am forbidden to speak.

Ulysses was enticed by the song of the sirens, but because 'he knew the voices of the sirens and the cups of Circe,' he won for himself, by the fetters of virtue, the power of shunning the abyss.

Moreover, I, trusting in the Lord, predict that thou wilt be the imitator of Ulysses, not of Empedocles, who, under the power of his philosophy, to say nothing of his melancholy, chose Etna as his tomb, and that thou wilt hearken to the parable which thou hearest; but of this I am afraid. Hence I cannot keep silent.

Finally, stronger is that flame of thine by which a part of thee hath become the foe of thyself, than that flame in thee by which thou art kindled into love of me. Lest the greater draw the lesser to itself and I die, therefore I am forbidden to speak.

That I may speak with the spirit in which I am thine, let the fires be weighed in any scale, equal or unequal, and let whatever thou mayst do or decide result in the danger of my life. Thou must indulge me who, out of the impatience of my love, cannot keep silent.

The first wife of the first man (Adam) after the first creation of man, by the first sin, relieved her first hunger against God's direct command. Great hath been the spawn of Disobedience, which until the end of the world will never cease from assailing women and rendering them ever unwearied in carrying to the fell consequences their chief inheritance from their mother. O friend, a man's highest reproach is a disobedient wife. Beware!

The truth of God, which cannot err, saith of the blessed David: 'I have found a man after mine own heart.' Yet even he is a signal instance of descent, through the love of woman, from adultery to homicide, that 'offences may never come singly.' For every sin is rich in abundant company and surrendereth whatever home it entereth to the pollution of its fellow vices. O friend, Bathsheba spake not a word and maligned no man, yet she became the instigation of the overthrow of the perfect man and the dart of death to her innocent mate. Shall she be held guiltless who shall battle

by her charm of speech as Samson's Delilah, and by her grace of form as Bathsheba, although her beauty alone may have triumphed without her will? If thou art not more after God's heart than David, doubt not that thou too mayst fall.

That sun of men, Solomon, treasure-house of the Lord's delights, chief dwelling-place of wisdom, was darkened by the inky blackness of shadows and lost the light of his soul, the fragrance of his fame, the glory of his home, by the witchery of women. At the last, having bowed his knee to Baal, he was degraded from a priest of the Lord to a limb of the devil, so that he seemed to be thrust over a yet greater precipice than Phoebus, who, after Phaeton's fall, was changed from the Apollo of Jove into the shepherd of Admetus. Friend, if thou art not wiser than Solomon—and no man is that—thou art not greater than he who can be bewitched by woman. 'Open thine eyes and see.'

Even the very good woman, who is rarer than the phoenix, cannot be loved without the loathsome bitterness of fear and worry and constant unhappiness. But bad women, of whom the swarm is so large that no spot is without their malice, punish bitterly the bestowal of love, and devote themselves utterly to dealing distress, 'to the division of soul and body.' O friend, a trite moral is, 'Look to whom thou givest.' True morality is, 'Look to whom thou givest thyself.'

Lucretia and Penelope, as well as the Sabine women, have borne aloft the banners of modesty and they have brought back trophies with but few in their following. Friend, there is now no Lucretia, no Penelope, no Sabine woman. Fear all the sex.

Scylla, the daughter of Nisos, and Myrrha, the daughter of Cinyras, have opposed the Sabine battle-lines, and have led in their train great throngs attended by an army of all the vices, so that they

dispense to their captives groanings and sighs, and, in the end, hell itself. My friend, lest thou become the prey of merciless pillages, thou must not slumber while their army is passing.

Jupiter, king of earth, who was also called king of heaven on account of his matchless might of body and his peerless excellence of mind, compelled himself to bellow for Europa. My friend, lo, him whom worth lifted above the heavens, a woman hath lowered to the level of brutes! A woman will have the power to compel thee to bellow unless thou art greater than Jupiter, to whose greatness no one else was equal.

Phoebus, who first environed the round of the whole world with the rays of his wisdom, so that he might rightly win the sole honour of the name of Sol, was infatuated with the love of Leucothoe, to his own disgrace and her destruction; and, through the repeated change of the eclipse, he frequently came to lack his own light, of which the whole world felt the loss. My friend, 'lest the light which is in thee be turned to darkness,' flee Leucothoe.

Then there was Mars, who attained the name of 'God of Battles' through the well-known number of victories, in which his ready valour stood him greatly in stead. Although he knew no fear for himself, he was bound with Venus by Vulcan in chains, invisible, to be sure, but tangible—this too amid the mocking applause and the derision of the heavenly court. My friend, meditate at least upon the chains which thou dost not see and yet already in part feel, and snatch thyself away while they are still breakable, lest that lame and loathsome smith whom 'no god ever honoured at his board nor goddess with her bed' shall chain thee in his fashion to his Venus and shall make thee like unto himself, lame and loathsome, or, what I fear more, shall render thee club-footed; in such wise that

thou canst not have the saving grace of a cloven hoof, but, bound to Venus, thou wilt become the distress and laughing-stock of onlookers, while the blind applaud thee and those with sight threaten.

Pallas was condemned by a false judge of goddesses, since she promised to bestow not pleasure but profit. Friend, dost thou, too, ever judge in this wise?

I mark that thou, in growing disgust of spirit, art turning very rapidly the leaves before thee and art not attending to the meaning, but art awaiting the figures of rhetoric. In vain 'thou waitest for this muddy river' to flow out or for these noisome floods to pass and to yield to currents of pure water; since all streams must be like their source, either muddy or clear. Thus the weakness of my speech expresseth the ignorance of my heart, and the swelling unevenness of my diction offendeth a delicate spirit. Conscious as I am of this weakness, I should have abandoned gladly this task of dissuasion; but, because I could not hold my peace, therefore I spake as well as I could. But if I possessed as much merit of style as zest of writing, I should send thee such fine words, mated in such noble union, that each of them apart and all of them together would seem to bless the author. But because thou owest to me everything that a lover as yet bare and unfruitful—I do not say barren—can deserve from all men, lend me meantime thine ear in patience while I unfold what I have enfolded. And do not exact from me the rouge and white lead of the orator, my ignorance of which I confess and bemourn, but accept the will of the writer and the truth of his page.

Julius Caesar, 'for whose greatness the world was too narrow,' on the day that too cruel Atropos dared to break the thread of his noble life, bent his ear humbly, at the doors of the Capitol, to Tongillus —a poor man, indeed, but a prophet—when he

offered him tablets (of writing). Had he, instead, bent his mind to the warning, his murderers and not he would have paid the penalty. Thou indeed inclinest thine ear to me, the sender of this writing, as the asp to charmers; but thou offerest thy mind as a boar to dogs. Thou art as soothed as the serpent, dipsas, upon which the sun shone with equatorial rays. Thou art as thoughtful for thyself as was the betrayed Medea. Thou pitiest thyself as the sea the shipwrecked. In that thou restrainest thy hand, it is out of reverence to the king's peace. O my friend, the conqueror of the world, although nearly perfect, bent himself humbly to his faithful servant, and he almost escaped because he almost obeyed; and he yielded to punishment because he did not yield full obedience. Much humility availed him naught, because it was not full humility. What will thy wild savagery and thy inflexible vigour and thy dreaded haughtiness avail thee, if thou voluntarily rushest unarmed into the snares of robbers? Humble thyself, prithee, to the measure of his humility, who humbled under himself the whole world, and listen to thy friend. And if thou thinkest that Caesar erred, not hearkening to counsel, listen and mark what hath happened to others, that their injury may be to thy profit. Without hurt is the chastening to which these patterns persuade thee. Thou art safe in some sanctuary or other, or thou languishest in some asylum. Caesar looked upon the merciless traitors and did not turn back. If thou hast always evaded such self-discipline, thou hast found the pious impious (*i.e.* thou hast not been able to distinguish the pious from the impious).

King Phoroneus, who did not begrudge the transmission of treasures of law to his people, but was the first of the Greeks to make such studies precious, on the day when he entered upon the way of all flesh, said to Leontius his brother: 'I should have

lacked naught that tendeth to the highest happiness had I always lacked a wife.' Leontius asked, 'And how did a wife stand in your way?' And he replied, 'All husbands know how.' My friend, would that thou hadst marriage behind thee and not before, that thou mightest know what hindereth happiness.

When Emperor Valens—at eighty as chaste as a maid—heard, on the day of his death, that his triumphs, which had been numerous, were being proclaimed anew, he said that he gloried in only one victory; and when asked, 'Which one?' replied, 'The one in which I tamed my basest enemy, my flesh.' My friend, this emperor would have gone ingloriously out of the world had he not bravely resisted that with which thou hast closely contracted.

Cicero, after the divorce of Terentia, was unwilling to marry, professing himself unable to give his attention at once to a wife and to philosophy. My friend, would that thy spirit would thus answer thee, or thy tongue me, and thou wouldst deign to imitate the master of eloquence at least in thy speech, in order to give me hope, even though it should prove vain!

Canius from Gades (the Columns of Hercules), a poet of light and pleasing style, was reproved thus by Livy of Aponus, the grave historian, who was a married man, for delighting in the love of many ladies: 'Thou mayst not share our philosophy while thou art shared by so many; for Tityus doth not love Juno with that liver which many vultures rend into many pieces.' And Canius answered: 'If at any time I fall, I arise more careful; if I am somewhat bowed down to earth, I seek the upper air more briskly. The alternation of nights rendereth the days brighter, as an endless continuance of shadows is the likeness of hell. So the first lilies of spring, which are clarified by the

warm rays of the sun, delight in a larger joy under the change of the north-east breeze and of the western zephyr, but are destroyed by one breath of the thunderous south wind. Hence Mars, breaking his cords, reclineth in the company of the gods, at the heavenly table, while far away from this the uxorious Vulcan is bound by his own rope. Thus many threads bind more lightly than one chain; and philosophy bringeth to me delights and to thee a solace.' My friend, I approve of the words of both of these, but of the life of neither. And yet, many maladies interrupted by the alternation of health are less painful than one illness which affecteth us with incurable pangs.

Pacuvius, in tears, said to his neighbour Arrius: 'My friend, I have in my garden a barren tree on which my first wife hanged herself, and then my second, and just now my third.' Arrius answered him: 'I marvel that thou hast found cause for tears in such a run of good luck,' and again, 'Great heavens, what heavy costs to thee hang from that tree!' and thirdly, 'My friend, give me of that tree some branches to plant.' And I say to thee, my friend, I fear that thou too wilt have to beg branches of that tree at a time when thou wilt not be able to find them.

Sulpicius felt where his shoe pinched him, seeing that he divorced a high-born and chaste wife. My friend, beware of a pinching shoe which cannot be pulled off.

Cato of Utica said, 'If the world could exist without women, our intercourse would not be without gods.' My friend, Cato spoke only of what he had felt and known; nor doth any one curse the mockery of women unless tricked and tried by painful experiences. It is proper to trust such witnesses, because they speak with all truth: they know how enjoyment of love pleaseth and how it pricketh the beloved; they know that the

flower of Venus is a rose, because under its crimson lurk many thorns.

Metellus answered to Marius, whose daughter he would not marry, though she was of large dowry, great beauty, high birth, and fair fame: 'I prefer to be mine own than hers.' Marius replied to him: 'Nay, she will be thine.' Then said Metellus: 'Not so, a man must needs belong to his wife, for it is true to logic that "the predicates will be such as the subjects will permit."' Thus Metellus' wit in words saved his back from burdens. My friend, if it is reasonable to marry, it is not expedient. May thy love be neither blind in the case nor on the basis of property, so that thou mayst choose the face of a wife, not her dress, and her soul, not her gold, and that a woman, not a dowry, may wed thee. Thus, if it is any way possible, thou wilt be able to *predicate* that thou art not making the *subject* envious.

Lais of Corinth, renowned for great beauty, deigned to accept the embraces only of kings and lords; she tried, however, to share the couch of Demosthenes the philosopher, so that, by solving the miracle of his far-famed chastity, she would be reputed to have moved stones with her lures as Amphion with his lyre; and she drew him sweetly into her arms, disarmed by her endearments. When his self-control was slackened by the charm of her bed, she craved of him, in return for her favour, one hundred talents. But he said, lifting eyes to heaven: 'I buy not repentance at any such rate.' My friend, would that thou, too, wouldst raise to heaven a keen mind, and escape that which must be redeemed with repentance.

Livia slew her husband, whom she hated overmuch; Lucilia hers, whom she overmuch loved. The one of her own will mixed aconite; the other by mistake mingled for her man a potion of madness, instead of a cup of love. My friend, they strive

with opposite intent; neither, however, is cheated of the goal of women's wiles, that is, her own natural evil. Women journey by widely different ways, but by whatever windings they may wander, and through however many trackless regions they may travel, there is only one outlet, one goal of all their trails, one crown and common ground of all their differences—wickedness. Find a warning against them in the experience that a woman is bold for the gratification of all her love or hate and is an adept at hurting when she will, which is always. And frequently, when she is ready to assist, she hindereth, hence it cometh to pass that she doeth harm even against her own heart's wish. Thou art placed in a furnace: if thou art gold, thou wilt go forth gold.

Deianira dressed Tirynthius (Hercules) in a shirt, and she drew vengeance upon the mauler of the monsters through monsters' blood, and she concluded to her distress what she had conceived for her delight. My friend, Thestias (Deianira) knew that Nessus was pierced by the dart of Hercules, indeed saw him with her own eyes, yet she believed Nessus against Hercules; and, as if with her own intent, she clothed in a shroud him whom she ought to have clothed in a shirt. The unbalanced woman of wrong head and rash spirit is ever willing to settle upon the sovereign thing which is her wish, not which is befitting; and, as she desireth, above all, to please, she is wont to place her own pleasure before everything. Hercules achieved twelve labours, more than mortal; by the thirteenth, which surpassed all immortals, he was consumed. Thus the bravest of men met death, in like measure lamented and lamenting, even he who without lament bore on his shoulders the arch of heaven.

Pray what woman among thousands of thousands ever hath saddened with perpetual repulse the persistently solicitous suitor? What woman

doth repeatedly reject the prayer of the petitioner? Her response hath a savour of favour, and however hard she seemeth, she will always have in some corner or other of her words some hidden kindling for thy craving. However much she may deny, she denieth not altogether.

Gold broke through the barriers of the tower of Acrisius, and melted the virginity of Danae, which was guarded by many a rampart. My friend, thus the unchaste raineth from heaven upon the maiden whose chastity hath triumphed over earth; thus he from heaven overcometh her whom the lowly enticeth not, thus the north wind overturneth the tree which the west wind doth not budge.

Perictione (Pennutia), a virgin verging on old age, and renowned for her chastity, at length conceived 'under the pressure of Apollo's phantom,' and bore Plato. My friend, lo, an apparition in sleep hath deflowered her whom many watchings have preserved undefiled, as every rose garden is always robbed of its crimson by a whirlwind. But to a good purpose—if anything of the sort can be called good—because Plato waxed like unto his father in wisdom, and became the heir of both the name and fame of his mighty sire.

My friend, are you amazed or are you, the rather, affronted, because in my parallels I point out heathen as worthy of your imitation, idolatries to a Christian, wolves to a lamb, evil men to a good. I wish you to be like unto the fruitful bee, which draweth honey from the nettle, 'so that you may suck honey from the stone and oil from the hardest rock.' I know the superstition of the heathen; but every one of God's creatures furnisheth some honourable illustration, whence He himself is called lion, or serpent, or ram. The unbelieving perform very many things perversely; nevertheless they do some things which, although barren in their case, would in ours bring forth fruit abundantly.

But if those who lived without hope, without faith, without charity, indeed without a preacher, made coats of skins (in human wise), and, if we should become asses or sows or brutes in some inhuman form, of what reward of faith, of charity, of hope should we be deemed worthy, although we might behold prophets, apostles, and chief of all, Him, the Lord of the pure heart, whom only pure eyes are permitted to perceive? Or if they have wearied themselves in the pursuit of their own designs with no perception of future bliss, but only with the hope of avoiding ignorant minds, what shall we have in return for our neglect of the sacred page, whose end is truth and whose illumination is 'a lamp unto the feet' and 'a light unto the path' to eternal light? Would that thou mayst select this sacred page, would that thou mayst peruse this, would that 'thou mayst bring this into thy chamber,' that 'the king may bring thee unto his'! Thou hast already ploughed closely this field of Holy Writ for the flowers of thy spring, in this thy summer 'He expecteth thee to make grapes'; to the hurt of this do not marry another lest, in the time of harvest, 'thou wilt make wild grapes.' I do not wish thee to be the bridegroom of Venus, but of Pallas. She will adorn thee with precious jewels; she will clothe thee in a marriage garment. These nuptials will boast Apollo as the attendant; the Fescennine verses chanted there will be taught by the married Stilbon to the cedars of Lebanon. Devoutly but fearfully have I conceived the hope of this solemn union, which I so greatly desire; for this reason have I planned this whole reading; to this end, the whole discourse, albeit slowly, will hasten. With the firmness of this dissuasion is armed the whole man of me, whose dart, hardened with many a point of steel, thou dost now feel.

The Conclusion of the foregoing Epistle. IV

HARD is the hand of the surgeon, but healing. 'Hard is this speech also,' but healthy; and may thou find it as useful as it is devoted. My friend, thou protestest that I inflict upon thee a narrow rule of living. So be it! For 'narrow is the way which leadeth to life,' nor is the path plain by which men proceed to a plenitude of joys. Nay, even to attain to moderate pleasures we must pass through rough places. Jason heard that he must voyage through a sea that up to this time had not been deflowered by ships or oars and must make his way by sulphur-breathing bulls and by the post of a poisonous serpent to the golden fleece. Employing a counsel that was sound but not sweet, he departed, and returned bringing the desired treasure. Thus humility of mind accepteth the wormwood of surly truth; dutiful care doth fertilize it, and persistent service bringeth it to fruit. Thus Auster, the south wind, cup-bearer of the rains, bringeth up the seed, Aquilo (from the north), sweeper of the ways, strengtheneth it, Zephyr, the creator of flowers, advanceth it to a rich yield. Thus stern beginnings are rewarded with a sweet ending, thus a strait path leadeth to stately mansions; thus a narrow road windeth to the land of the living. But, to support belief in my words by the testimony of the ancients, read the *Aureolus* ('Little Golden Book') of Theophrastus and the story of Jason's Medea, and thou wilt find almost nothing impossible to a woman.

The End of the foregoing Epistle. V

MY friend, may the omnipotent God grant thee power not to be deceived by the deceit of the omnipotent female, and may He illuminate thy heart, that thou wilt not, with eyes bespelled,

continue on the way I fear. But, that I may not seem to thee the author of *Orestes*, farewell!

We know that this discourse hath delighted many; it is eagerly seized, carefully copied, read with huge enjoyment. Yet there are some, but of the baser sort, who deny that it is mine. For they envy the epistle and rob it, by force, both of its honour and its author. My only fault is that I am alive. I have no intention, however, of correcting this fault by my death. In the title I have changed our names to the names of dead men, for I knew that this giveth pleasure. Otherwise men would have rejected it, as they have me. Wishing, therefore, to save this witless pamphlet from being thrown into the mud from the mantle, I shall bid it hide in my company. I know what will happen after I am gone. When I shall be decaying, then, for the first time, it will be salted; and every defect in it will be remedied by my decease, and in the most remote future its antiquity will cause the authorship to be credited to me, because, then as now, old copper will be preferred to new gold. It will be as now a time of apes, not of men; because they will deride the things of their present, having no patience with good men. In every century its own present hath been unpopular, and each age from the beginning hath preferred the past to itself, hence my times have despised me, because they could not despise my epistle. My merit saveth me from being moved thereby. I glory only in this, that I am safe from envy, which will find nothing in me worthy to bite. For no dog gnaweth a dry bone, and 'no leech clingeth to an empty vein.' This dry and bloodless style of writing will be immune solely through its incongruity. If I should be moved to anger, I should be the more astonished, because Gilbert Foliot, now Bishop of London, a man of lofty character and a treasure-house of wisdom,

rich and renowned, the master of a most limpid style, was called a raver because he was a writer; although naught could be found more fitting than his work save what I have read from the words of that wonderful cook (Martial) :—' Ennius, O Rome, thou readst during the lifetime of Virgil.' Then, lamenting Homer, he saith : ' And his own times have laughed at Maeonides.' Who is a greater with the pen than Homer ? Who more blest than Virgil ? Who, after listening to the detractors of these, would not put up patiently with his own ? Who would be offended by the malice of his time, when all ages have shown the like ? Write, therefore, Gilbert, with ready confidence, that thou mayst carry a light among the dark places of the divine law, and that with thy honeyed eloquence thou mayst soften and untie the knots. With thy sweet calm open up paths of health, make smooth the rough road, and make straight the winding paths. Already old age and the constant use of books bring blindness upon thee and make thy sweetly-speaking latter time like that of Homer when his light was failing. No longer with the outward eyes, but with the inner vision with which the angels see the Lord, mayst thou see and contemplate Him and His, so that He may lead thee through this darkness to ' His marvellous light '—He who with the Father and the Holy Ghost ever liveth and reigneth as God, world without end. Amen.

Already the envious are beginning to wax weary ; they recall, indeed, what he hath written ; they win wisdom and repent, being worthy indeed of the pains of Empedocles or of the penitence of Eudo. Who Empedocles was, and with what pangs he died, old authors make clear ; but if it please thee, let us hear of Eudo.

Of the Youth Eudo in a Demon's Snare. VI

A CERTAIN knight from among those who bear the name of damoiseaux in France and barons in England left a splendidly rich inheritance of castles and towns and large revenues to his only son Eudo—a boy tall and handsome, but lazy and dull and the waster of this great patrimony. Since a fool and his money are soon parted, Eudo became the laughing-stock of his neighbours and his inheritance their prey. When each of its parts was snatched away and scattered to the winds, the simpleton himself was cast out, and, leaving his land perforce, he became a fugitive for very shame and wandered an exile in foreign countries. It came to pass that, after a long spell of begging, he was resting with the fragments of the bread of his seeking in the shade of a grove near a city. When he gazed at the sordid scantiness of the basely won food of his exile, and recalled how low he had fallen, and how unfitting to his noble race was his poverty, he burst into tears and abandoned himself to laments. He threw away the crusts and crumbs, and, looking down upon his clothes, he sickened at their raggedness and grew pale at his paltry portion (in life); and, knowing his vileness in the sight of all men, he became vile and mean in his own eyes. If he could have escaped himself, he would not have been slow. He sat in doubt, wavering, until from this uncertainty his degraded mind was about to lose its baseness; when suddenly there stood by his side a man of marvellous bigness, and dreadful through the monstrous foulness of his face. In a very sweet and gentle voice, the stranger ordered Eudo to pick up heart, and then, divining the straits of his mind, pledged him assistance, promising to restore his lost riches, and to add others greater than his desires, on condition that he bow to his dominion and enjoy his counsel.

Eudo was full of suspicions and shrank with amazement and horror at the sight of the strange monster. From the word 'dominion' he suspected a demon, and asked: 'Who art thou? Was it not thou, who by thy counsels to Eve prompted the exile of us all (from Eden), who armed Cain against Abel, who by thy contrivings made Ham the mocker of his father, Pharaoh a tyrant to the people of Israel, the same people of Israel disobedient to Moses, Dathan envious of Aaron, Achitophel false to David, Absalom a parricide at heart, Jezebel detestable in deed? But why do I attempt to enumerate the long line of thy deceits, since they are innumerable and since there is not or hath ever been a single one which thou didst not invent? And who is ignorant of their baleful end? Who doth not know the most evil outcomes of thy counsels and the payments of thy promises? Who is not aware that the wages of all thy service is death? We know that thy nets fill all paths and all thy bait is always upon the hooks. Lo, this lure, too, cometh upon a hook, and if I shall swallow it I am thy prey.'

He said this with a groan and then stood dazed with utmost dread. Nor was this fear surprising; for it is said that those shudder to whom in the night-time thieves or hinds are very near. I know not why, in the case of the hind; but it is not the thieves who cause this bristling with fear, but the demons who accompany them. He therefore 'rightly trembled when Satan did close beside him stand' and speak unto him face to face. Thus the wretched man long reasoned with himself: 'If I carry out his orders I am caught fast, "Hell is my home"; but if not, "I shall not then escape his hand."'

Then that dread visitant, who hath with cunning hand gleaned craftiness from all quarters from the very beginning of things, guessing the reason for

his hesitation, broke in: 'Be not daunted by fear of hell, because thou art long of life, and quite enough time is left thee for repentance. I tell thee, moreover, that before thy death I shall fortify thee with three clear tokens, allowing thee, between the successive warnings, time enough for repentance. But thou wilt not believe, for thou sayest, "If I shall swallow thy lure, I am thy prey." From the fall of Lucifer, the Lord hath inflicted upon us man's hatred of our race and eternal dishonour, whence thou, ignoring a just distinction, dost condemn with the same spirit of persecution the innocent and the guilty. For in that primeval pride, which our family, showing no gratitude to God, derived from the fullness of our new honours, many followed that shining chief (Lucifer) "to the north," some being the contrivers of disunion, others merely their assistants, some the seducers of other men and yet others consenting thereto, some doubtful what to do, but all full of pride against God, that is, empty of wisdom. They have, therefore, been cast down by the Avenger's right hand, after being balanced in so just a scale that ignorance did not fail of pardon nor iniquity of punishment. It therefore happeneth that those who are the more tormented by reason of the enormity of their deserts, strive the more to do harm by reason of their innate baseness. Among these chiefs (of evil) there are those whose monstrous nature craveth and can create attractive temptations, which thou thinkest should be shunned. Moreover, there are those—and they are rightly feared—into whose hands are given the wicked, deeply damned by utter iniquity. These demons are adepts in establishing their charges in abundance, in promoting their success, in assuring their safety, and in granting them wisdom. But these things they do to those whose prosperity is profitable to them, and whose damnation is assured whenever they wish. They flatter

in order to destroy; they lift up in order to dash down; they are deservedly denounced as detestable to the world. And alas, we innocent ones are dyed with that infamy! Far from our thoughts are the thefts of prosperity, the overthrow of cities, the thirst for blood, the hunger for souls and the desire for more of evil than we are capable of. All our desires can find full satisfaction without man's death. Fit for quips and cranks, I confess, we do cunning tricks, we fashion mental images, we shape phantoms so that, by the concealing of the true form, the false and laughable semblance may appear. We are capable of everything which tendeth to laughter, and of nothing which causeth tears. I am among those exiles from heaven who, without assistance or assent to Lucifer's fault, were borne in far and foolish farings after the furtherers of crime. But if an angry Lord casteth us forth from heaven as undeserving, yet He showeth mercy in that He letteth some of us undergo our punishment in the solitude of deserts; others amid the dwellings of men, according as our sin deserved. The people of antiquity mistakenly called us demigods or demi-goddesses, and, in due accord with the body's form we assumed or the shape we took, assigned us names distinctive of sex. From the places of dwelling or from the functions granted to us, we are called, more explicitly, Monticole or mountain-dwellers, Silvans, Dryads, Oreads, Fauns, Satyrs, Naiads, over whom, by the fancy of the ancients, rule Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, Priapus, and Pales. Moreover, we have made note, from the beginning, of those things which we have seen, and, inasmuch as there hath been granted to us from God the wisdom that cometh from experience, we acquire insight into what is hidden, and the ability to forecast the future from the past. With the power of appearing anywhere, like that of a spirit, wherever we bide and to whatever part of the world

we are borne, we know how to travel by the straightest route. We also make it our care to open the eyes of those entrusted to our charge, that they may henceforth know clearly the condition of all men, and that, if they wish, they may have the power to rush suddenly upon the unprepared, and to overwhelm the enemy's many with their few, and to manage all provinces after their desire; nor are we allowed to intervene, even if they bring accursed things to pass. We are able to reveal to them; they, according to their natures, pity or destroy. But thou fearest us in accord with the judgments of books, although we are not of those whom thou art taught to shun. Nay indeed, by my counsel and by that of my brothers, thy condition will awaken evil hopes among the hunters of souls, but we shall foretell to thee the fatal day, "lest thou sleep unto death," as these desire. We shall foresee thy day for thee for thy welfare, that thou mayst anticipate it with repentance. Nor shall we be mistaken, for we have acquired experience in all things, both in heaven and on earth—namely, knowledge of the nature of the stars, of forms, herbs, stones, and distinction of woods and the causes of all things; and, just as thou knowest that the sun will descend from the meridian and art aware of its sinking to the west and notest the hour of its setting, so the end of flesh which is destroyed or destined to ruin cannot escape us. Equipped with this knowledge and with our gentleness of nature, we are of good counsel and, with the Lord's sanction, of great assistance. Why dost thou delay or hesitate? That thou mayst be well aware that our acts are neither wicked nor cruel, hearken, if it please thee, to one punishment which my brother Morpheus meted out to a monk, and which we call cruel.

'There was a painter, a monk, who was also sacristan of his monastery. As often as it happened

that the monk was beset by nightly visions over which he knew that Morpheus presided, so often he heaped all curses upon him; and, whenever the opportunity offered, he painted him upon walls, arches, and glass windows most disfiguringly and most faithfully. But Morpheus frequently exhorted and implored him in dreams not to despoil him of charm and make him the laughing-stock of the people; and at length warned him to desist, under threat of like injury. But the monk, esteeming lightly threats and prayers and dreams, did not leave off. Then Morpheus, in nightly visions, persuaded the best men of that neighbourhood to send gifts of wine, food, silver, gold, rings, deer-skins, stolen from their wives' bosoms, to this man, who was indeed one that laboured in those things which pertain to the service of God, and who was more often, in order that he might not be able to feast with his brothers, busied with attending to the adornment of altars, robes, and books. Moreover, he was always praying in behalf of the faithful. Hence it seemed as if his benefactors were saying: "Let not a man of such devoutness lack food, nor a man of such artistic attainments know any want of the materials with which to work." Then in a short time the monk waxed fat, and, "having grown thick and being covered with fatness, he proved recalcitrant" to God, and, not knowing whither he was being led by these allurements, he went from wine to Venus by becoming enamoured of a very beautiful widow in the nearest town. Since he knew himself unfit for love, both by his lack of wit and his foulness of face, he strove to arm his tricky purpose by gifts. These are the darts which, after the defeat of beauty and the darkening of the light of the countenance and the repulse of the charm of words, after all Minerva's triumphs, are said to pierce her shield. The first gifts found the lady stern in her resistance; but

wicked insistence at length prevailed. Their wishes concurred, but no place was suitable for the indulgence of these. At her house there stood in the way the crowd of men and women, at his abode reverence for the monastery. They both desired the deeds of Venus, and they both feared disgrace. When they are seeking a fit occasion to gratify their longing, after carrying off treasures of the church and the riches of the widow, the opportunity finally presenteth itself to them of escaping, with their wealth, the presence of slanderers and the noisy gossip of the people, so that, when men speak against them, they will be far away. Let everybody have his own wish! Provided they hide together, they will not blush in their place of silence. They fled by night as they had planned to do. The monks awoke as usual at the canonical hour and complained that the time of bell-ringing had passed. Seeking the reason, they saw that the altar was despoiled of its reliquaries. They looked more closely, and missing the treasures, they asked the whereabouts of the sacristan, and then pursued and overtook him. The woman was allowed to go, as with her they had naught to do. But the wretched monk was cast into irons, and was left in solitary confinement in the deepest dungeon, getting, as his punishment, water in exchange for wine, hunger for food, the exiles' fare for the drop too much, nakedness for (rich) furs, and atoning with the roughness of the ground for the softness of beds, with an enforced sobriety for drunkenness, with the pain of prison for the pleasure of couches, with darkness for daylight, with grieving for gladness. After much suffering, Morpheus appeared at his side taunting him: "This," he said, "is fit pay for thy picture; thou paintedst, and I planned the retribution. Thou must know and feel that this was perpetrated by my craft, not through the perfection but through the

permission of God. I am permitted, if it be my will, to visit severer wrath upon thee, because 'thou hast taken the members of Christ and made them the members of a harlot.' Thou hast no defence against my attacks, nor mayst thou, by reason of thy chains, lift thy hands to fortify thyself with the sign of the cross. But surely, because I am the master and thou the mastered and miserably enmeshed, I pity thee, and I shall save thee from these bonds. Just as though thou wert not guilty of great transgressions, I shall blot out belief in thy guilt and shall restore thee to thy former good repute, on condition that thou wilt swear never to disgrace me in future with any picture." The monk pledged his word. Morpheus released him by the application of herbs and by the power of a charm, and he bound himself in the monk's semblance, with the same chains. Then the monk, having been instructed by him what to do, lay down in his accustomed bed, prayed, groaned, coughed, so that all might hear, and, marking the canonical hour, arose and rang the bell; the monks were called together and they came. He who had succeeded him in his office after his flight was the first to notice that he had returned from his bonds. He informed the abbot and the monks of this. In much amazement they ran to the spot and asked him who had set him free. He asked "From what bonds?" The lord abbot cast in his face his flight and elopement with the widow, the theft of the treasure, the chains and the prison. He denied everything most stoutly. He had seen no widow, he had felt no chains; he raised his hand and, having made a great cross before his own person, he pronounced them mad. He was carried then by force to the prison, to be cast again into chains. There his double, my brother, was found in bonds, twisting his mouth, his nose and eye, and making at them many sorts of contemptuous gestures.

The monks looked first at one, then at the other, they stared at the likeness of the free and the bound, and they marvelled that they saw each in the other, save that the monk was weeping and his fellow was laughing and deriding them. That the monk might no longer be disbelieved, Morpheus broke his chains and leaped into the air with a great opening of the roof. The abbot and the congregation stood in amazement, and falling down at the feet of the weeping and angry brother, they asked pardon for their error; they declared that they had been deceived by a figment of fancy. They made haste to satisfy the widow also, and henceforth they regarded them both the more reverently—freed, as they were, from all suspicion and more firmly established in reputation.

'Know that Morpheus did this and that I am his brother. Both of us frequently employ like witty sport, but we never carry any one off to hell, nor torture any one in the inferno, nor force men to any sins except venial ones. We busy ourselves among the living with merry tricks or with gravely humorous devices. We have nothing to do with the dead or with the destruction of souls. Trust me only thus far as to promise, by joining thy hands between mine, to remain faithful to me, and thou wilt be lord of all thine enemies.'

Misguided by these and the like stories, Eudo willingly assenteth to the compact, receiving on his part the firm pledge and promise that the demon will announce to him, by three signs, his death when it is very near. They went off in company, and through whatever provinces they passed they collected as their confederates wretches beyond the pale of law. By day they slept, but by night, which is the friend of crimes and the favourer of thefts, they wandered stealthily through pathless ways, nor did they lose their way through ignorance. For their leader was Olga, to whom no

path was unknown. Indeed, after they had come to their chosen ground of crime in the province of Beauvais, he was regarded as the counsellor, explorer, promoter, and instigator of cruelty and of every iniquity which troops of men are wont to practise, who commit themselves to such a leader, with the intent of committing evil. Moreover, the inventor of deceit deceived very many bands into banding with his familiars. Sons conspired against fathers, young against old, friend against friend, and in full liberty malice rushed headlong upon innocence. Fully and finally the province fell to their freebooting. They were feared above measure because they were fierce beyond measure. All things of all men they learned from Olga, Eudo's lord and master; and his teacher confessed to him his very name. Though this demon was the lover of lying and its sponsor, yet was he loyal to his followers with that truth by which he could work more evil than by trickery. Hence they knew how to avoid all snares and to catch men everywhere unprepared. Wherever they projected a raid, they returned laden like ants. Castles and towns were therefore emptied at the sight of these raging monsters, and fell into their hands.

Already Eudo possessed the full measure of his own and foraged with force the possessions of others; and he who had been languid and lazy became, through frequent success, audacious and astute, and in every crisis he expected the same success that had crowned his former crimes. But though he was as victorious as heart could wish, he was pleased with no victory without slaughter; he counted that day lost on which he could count the number of those lost. Above everything that brought him joy were the plunder of the clergy and prey from the patrimony of Christ. Hence against him were directed the most determined efforts of the Bishop of Beauvais, the Metropolitan, and

the Pope, and the hearty curse of the people. But they ' placed a stumbling-block before the blind, and they cursed the deaf,' for through their midst without their knowledge he passed with disdain, ' having eyes that see not, having ears that hear not.' The ' wretched servant ' was therefore pleasing to his impious lord, whom he satiated with blood, enriched with corpses, rejoiced with the severity of his rule, conciliated with the savagery of his rage. Moreover, to satisfy his craving for crime, he filled the camp with his accomplices. Everywhere he gave to evil men most evil leaders; he augmented the strength and increased the power of those who basely attacked the innocent; and he placed over them all men who knew not the meaning of mercy. He spared no one of his men who was willing to spare (others); he left ' no good man unpunished, no bad one unrewarded,' and, whenever he found neither peer nor competitor on earth, like Capaneus he challenged enemies from heaven. He despoiled graveyards, he violated churches, holding his hand neither for fear of the living nor for reverence of the dead. It was, moreover, eminently just that he who had no reverence for God should fear nothing before destruction came upon him, but that his heart should be exalted ever until his downfall, so that his long-continued baseness might be cut off by a sudden stroke. He was smitten with anathema, yet did not fear; he was shunned by all, yet did not shrink; he fled fame and sought out infamy. He had brought to nothing all the designs of all men; no one any longer blamed him, no one punished him, but, amid the silent despair of his friends, like a stone that hath entirely slipped from the summit of a cliff and falleth rapidly without return to the lowest depths, so, without let or hindrance and without company, he plunged with great bounds to hell. And, as the sea by the winds, so he was

lifted up and swollen by curses, thus threatening a more stormy affliction upon all. And although he took the things desired and seized the things denied, no wealth could satisfy him, nor was his ambition slaked though he had consumed all the treasures of earth.

Olga, who was now very sure of his ground, for he held the soul of his slave fettered by the fastest bonds, met him one day alone in the shadow of a grove. They sat together in conversation, running over their own new-found schemes of wrongs and crimes. Eudo won laughing praises from Olga, who confessed his brother and himself and their disciples outdone by the devices of such monstrous murders. At length Olga heaved a heavy sigh and, after much meditation, 'transforming himself into an angel of light,' found speech: 'My best beloved, wherever these jests may tend, do not defer taking thought of thy soul. I am displeased that thou art practising a larger baseness than befitteth my destiny; and although I may laugh at thee, it is not pleasing that those also who strew snares for thy destruction should deride thee. These are the works of Satan, Berith, and Leviathan. Know that the Lord hideth from us and even from His angels the judgments of His divine heart; but those things which are determined by fate or which are presaged according to the compacts of the elements, which are signified by the rising and falling and movement of the stars; which are preordained from all eternity in accord with their heavenly and earthly nature, because they are held by a fixed order of events and are united together immovably by the cohesive power of eternal reason; those things also which are about to happen in accord with the order of the divine arrangement and which continue conformably with the condition of creation—all of these we know in some measure and are able to forecast them from our knowledge of the past and

present. But those things which, fraught with harm, and those which, fraught with good, God—in the one case in His mercy, in the other in His wrath —hath lovingly or justly decided to avert, these things have been hidden from the sons of earth and heaven. These are the things that guide the stars in their courses, rule the elements, and lie concealed among the treasures of the Most High. Only the spirit of God could foresee the grief and joy that arose from the widely varying prayers of Elijah, the fear of the Ninevites and their deliverance from the ill-boding prophecy of Jonah, and the twelve divisions of the Red Sea. Hence I fear for thee, best beloved, that, while thou art provoking the wrath of the Almighty, an unexpected avenger will catch thee prematurely; and that upon me, because I have no foreknowledge of this, will fall the disgrace and infamy of our compact. Therefore, as the only resource, get absolution from anathema, and as many times as thou hast sinned, seek pardon, and do not deem the case hopeless, because no crimes, however monstrous, can exceed or even equal the mercy of God, provided only that thou dost not despair.' Eudo thus voiced his wonder: 'Now, indeed, I call thee not demon but angel of the Lord, not only my master but also my father.'

They departed, each on his own way. Eudo lost no time in seeking the prelate and in obtaining absolution; he paused for a little while in his career, but did not entirely recover his senses. Then he began anew his old courses and was again in the toils, and won absolution many times. At length the bishop, after sad experience with these mockeries, was overwhelmed with horror, and declared him a creature of greater evil in this uncertainty than in his former persistent obstinacy and unchanging rage. The bishop then cried to the Lord with tears and had the people freed from

the ban (exorcized) when he prayed that the earth might curse Eudo and called for an avenging hand from heaven. By such wailings the Lord 'was aroused as if awaked from sleep,' and He cast his enemy down from a running horse and punished his pride with a fractured thigh. And Eudo, recognizing the first of Satan's signs, won with difficulty a hearing from the bishop and confessed his crimes, concealing, however, the lordship of Olga. Yet, when he had been restored to health, he denied everything with contemptuous pride, and he busied himself with punishing the bishop because that prelate was not afraid to exact the penalties of his crimes and his broken oaths. A liar, lying on an even lower plane than before, he arose against Christ and against His elect. Yet being, in some measure, mindful of the sign and of the shortness of his life, he won a hearing by his earnest prayers and again broke his oath. Now he feared that he was very nigh unto death; then, when he considered that there were yet other signs to come, he deluded himself into thinking that a long enough lease of life remained, until his appointed guardian put out his eye with an arrow shot by idle chance from a boy's hand. More truly penitent—although even now in too small measure—on account of his terror at the second warning, he flew in all haste to the bishop, and, in the misery of the fresh wound, won, even after such monstrous perjuries, admittance to pardon. But as soon as the pain of the wound decreased, his love of evil increased, whence, falling lower than himself, he became the nausea of the whole church and the contempt of the people. Then Olga, to whom he had been entrusted, added the third and last of his plagues of Egypt—the death of his first-born, (who was) so very dear to him that, after the loss of his boy, his own life seemed of little worth. Clad in all the trappings of woe, he lay in a bed of

sackcloth and ashes, so very truly penitent, and afflicting his utterly agonized mind with such genuine contrition, that in a short time his attenuated flesh clung closely to his bones and his spirit hardly abode in his body. Now penitence pleased him—no longer light of mood, but alas too late—and he hastened to all whom he had offended; and, as he was a most persuasive pleader, he bent every one of them to pity him, both by his masterly eloquence and by his manifest misery. And attended by all these, he hastened, with a very great company, to Beauvais.

He found the bishop outside of the walls at a huge pyre, which the judges of the city had kindled to cast a witch therein. The prelate recognized him from afar and felt his very hair standing on end with icy horror. He closed his bowels of compassion lest he pity him, and he strengthened his heart lest he heal the corrupt; he earnestly determined to be no longer deluded and he became as hard as iron. Eudo presented himself, milder than his wont and much humbler than any one could hope, revealing his wretchedness not less through the tears of the eye that he had kept than through the loss of the eye that had been destroyed; he threw himself at the feet of the bishop before the pyre. The prayers of the nobles in his behalf—though they ought rightly to have recited laments against him—and the grief of the people were of no avail, they did not move or shake the prelate. He remembered the string of deceptions. Eudo insisted on belching forth from his inner being all his poison, and he did not hesitate to reveal the lordship of his seducer Olga, which he had always kept concealed, and his other very evil secrets. He pleaded at once for absolution and penance, and he promised to observe the penance, however hard or difficult. With a solemn oath the bishop refused this; the other maintained his plea with true

contrition, weeping and wailing loudly all the while. The bishop refused again and often, and persisted in his complete denial. But Eudo pleaded on with such a true heart and with such true tears that he obtained pardon from all his enemies; and compassionate weeping came even from those eyes which he had often forced to shed tears against him before the Lord. He now wrested friendship from the unfriendly, he placated earth, he opened heaven, he bent the justice of God; and thus the wretch received from pity the acceptance of his confession. But the heart of the bishop was turned far from him:—God heareth, restraineth His wrath, and is humble; man disdaineth, and is seen to be proud. And to the importunate insistence of nobles and people, he replied that he was sure that Eudo would keep neither his vows nor his promises, and that so stubborn a tyrant should receive no mercy. Then Eudo, void of mercy all his life before this, and now, for the first time, most surely worthy of mercy, rose from the feet of that merciless bishop, who had not yet filled the measure of 'seventy times seven,' and whose obstinacy grew the fiercer, the greater the distress of all petitioners. Then (the wretch) pouring forth so many floods of weeping and bewailing with such grievous groans that none of the bystanders except the bishop could restrain the tears of heart and eyes, burst out: 'May the Lord surrender my soul into those hands of Satan into which I confess that I have given my body so that no mercy can ever redeem my spirit, if I do not devoutly fulfil whatever thou mayst impose as penance!' Then the prelate, angrily incredulous and callous, as if in trial of him and in mockery, hurled at him with foolish lips this judgment: 'I impose upon thee for thy sins the penance of leaping into this fire.' Then the other, just as if the injunction brought him life, joyfully sprang with such goodwill and speed

into the heart of the flames that no one was able to follow and draw him out until he was entirely burned to ashes.

Reader and hearer may well consider whether the knight (Eudo) had zeal that was right and 'according to knowledge' when he followed the precipitate judgment of an indiscreet and angry prelate. What shepherd denieth the sheepfold to the sheep coming from the desert, and doth not open before he heareth the bleating, doth not call it his, recognize it and pardon it—nay, doth not prevent its exclusion? The father meeteth the prodigal son, embraceth him gently and receiveth him, arrayeth him 'in the best robe' and feedeth him with 'the fatted calf.' This hard father repelleth the prodigal returning, offereth 'a stone to him seeking bread, and to him asking an egg, a scorpion'; he tendereth neither the blows of a father nor the fostering breast of a mother, but the sword of a stepfather and the poison of a stepmother.

Of a Monk of Cluny who fought in Camps, contrary to his Vow. VII (see I, XIV)

A QUESTION may be raised anent the (spiritual) safety of a monk of Cluny who, despite of his having betaken himself to that cloister, abandoning to that end many castles and much wealth, was sought out after a few years by his sons and by all the nobles of his country. These urged him to resume his old place of power in such wise that, without doffing his monkish habit, he might aid them in their military campaigns and counsels. Yielding to much tearful importunity, he gave his consent and was allowed by his abbot to go. He was bidden depart under the interdict against arms and with the understanding that, at the conclusion

of peace, he would return for penance. His arrival in camp occasioned whispers of fear among the enemy, for he was a man of large judgment and of the keenest worth. Having summoned his own men and whatever others he could muster, he rushed upon the enemy, who were skulkingly awaiting his action, and frequently assailed them with fierce and furious onslaughts, pressing onward, ever onward, with persistent courage. Hence it came to pass that he often destroyed those whom he found unequal (matches) to his strategy or to his bravery. Day by day the ones whom he championed progressed so far in their recovery from distress that they feared to exchange the blessing of invariable success for that peace and agreement with their foes which they had desired at his coming. The enemy, overpowered and brought almost to the point of unconditional surrender, craftily asked for a truce. (The monk) assented and gave and received pledges of peace. The enemy, however, stole a march ere the day of truce. Collecting secretly whatever army they could gather, they came stealthily and unexpectedly and threatened ominously the monk's forces, who were entirely off their guard. The monk was aroused by the clamour of troops and the clangour of trumpets, and went forth with his men to meet the enemy. They joined in an encounter fell but not fair, for, at the hope of truce, the monk had sent back many of his troops to their homes. Standing unarmed in the midst of his men, who were now in doubtful case and on the verge of flight, he cried out, encouraged, commanded, chid, pleaded, implored, pushed back those who fled. Having vainly assayed every means by which an unarmed man may check those in full array, he suddenly snatched from an armour-bearer the armour which he had ordered to be brought for just such unlucky chance (as this); and, for this occasion, in disobedience to his vows

and in hope of amendment, he donned this, and he urged again to the front his men, whose uncertainty had now changed to certain flight. He shattered many bands of the enemy with his single right hand, he struck terror into their hearts, and belied the outcome of the war, changing the enemies' victory into their complete vanquishment. After seizing the spoils and sorting them as he wished, the monk was returning to his own home with exultation; but on the way was almost suffocated by the heat of the sun, by his own fatness, and by the weight of the unwonted armour. In the company of a page he entered an arbour aside from the line of march, and, having laid off his harness, he was taking the air with eagerness. Behold, an ambushed foeman, bow in hand, crept from behind, and, marking the monk's unprotectedness, secretly and suddenly pierced the unsuspecting man with a deadly dart, and then stole away. The monk, feeling that death was at the door, desired to confess, but there was at hand no possible confessor save the boy. He recognized the youth's unfitness for this duty, but, because he had no other resource, he confessed to him, and in his presence he poured out his whole heart, praying that penance be granted him for his sins. The boy declared with an oath that he had never seen or heard of such a thing. The monk persisted in his prayers, and, falling at the feet of the boy, he besought him to impose punishment of some sort upon his sins of every kind. When he did not succeed in wresting from him a thing of which he had no knowledge, he gave him these instructions, as the moment of death drew nigh: 'Dearest son, enjoin upon me that my soul shall be punished in torment and places of torture without cessation until Doomsday, provided that it shall then be saved by the mercy of the Christ.' The boy yielded to his prayer and imposed this penance upon him in these very words.

Then the monk departed in the faith of Christ, and with the good hope and glowing zest of repentance.

Also of the Appearance of Phantoms. VIII (*cf.* II, XIII)

NOW that I am speaking of the deaths of those whose fate at Doomsday is doubtful, I must mention a knight of Little Britain, who found the wife whom he had lost and long mourned from the hour of her death in a great throng of women at night, in the depths of a most lonely valley. He was full of fear and wonder, and, seeing her alive whom he had buried, he did not believe his eyes, and was uncertain as to what the fates had wrought. He preferred to snatch her with confidence whatever the outcome, whether destined to rejoice in this ravishment, if his sight were true, or to be defrauded by a phantom; so that he could not in any case be accused of cowardice in restraining his hand. He seized her, therefore, and for many years derived as notable delight from this union as in the years before (her death). From her he had children, whose offspring are numerous and bear the name of 'Sons of the dead.' Indeed, a prodigious wrong to nature, and quite incredible if sure proofs of its truth were not extant!

Also of Apparitions. IX

HENNO CUM DENTIBUS, so called from the size of his teeth, found the loveliest of girls in a leafy grove by the Norman coast at the noon hour. She was sitting alone, arrayed in silken robes befitting a princess, and was woefully weeping with never a sound—so fair a being that even her tears became her. The youth straightway was all aflame. He marvelled to see so precious a treasure

unguarded—as it were, a star fallen from heaven bewailing its contact with earth. He looked about him, in fear of an ambush in the covert, but finding none he bent his knees before her, and thus reverently made his prayer: 'Sweetest and brightest ornament of all the world, whether the soft charm of a face that challengeth such desire be of our mortal lot or whether some divinity hath been willing to reveal herself, wreathed with these flowers, arrayed in this light, to her worshippers on earth, I rejoice, and thou too mayest rightly rejoice, that it befalleth thee to alight in my power. Woe to me that I am foreordained to thy service; glory to thee that thou hast fallen, with prophetic soul, just where thou art received with the greatest desire!' She replied so innocently and dove-like that it might well be the word of an angel who could seduce any son of light to her will. 'Lovable flower of youths and desirable light of men, no plan of my own hath brought me hither, but mere chance. The ship which bore me, with my father, against my will, to marriage with the King of France was driven on this coast by the force of a storm—and, when I had escaped, with the single companion who standeth beside you'—and lo, her maid was there beside him!—'a fair wind following the tempest, the sailors and my father made off under full sail. I know, of course, that, when they miss me, they will return hither in tears. Nevertheless, lest wolves devour me or evil men attack, if thou wilt pledge regard for my honour from thee and thine, I will abide with thee for the time; for it is more to my safety and health to commend me to thy keeping until the return of the ship.' Henno, who was, forsooth, no dull listener to her prayers, granted straightway her full desire, and brought back his treasure-trove with the greatest joy of heart, winning for them both as much delight as may be. He took into his house that noble pest

and married her, entrusted her to his mother's care, and had by her most beautiful offspring. The mother was constantly at church, the daughter was even more assiduous, and more attentive to orphans, widows, and all in need of bread. That she might keep envy within desired bounds, she fulfilled every office joyously in the sight of men, except that she shunned sprinkling of holy water and carefully avoided the consummation of the mass by alleging the crowd or some household matter. Henno's mother noticed this, and, fearing everything in the anxiety of her just suspicion, set herself with the strictest care to find out why. She knew that on Sundays the lady went into church after the giving of holy water, and came out before the consecration; and that she might know the cause of this, she secretly made a little hole in the bedroom wall and lay in wait. Thereupon, at the break of day on Sunday, when Henno was gone out to church, she saw her go into her bath, and from a most beautiful woman turn into a dragon and, after a little, springing from the bath upon a new mantle which her maid had spread for her, and tearing it into the tiniest bits with her teeth, turn again into her proper shape; and, after this, serve her maid at every point to the like outcome. The mother told the son what she had seen. Then summoning a priest, they seized them without warning and sprinkled them with holy water. With a sudden bound the demons passed through the roof, and with a great shriek left their long-cherished abode. Nor marvel ye if God ascendeth corporeally, since He hath granted this power to the worst of His creatures, who must even be dragged down against their will. Many children of this demon-woman are still alive.

Also of the Same Apparitions. x (see II, xii)

WE know that in William the Conqueror's days, a man of great gifts, the master of Ledbury North, snatched a very beautiful girl from a throng of women dancing by night, and by his marriage with her begat a son. The king, marvelling at the wonder both of her beauty and of her ravishment, caused her to be led into the midst of his council at London, and, after she had told her tale, he sent her back. Her son, Alnodus (Ælfnoth), best of Christian men, who was partially paralysed in his latter time—all the doctors declaring themselves baffled—bade men take him to Hereford, and, in the church of the blessed Ethelbert, king and martyr, won absolution through the merits of the saint. Hence, after the restoration of his former health, he gave his land of Ledbury to God and God's mother and to the king and martyr Ethelbert in perpetual possession; and this grant is held in peace even until this day by the Bishop of Hereford, the sixth in line from him, who received it at the hands of Ælfnoth, the man whose mother vanished into thin air, in the clear sight of many, when her husband angrily made it a reproach to her that he had snatched her from the dead.

On the Deception of Gerbert by a Phantom. xi

WHO is ignorant of the cheating of the famous Gerbert by a phantom? Gerbert, a youth of Burgundy, noble in race, manners, and repute, wrought earnestly at Rheims to win by thought and word both natives and foreigners as his scholars, and he obtained his end. At that time the daughter of the mayor of Rheims was, as it were, the glass of fashion and mould of form of that fair city. The sighs of all were wafted to her, rich in the

wishes and longing of men. Gerbert heard of her and lost no time. He came, saw, admired, desired, and spoke, he heard and was charmed; he drained from this drug the madness of Scylla, and being taught by the Metamorphoseos [*sic*] he consented to forget his usual way of life, through poison of his own administering. By the potency of this potion he degenerated into an ass, became strong under burdens, thick-skinned against blows, dull in his work, unfit for service, in every misery always kicking against the pricks. He neither felt the weight of calamity nor was moved by the whips of punishment; torpid in action, unready of wit, he ever gaped unwarily at his own sore. He played the suppliant, fiercely pressed on, stubbornly persisted and, since all his keenness of mind had been dulled by excess, he was tortured by inevitable despair. Forfeiting all quietness of spirit, he could, in this immeasurable disturbance of self, neither conduct his affairs nor provide for his maintenance. Hence his property fell away, he was burdened with debts, fleeced by moneylenders, abandoned by his servants, shunned by his friends, and finally, having lost all his substance, he abode at home alone, careless of his person, hairy and dirty, uncouth and ungroomed, yet happy in one phase of his misery, his extreme want, which absolved him from the chief of miseries, love, and which did not even allow him to remember that passion. These, O Dyone, are the doles, both dolorous and deceitful, which thou dealest out to thy knights as pay for their services, that in the end they are rendered ridiculous and are openly confounded—thus serving as obvious illustrations of all thy wiles. This poor wretch, the subject of our story, taking Lady Poverty as his mistress and thus escaping from the hook of Venus, was ungrateful to her who had freed him, because past difficulties seemed light compared with present, and he deemed his fasting worthy of

the pay of the lion who carried away the little doe from wolves to devour it.

One day Gerbert left the city at noon as if for a walk—all the while grievously tormented by hunger—and, with all his thoughts far away, strolled deep into a grove. There, in the very heart of the forest, he found a woman of wondrous beauty, sitting upon a great cloth of silk with a huge heap of money before her. He tried to slink away undetected, for he feared a phantom or a trick. But, calling him by name, she bade him trust her, and, with the appearance of pity, promised him the present sum, and as large a store of wealth as his heart could desire, if he would only disdain the mayor's daughter who had spurned so haughtily his suit, and would attach himself to her, not as to a sovereign lady, but as to a mistress of his own rank. She added: 'Meridiana by name and born of the best stock, I have ever striven above all for this, to find a man in every way my peer, so that I could count him worthy to pluck the first flowers of my maidenhood; but, until thou camest, I had discovered no one who did not lack something of what I craved. Therefore, as thou pleasest me at every point, do not delay to taste all the joy which God in the Highest, thy master and mine, raineth down from heaven upon thee. Unless thou provokest me to just wrath, thou wilt be blest with all bounty of money and rank; only, when thou fully blossomest forth once more through my care, thou must repel thy lady disdain with the same scorn by which she has made thee wretched. For I know that she will repent and will turn again to what she once despised, if she have the chance. If she had shrunk from thy love through mere maidenly instinct, her conquest of thee would have redounded to her credit. But this alone was the reason for her insolent rejection of thee, who, by general opinion, wert the most lovable of all (her suitors),

that she might smile on others without exciting any distrust, thus veiling Aphrodite with the false robe of Minerva. Under the cover of thy repulse others marched on to mastery. Alas! Pallas is driven away and under the shield lurketh a Gorgon. Thy obvious overthrow hath given a shelter to the foulness of a wanton; if thou shalt with proper spirit declare this creature for ever unworthy of thy embraces, I shall make thee pre-eminent among all the lofty ones of the earth. Perhaps thou fearest a cheat and thou art trying to shun the craft of the incubus demon in me. Footless is this fear, for those whom thou fearest are also on their guard against the tricks of men, and they entrust themselves to no one unless ample security is given; and never do men bring back anything but sin from those demons whom they have deceived. For if indeed, as seldom, the demons bring success or wealth—these (seeming blessings) pass away in such futility and vanity that they are of no account, or else they lead to the distress and destruction of the deceiver. But I exact from thee no security, for I have learned to the full the nature of thy sincerity. Nor am I trying to be made secure, but to make thee secure. I am glad to give thee everything, and I want thee to carry all this (money) away before our union, and often to return for more until thou shalt prove by discharging all thy debts that it is not fairy gold, and thou shalt not fear to make just return for the outlays of true love. I desire love, not sovereignty, nor indeed do I wish to be thy equal, but thy maid-servant; in me thou wilt find naught which will not to thy senses smack of love; true judgment can detect in me no token of enmity.'

Meridiana said these and many things to like purpose, although needless, for Gerbert, greedy for the things that he had lost, snatched her with hearty assent almost in the midst of her words, eager to

escape through plenty the thraldom of poverty and to enter with speed into the pleasing peril of Venus. Hence the suppliant promised all, and plighted his troth and—what was not asked—joined to his oath kisses, leaving inviolate all else that pertaineth to chastity.

Gerbert returned heavy-laden, pretending to his creditors that he had received a remittance, and he cleared himself of his debts slowly, to prevent rumours of treasure-trove. From now on, free (from embarrassment) and abounding in the gifts of Meridiana, he grew rich in chattels, he increased his staff of servants, he heaped up stores of clothing and coins, he filled his cellars and larders, so that his plenty at Rheims was like the glory of Solomon in Jerusalem. Moreover, the full delight of his bed was no less, though the great king was the lover of many and he of one. Every night he was taught by her, who had full knowledge of the past, what to do during the day. These were nights like those marvellous 'noctes' of Numa, in which Romans feigned that sacrifices were made and that colloquies of the gods were in men's ears, inasmuch as he worshipped one (goddess) from whose teachings he secretly sweated wisdom in nightly study. Gerbert profited to the full from his double instruction, both of the bed and of the benches, and he rose in glorious triumph to the highest pinnacles of fame; nor did the lore of the lecturer in his lesson advance him less than that of the lecturess of his liaison—the second in winning his way to heights of fame, the first in acquiring those arts that produce sweetness and light. In a short time he became every one's master, distancing all men—the bread of the hungry, the robe of the needy, and the ready redemption from all oppression—and there was no city that did not envy Rheims.

When the 'wretched daughter of Babylon' who, through her pride, had brought him into the depths

heard and saw these things, she awaited with eager ears the wonted messages and marvelled at and chid the delay; and when at length she realized that she was spurned, then she, for the first time, 'glowed with fierce fires' which she had scornfully repelled. Now she lived more cleanly and walked more meticulously and met him more modestly and spoke more reverently; and because she felt that she had altogether fallen into contempt and dejection, she quaffed malice of mind from the very beaker in which she had given her lover frenzy to drink. She madly seized the bit, caring not whither the reins guided or drew, but obedient throughout the whole course to whatever spurs urged her; and she strove to lure him to her hook with the devices with which he had once tempted her—that is, with every known bait. But in vain did she lay her snares, stretch her nets, cast her hooks. For the avenger of old hatred and flatterer of new love denied what love is wont to give and cast at her what hatred is wont to inflict. Having wasted all its efforts, the woman's love grew to madness, and her bitter anguish exceeded her sense of sorrow; and just as the stupor of the limbs admitted no medicine, so the spirit of exhausted hope felt no solace. An old woman living near Gerbert aroused her one day, just as if she were bringing the dead to life, and, through a hole in her cottage wall, pointed him out walking alone in his little orchard during the heat of the day after his meal. In a little while they saw him lie down under the shade of a branching oak and compose himself in sleep. She could not compose herself, but, casting aside her gown, she gave herself wholly to him under his cloak in only her smock; and, though veiled, excited him with kisses and embraces. From the man, full of wine and food, she easily obtained her wish; for the heat of youth and of the season, and the warmth of wine and the fullness

here came together to one banquet of Venus. In such wise, forsooth, Apollo and Pan, Ceres and Bacchus, ever attend Venus, but, from the notable gathering of these, Pallas (goddess of wisdom) is ever excluded. The woman loaded Gerbert with kisses and caresses, and, though sparing of words, she bestowed flattering blandishment, until he recalled Meridiana in the confusion of shame and with the trepidation of a mighty fear. Wishing ashamedly to escape (the amorous girl), he left her with a promise to return, and in the accustomed grove sought at the feet of Meridiana pardon for his fault. She haughtily disdained him for a long time, but finally she demanded and obtained of him homage for security, because he had been found wanting, and he safely continued in her service.

In the meanwhile it happened that the Archbishop of Rheims came to his end, and Gerbert, as the reward of high repute, was enthroned in his stead. Some time after that, when he was staying in Rome in connection with the business of his newly-found dignity, he was made by the Pope, Cardinal and Archbishop of Ravenna; and after a little while, upon the death of His Holiness, he mounted by public election to his chair. During the whole time of his priesthood, he did not once, at the giving of the sacrament, partake of the Lord's body and blood (either because of fear or reverence), but by dexterous stratagem pretended to do so. Meridiana, however, appeared to him in the last year of his papacy, assuring the pledge of his life to him, until he should celebrate mass at Jerusalem; he thought to escape by his vow of biding at Rome. But it came to pass that he was celebrating mass in that church where, by popular report, was placed that beam which Pilate had fastened upon the top of the Lord's Cross, inscribed with the record of His passion—hence the church is called to this day

Jerusalem—and lo, he beheld opposite to him Meridiana clapping her hands, as though in joyous expectation of his next coming to her. Having grasped the meaning of the vision, and having learned the name of the place, he called together all the cardinals, the clergy, and the people, and made confession, leaving unrevealed no fault of his whole life. He moreover decreed that to clergy and people the mass should be given in the presence of all men. Hence many celebrate the mass on an altar reared in the midst, while the Pope in his chair partaketh with his face fixed on the faces of them all.

Gerbert made truly holy the short remnant of his life by constant and earnest repentance and reverently made his last confession. He was buried in the Church of St. John Lateran, in a marble tomb which perpetually sweateth, but the drops do not unite into a stream unless as a prophecy of the death of some wealthy Roman. Men say that, when the parting of a Pope is at hand, the stream floweth to the ground, but when the death of some noble, it poureth out even to the third or fourth or fifth part of the other, as if indicating the dignity of each man by its smaller or larger flow. Although Gerbert, on account of his avarice, may have been long held fast by the glue of the devil, yet he ruled with splendour and with sureness of hand the Roman Church; and it is said that some of his wealth hath endured to the times of all his successors.

We have heard that Pope Leo initiated the conditions under which the heirs of Peter Leonis, by disinheriting St. Peter, still possess Castellum Crescentii (Castel San Angelo). This Peter Leonis, a Jew, was converted to our faith by the work of Pope Leo, and took from him the name Leonis; and Pope Leo eagerly endowed him with revenues and estates and entrusted to him the guard of the aforesaid castle, to his great glory and honour.

Moreover, he gave him as wife the daughter of a most noble citizen, upon whom Peter begot twelve sons, each of whom his wise care established in special dignity and placed among the highest in the state. To them he left the castle with these instructions: he gave them twelve twigs, bound by a strong chain, with the understanding that he who could break the twigs in his unarmed hand without loosening the chain would after that be deemed the first in inheritance. After the failure of their single efforts, he ordered the twigs to be loosened, and each one to break his own—which was done in a moment. Then he said: 'Thus, my dearest children, as long as enmity findeth you united by the bond of love, it will recoil conquered, but, over you parted from one another, any strong invading force will triumph.' Thus through the wisdom of Peter and his sons, and through the wariness of his posterity, the patrimony of Christ remained with them as an inheritance. In our times Pope Alexander the Third discontinued that usage of St. Peter's gate which is called *pedagium* (toll for passage), and surrendered the Lord's altar of his own church into the hands of a layman, that is, the governor of Rome; and just now the Romans have elected as successor of Alexander III., Pope Lucius, who, last year, was Hubald, Bishop of Ostia and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

Of an Enchanted Shoemaker of Constantinople. XII

ABOUT that time in which Gerbert flourished in fairy felicity, a young shoemaker of Constantinople excelled all the masters of that art in new and important inventions, and though he was wont to do more in one day than anybody else in two, his haste was neater than the studied care of the masters. At the sight of any bare foot, lame or straight, he fitted to it at once a shoe, nor did he

work for any one except by seeing his foot; whence, becoming the fashion among nobles, he must dispense with the trade of the poor. In all the spectacles of the arena, as in throwing, wrestling, and like exercises of strength, he was wont to carry off the palm, hence he was everywhere proclaimed admirable. So one day a very lovely girl, who came to his window with a large retinue, showed forth her naked foot, to be shod by him. The smitten shoemaker gazed upon this sight with wide-open eyes, and, after making and selling the shoes, he began from the foot and received the whole woman into his heart, drinking in the deadly evil by which he was utterly undone. The slave craved dainties worthy of a king, nor did he gain any ground for hope. Abandoning his household goods and selling his patrimony, he became a soldier so that, by exchanging, however tardily, his base condition for the standing of nobles, he might win at least a kinder repulse. Before he presumed to call (the lady) his love, he followed keenly the military service which he had adopted, and since, through his efforts, frequent success accompanied him, he now took among knights the place which he had held among cobblers. He then made his attempt, and though he deemed himself worthy, he did not obtain from her father the lady of his seeking. He was now kindled to an excess of anger, and, longing to carry off by force her whom his lowness of birth and lack of estate denied to him, he attached to himself a great band of pirates and prepared to revenge in a sea battle his repulse upon the land. Hence it happened that he was feared both by land and sea, for success never deserted him. While he was making these fierce raids of his that never failed, he heard true reports of the death of his lady; then, tearfully concluding a truce, he hastened to her funeral, and, having witnessed the interment and noted the place, he un-

accompanied dug up the mound the next night and lay with the dead woman just as if she were alive. After the commission of this crime, he, rising from the dead's embrace, heard that at the time of the dread birth he should return hither to carry off what he had engendered. He obeyed the bidding, and, returning after the lapse of sufficient time, dug up the mound and received from the dead a human head with the warning to let no one see it except enemies whom he wished to destroy. Wrapping this in many folds, he placed it in a box, and, with full confidence in its power, he left the sea and invaded the land. To whatever cities or towns he laid siege, he offered the sight of the Gorgon; the wretched (victims) turned to stone, beholding an evil spell as great as that of Medusa. He was feared immeasurably, and was received by all as master, in dread lest they perish. No one understood the reason of the hateful plague and sudden death. In one moment, they saw and died without a word or a groan; on the ramparts also, armed men died with no wound; camps, cities, provinces yielded, nothing resisted him; and every foe grieved at being an easy victim of so cheap a triumph. Some declared him a sorcerer, others a god; whatever he sought they offered no refusal.

Among his successes men reckoned this one, that, upon the death of the Emperor of Constantinople, the ruler's daughter and heiress was bequeathed to him. He accepted this legacy; who could refuse the gift? Conversing with him for some time, the maiden put him to the question about the box and did not rest until she had heard the truth. Having learned this, she held the head before the face of the man on his waking from sleep, thus taking him in his own snares. Then the woman avenger of so many crimes ordered the Medusa-like prodigy to be carried out of the country and thrown into the midst of the Grecian sea, with the originator of the

horror as the companion of its ruin. The messengers hastened in their galley and, coming to the midst of the sea, cast the two monsters of the world into its depths. At their disappearance, the sea thrice boiled and bubbled with sand, as if the wrenching of the ocean betokened the flight of the waters leaping back with a sudden bound and shrinking from the wrath of the Most High thus manifest, and just as if the sea, sick with loathing, was trying to reject what the sick land, recovering from this monstrous birth, vomited into the deep. The waves were raised to the stars and, like a flame, sought the loftiest heights of air. But, after a few days, the sentence upon the monsters was changed, and the waters which had licked the heavens now tended downward and produced with their whirling the pit of an eternal whirlpool. What had been a (mighty) heap was now an abyss. For the mud of the depths, unable to bear the abomination and the horror of the ocean, was voided forth; and, giving ground in amaze, and gaping with a mighty yawn, opened a way to the 'spring of the sea.' Hence this marvel of the deep was ever able to swallow whatever might pour into its mouth, like Charybdis under Messina. Whatever falleth therein by chance or is drawn by its greedy jaws risketh incurable ruin. Because the name of the maid was Satalia, the whirlpool, which is shunned by all, is called Satalie, or in the vernacular Gouffre de Satalie.

Of Nicholas Pipe, a Merman. XIII

MANY yet alive report to us that they have seen in those waters a marvel, great beyond all wonder, Nicholas Pipe, a merman, who, without breathing, was wont to dwell without any harm a long time, a month or even a year, on the floor of the ocean with the fishes. Detecting the approach of a storm, he forbade by his warning the sailing

of ships from port or bade a return to those already under weigh. He was truly a man, with nothing monstrous in his limbs, and nothing lacking in his five senses, yet he had received, in addition to human qualities, the endowment of fishes. But when he went down into the waters to make a stay there, he always carried with him pieces of old iron, wrenched away from a cart or from horses' hoofs or from old furniture—for what reason I have not yet heard. In this one respect he was weaker than men and allied to fish, that he could not live without water or the smell of the sea. When he was led away some distance from it, he would run back as if with failing breath. William, King of Sicily, hearing of these things, wished to see him, and ordered him to be brought into his presence; but, when the men were dragging him along against his will, he died in their hands on account of absence from the sea. Although I have read and heard of things not less wonderful, I know of nothing exactly like this wonder.

In the air over Le Mans a huge flock of she-goats appeared to many hundreds of men. In Lesser Britain were seen ever passing by night soldiers silently leading trains of booty, from which the Bretons have frequently taken away horses and cattle and have used these, some to their masters' destruction, others without harm.

Gatherings of those troops of night-wanderers, whom men call followers of Herla (Herlethingi), were very famous in England up to the time of Henry II., our present king, an army of infinite wandering, of the maddest meanderings, of insensate silence, in which appeared alive many who were known to be dead. This band of Herlething was last seen on the borders of Wales and Hereford in the first year of King Henry II. at high noon, in the same guise in which we wander abroad, with chariots and beasts of burden, with pack-saddles and

bread-baskets, with birds and dogs, with men and women running side by side. Those who first saw them aroused with shouts and trumpets the whole neighbourhood against them. After the manner of that most watchful nation (the Welsh), many bands fully equipped with arms came at once, and because they were unable to extort a word from the strange troop in reply to their words, they prepared to exact a reply with their darts. But the visitors, rising into the air, suddenly disappeared.

From that day, this troop hath been nowhere seen, since seemingly it hath bequeathed to us foolish folk its errant ways, through which we wear out garments, lay waste provinces, break our bodies and those of our beasts, and are never free to find a cure for our sick souls; no benefit cometh to us unbought, no recompense availeth us, if losses are requited; we do naught in measure, naught at leisure, so futile and fruitless is the haste by which we madmen are borne onward; and since our rulers confer always in secret corners, with approaches barred and guarded, we gain nothing from this counsel. We are whirled along by storm and stress. We give little or dull attention to the present; we entrust the future to chance, and because, with knowledge and caution, we strive always for our destruction, wandering and dispersed, trembling, beyond other men, we are sadly swept out of existence. Others are wont to ask the cause of grief, because they rarely grieve; we the cause of joy, because we rarely rejoice. We know sometimes a relief from grief, we never know delight; we are supported by consolation, we are never blessed by joy. Mourning mounteth in us with riches, because, in the exact measure of his greatness, each one is shattered by the assault of his desire and falleth a prey to others.

I languish in this wretched and prying court, sacrificing my own wishes to please other men.

Though very few can help, any one can hurt. If I unassisted fail to satisfy the whole community, I am as nothing. If I shall so far outstrip the virtuous as to become an object of envy, men will secretly disparage me, and they assert that my champions are deceived by appearances. Men call the simple foolish, the peaceful tame, the quiet worthless, the good speaker a mime, the kindly a flatterer, the unsolicitous self-seeking, [the innocent] noxious, the pious remiss, the rich avaricious, the prayerful a hypocrite, the unprayerful a publican. Those who are girded for such tumults of life recognize the necessity of arming themselves with vices and of keeping their virtues under; and of carefully distinguishing the place of good and bad, so as to seem upright to the upright, to villains villainy made perfect. No one heedeth the salutary counsel that the Trinity should always be worshipped in secret and that sincere devotion should be celebrated in the pure heart's holy of holies, so that, if only this sacred rite hath been fittingly observed and chastely kept, no matter how much or little the Lord permitteth the bag of His bounty to be loosened, outer circumstances may not affect the inner man, and the mere accident of fleeting things may not disturb the essential dwelling of the soul in the Lord.

I should like to lay bare this thing about our court, because no court of the past hath yet been heard of like unto it, nor is a future one feared. I desire also to have the knighthood of days to come remember its knavery and learn to endure the tolerable, being instructed by us who have suffered from intolerance. 'Arise,' therefore, 'let us go hence,' because amid the works of him whom we renounced in baptism we have no leisure to appease or please the Lord. Here every man is either 'taking a wife or testing yokes of oxen.' Hearken how Salius shunned such excuses.

Of Salius, the Son of an Emir. XIV

SALIUS, a heathen by nation and worship, the son of an Emir, was admired by his father and mother and the whole nation on account of his ripe knowledge in boyhood. When he was concerned about the safety of his soul, he did not find in the law of the Gentiles (heathen) any ground for hope. Then, after examining the traditions of the Fathers, he turned to Christian truths, associating himself with the Templars in baptism, faith, and companionship. When, during a truce, his father and mother and the nobles of his family were speaking secretly to him in an effort to reclaim him from error, he asked: 'Dearest father, who exceedest others in wisdom, only tell me without further tears, what reward of thy soul dost thou expect from the gods in return for the services that it hath paid?' This was the answer: 'Dearest son, our gods have prepared for us a paradise flowing with milk and honey in two great streams, and we shall have in the honey the savour of all desirable foods, and in the milk the delight of every sweet liquor.' Then Salius said: 'If thou dost not hunger after them, they will not be dainties; but the more thou dost hunger, thou wilt turn away after much satiety to meet the simple needs of nature. For bodily food or drink is no fleeting thing, it is necessary to have necessities, and may the paradise perish which cannot offer what every shepherd's hut can furnish.' Then his people, seeing that the law of his fathers was the object of his mockery and that their insistence was vain against his constancy, departed with tears and curses. But he had neither 'taken a wife' nor 'tested oxen.'

Of Alan, King of the Bretons. XV

ALAN REBRIT, that is to say, the King of the Bretons, married under unhappy omen the sister of the King of the Franks—he himself being Count of Rennes and to all intents King of all Little Britain (Brittany). At that time Remelin was Count of St. Pol (Leon), and he, despite his oath of fealty to Alan, conducted himself with insolence, and held aloof from his overlord. But the wife of Alan, who noticed this, tediously reproached him in curtain lectures with being dull and cowardly, because he did not exact in some fashion either his vassal's life or his full service. Alan answered at length: 'It is easy enough to destroy him, but he hath two sons, Wigan and Clodoan, alike in face, very unlike in manners. Clodoan is well-read and learned, but he hath degenerated into a mime, so that he is now wholly occupied in rhymes and jests, and succeedeth in them above the ordinary; but Wigan is tall and, above all men whom I have seen, comely and wise, having moreover such knowledge of arms and such splendid prowess that he may be deemed rather the superior of Achilles or Hector than their equal. Through his wise counsel his father and he never leave their land together lest they should be together cut off.' Then she answered: 'Since such is their condition—lest the son will become more hostile to us with his father dead, let us strive to cut off the younger man if not both. Make the father come.'

He assented, and now entered Remelin, whom the countess, counterfeiter of true love, adorned—and all his men as well—with genuine honours, and with generous gifts that were not counterfeit. They returned to their country laden with presents of gold and silver and with changes of garments; and when the counsellors of Wigan saw them jetting it in bright array, they were turned to evil, and

complained that they had lost like things by not being present at the king's court. While they were tortured and consumed by avarice, there came unto them a messenger from Alan, a man of prominence and of long training in deceit, who urged with all insistence father and son to go to Alan, and, if not both, the son, who was not with the father on his previous visit. At first they deferred and conferred, and avarice spoke loudly in the counsels of both. They argued against any hesitation in faithfully attending together their lord in whom they saw love clearly manifest everywhere, and no crafty device apparent. Wigan, however, was startled and would not start, but bode at home against the opinion of his men and amid their deep mutterings. They secretly accused him of useless timidity, and, in so doing, they were liars at heart, because their curses ran counter to their true knowledge. They derided as base and cowardly him whom they knew to be worthy of love and unworthy of blame. But upon the second return of Remelin, bringing with him garments and gold, horses and trappings, the commendations of Alan, and the praises of the queen, the fire of avarice glowed hotly, and those yearning for like treasures thus insulted Wigan: 'An honour to Alan is the visit of his men, and humility and love are shown him by them. In thy biding at home, despite many summons, what else dost thou than accuse him of treachery and blazon thy contempt for his power and his pride? Come! Humour his first commands, consult thy vanishing fame, and wipe away the rust of past infamy.' Wigan assented. The very danger of his life persuaded him; and now appeared messengers of the king and queen. Clodoan met father and son going together, and, marvelling at their temerity, dissuaded and detained Wigan.

Remelin was received by his king and queen with even deeper reverence than was their wont. The

queen especially, who aimed more constantly at his betrayal, made herself in every way agreeable to him, led him to and fro in conversation, mingled the grave with the gay, and covered her baseness with all courtesy. When they were sitting in chat upon the ramparts, they happened to see perched on a carcass two white vultures of huge size and great beauty, if deformity can be allowed such fame, for this species of bird is badly put together; and behold a third vulture, small and black, struck down the white creatures with a sudden attack and, driving them away, captured the carcass. Remelin laughed, and the queen asked why. He regretted his laughter; and, though he wished to hide his thought, the more he persisted in his silence the more insistently he was put to the question. But as the wind rageth at obstacles, so a woman rusheth upon reflections that are concealed from her and maketh no end of insistence until she hath prevailed. Hence Remelin yielded and said: 'A great mountain in my land produceth black vultures; another mountain opposite and outside my territory produceth many more that are white, and in every conflict one black defeateth two white, as thou hast just seen. And because one of my soldiers prevaileth in like fashion against two of thine in every meeting, I laughed.' She answered: 'If this be really true, thou hast every right to laugh, and we to weep.' And, presently changing the subject, she held him with pleasing words until their parting. And by reporting these things to Alan in harsher wise than they had come from Remelin, she fed the flame of their hatred, which was her own heart's daughter. She thus urged and won her suit that Alan became with her the betrayer of innocence. The two stationed a hundred French knights, who had been secretly furnished forth with the arms of treachery, in a hiding-place within the outer gate, ordering them to surround Remelin and Wigan. The two

victims were now summoned more solemnly than usual by worthier messengers, and they accepted the invitation. Then Clodoan, prophesying with tears the evil that was in store, persuaded his brother by much weeping to send him with their father, since the resemblance between the brothers was so very close that Clodoan, thus deceiving the enemy, could die in Wigan's place—a far lighter loss. Wigan, following afar off, could enter if he saw that all was well; but if he detected treachery, he should speed back to his own country on relays of horses placed a mile apart.

When Remelin and Clodoan had entered, the gates were suddenly closed and Remelin was snatched from his sons and his life. Clodoan escaped by confessing his name. When the queen saw that Wigan had escaped death, she sped her soldiers forth, praying them on her knees to hasten. She said everything, promised everything; they hurried out to slay the innocent. But Wigan, having changed five horses, and not finding the sixth—for the servant who had held the horse there, being careless and shiftless and foreseeing no ill to his lord, had gone away to the nearest village for food—put in fear the spurs to his fifth horse, which he had spared in confident hope of the sixth. When his steed's strength was flagging on the borders of a wood, he turned from his way to accost a woman spinning before her house. He revealed himself and his plight, and made huge promises to her. She then gave him her son to rock in the cradle indoors, and to soothe him so that he would not cry, while she deceived the pursuers. He complied. The soldiers accosted her, and, not disbelieving her report which they heard too quickly, they hastened on; but, returning many times, they examined everything about the hut with the closest scrutiny. In the meantime, Wigan, in order to soothe the boy who was crying, put in

his hands a knife with an ivory handle, and leaving him when he was quiet, went about the inside of the house, seeking a hiding-place and peering anxiously through the windows. At last, hurrying back at a shriek from the child, he found him lying upon the knife, dead. What hope was there left? He who, though concealed, had already been in fear through closeness of death, now waited confidently with dry eyes, because his fear had departed with the vanishing of hope. While those in search of Wigan were still hunting in this quarter, the mother, finding her dead son, fell as if lifeless upon him, and then leapt forth madly to accuse Wigan. Seizing her by the feet, he held her and promised to be her son in place of the dead boy, persuading her that no profit would come from her revenge and arousing the hope of many riches as the result of his favour. At length she gave way and hastened to meet her husband, revealing to him all. Lured by the hope of promises, they led Wigan, as the soldiers were still lurking near, to safety by the hidden ways of a secret path. Wigan then collected his forces, and, having told his army the story of his betrayal and his escape from fears, he girded his deliverer, in the presence of them all, with the belt of knighthood, and endowed him with large wealth and estates. Even to this day his children possess the land and are called 'Sons of the naked,' because their ancestor was raised from poverty to wealth, as if clothed after nakedness.

But Wigan, to avenge his father's injuries and his own, rose against Alan Rebrit (which is interpreted King of the Bretons) with so great power that, of very many cities and villages, he left not to his enemies any place 'where they might rest their heads,' and so that there are still shown monuments of that most cruel devastation, which the overthrow of cities and the ruins of churches attest. Then Alan, fleeing to his father-in-law, the King

of the Franks, gave, at the intervention of this kinsman, his daughter, who was also his heiress, to Wigan, and was peacefully restored to his throne. That whole region was, through this alliance, calm and quiet for a long time.

It came to pass that Wigan, while playing at chess with his wife, was called to more important business, and he left in his place a faithful knight to finish the game with the lady. When the lady had won, she said to the knight who was playing with her: 'Not to thee, but to the son of the mutilated, mate.' Since Wigan could not bear with equanimity this taunt, he hastened against Alan Rebrit, catching him unawares. The defeated king fled alone to the Church of St. Leu (Loup), and, having closed the gate, he supplicated St. Leu to guard one entrance by his merits while he himself at the other would resist the enemy with his weapons, for the church had two doors. Since the enemy could not pass in through the saint's door, they entered, although with difficulty, through Alan's, and, dragging him out, they deprived him of his eyes and private parts in front of the church; whence it hath come about that, in this parish of St. Leu, no animals even to-day can bring forth young, but, when ripe for bearing, they go outside of the parish to deliver the offspring. Wigan, to exult in complete revenge, carried off with him in his left sleeve the eyes and genitals of Alan, and, concealing both the deed and his intent with a merry, laughing face, he sat down upon his return home to a game of chess with his wife. Winning, he threw upon the chess-board the genitals and eyes, saying what he had learned from her: 'To the daughter of the mutilated, I say *mate*.' The woman of heroic mould, seeing these and learning what had happened, expressed her delight with the smoothest laughter, although her spirit was smitten to the death, and she feigned that her lord had done the

wittiest justice. Although her mind was armed for vengeance by all possible efforts, she permitted none of her inner plotting to show without.

There was in those days a count of Nantes, Hoel, young and handsome and brave, well adapted to please the lady without pains, but pleasing solely as a tool for hurting Wigan. Exchanging messengers, they merged into one spirit of evil, she of revenge, he of avarice, both of desire. They desired each other and their own ends, and both of them the death of Wigan. The wretched victim was deceived and was beguiled away by the woman under the pretext of arranging those affairs of his which lie on the border of Nantes; and he was slain. Hoel seized everything, and made the other man's wife his. He gave in marriage the daughter begotten of her to a nobleman named Ylispon. Some years later, he had of her a son named Salomon, and then he died.

Ylispon succeeded him. By a powerful invasion he made himself lord of all Brittany, and, to prevent any aspersion on the ground of heredity, tried to kill Salomon. But a noble and most loyal man of those parts, Henno, pitying the child, stole him away and hid him among the servants of his bakehouse, so as to conceal the lofty race of the boy by rearing him among humble folk in servile condition and lowly station. Only his foster-father and foster-mother knew who he was.

But when he was fifteen years old, a boar which had fled from the hunters of Ylispon burst by chance into a grove near the bakehouse in which Salomon dwelt. Henno and his household leaped out at the baying of the dogs. While they were standing about with the hunters, no one having the boldness to attack the boar, Salomon rushed upon the animal, in a dirty tunic but with good countenance, carrying a cloak in his left hand and a small knife in his right. He received bravely with

his left the creature bearing down upon him, and slew him with his right hand, thus affording a splendid spectacle of boyish prowess for all men to admire. But while all eyes were turned by the huge size of the boar first to him and then to the boy, an old hunter who had been with his father called him aside and asked his name and race. He replied, ' My name is Salomon. I do not know my family, because Henno found me exposed and fostered me.' His questioner answered in tears, ' I know.' But when the boy apprised Henno of this, the foster-father, fearing, since his design had been betrayed, that the boy would either be killed or, at least, disinherited by Ylispon, fortified towns and, casting aside all timidity, sent a plain confession of his purpose to all men, whether he knew them or not. He begged of them assistance for himself and his young lord. Then many great chiefs of Brittany, provoked already to wrath by the oppression and tyranny of Ylispon, now saw the desired opportunity, and they came together joyfully to Henno.

At these rumours, Ylispon was afraid and called to his banner whomever he could. Among these came Meinfelinus de Kimelec, a very wise man. The wife of Ylispon had cast eyes upon a youth of his court and, since they were in love with one another, they feared Meinfelinus as a prophet and soothsayer, dreading lest they be betrayed by his cunning. The lady schemed to remove him from the court either by open accusation or by throwing out some shameful hint. Having discovered this, the wise man instructed his eight sons and the rest of the household to comport themselves just as they saw him behaving. The foolish lover, who, under instructions from the lady, made his way to the wise man's house, poured on the head of Meinfelinus, who was drinking milk at table, a jar of milk ; but he, as if laughing at his folly, shook off

the milk upon the fool, and with smoothed and quiet face awaited the punishment of Ylispon to fall upon the offender, judging from appearances that no indignity was intended him and that the occurrence was merely a blunder of the fool. But when the thing was unpunished and forgotten, he departed with permission, as if intending to return home. Coming to Henno, whom he found in distress, he rendered him most joyful by his arrival. Henno said to him: 'We fear that our victory, which is sent to us with you and through you by God, will be delayed by this alone, that our neighbour Camo, a youth wise and brave, and happy in possession of castles, had conceived from my permission the hope of marrying my only daughter, who hath not yet known man. Because he heareth that I have changed my mind and am matching her with Salomon, he fortifieth his towns, multiplieth his people, swelleth by every effort his forces, and with visible fury burneth to avenge his wrongs. And since the most persistent hate is that which doth degenerate from love, we are lost unless he is turned to our support.' Then the wise man replied: 'Let Salomon and thy daughter come with me, to win him over to us.' They then followed the wise man, as they were bidden, and Camo met them, with a very great train of soldiers. The sage addressed him: 'Our lord, Salomon, whom the laws of our fathers and his rights put over us, resigneth to thee his love, the virgin daughter of Henno, so that thou, who hast fanned an earlier flame for her, wilt not be cheated with frequent desires, and he giveth up his own pleasure to satisfy thine, preferring to be tortured or consumed rather than to open to so great a friend a way full of stumbling.' Overcome by this generosity, Camo exalted Salomon for such humility and for the return of the lady, and promised to bring all his power to aid.

Ylispon, getting wind of all these compacts, collected his forces and, hastening against Salomon, fixed a day for battle. That most vigilant old man, de Kimelec, examined each night the battle-field—that is, the situation of the place, the best approach to it, the outposts, the way of escape. He did this by night, lest the enemy should observe his care and either change the place, because so well surveyed, or else follow his example. On the night before the battle, he saw a notable thing—that Ylispon came alone to a tree on the aforesaid field and in his sight sacrificed to the infernal gods, who, upon solicitation, made reply that he who was first found there on the morrow would be the victor. But while Ylispon returned to his men to arrange the battle, intending to come back here at once, the sage led Salomon to the place before dawn that he might win, and he was found there first. The sage, having arranged the troop of Salomon for war, left an auxiliary force of a hundred soldiers hidden in the thickness of a little wood behind the ranks.

To tell the story briefly, the army of Ylispon was overcome and put to flight, but the sage and seven of his sons were slain. Salomon was returning with fifteen soldiers, having lost all the rest, when he suddenly found at his side Leucius, one of his confederates, with thirty-six followers. Leucius, seeing that he was stronger than Salomon, conceived in his evil heart the idea that, were Salomon out of the way, he being the most powerful man in the kingdom could place the crown upon his own head. By holding counsel apart with his men, he aroused suspicion in Salomon, who prepared himself and his followers for defence and escape. Leucius rushed upon him with his troop and, through his greater force, compelled him to flee. The hundred knights whom the sage had hidden, hearing this tumult, suddenly fell upon Leucius, and, taking

him and his followers, punished them with hanging, the traitors' due. After this the whole of Brittany submitted to Salomon and his heirs.

Whatever reader may have deigned to peruse these pages will learn, from such many and varied wrongs, to arm himself with a caution which he will in no way be able to observe securely unless he curbeth with the strongest rein avarice, which, more insistently than hunger and thirst, more foully than every necessity, driveth men to the depth of baseness. For this vice was the cause of these deaths of which I have told.

Of Sceva and Ollo, Merchants. XVI

SCEVA and Ollo, of like ages but of unlike dispositions, boys of the common people, having acquired a small substance, became in our own day the sellers of small-wares at first, and later, after many successes, of great merchandise. For from packmen they became cart-pedlars; from pedlars, the lords of many drivers; but always faithful companions. Then, with the increase of wares, to use another's phrase, 'the love of coin increased in the measure of the money itself.' Now the bond of companionship and the tie of fellowship became irksome, separate property made its appeal, they divided all things by lot, each took what fell to his share, and they parted, after exchanging compliments. Sceva, as he was noble and gracious for his station, tearfully exhorted Ollo that, in the future, there should be no scarcity of messages passing between them, in whatever towns or cities they dwelt, and that, even though separated in the flesh, they should be united in the spirit by frequent remembrances of love.

Sceva chose to remain in Ravenna, and, living a bachelor's life, long occupied himself with the exchange of his wares. Ollo married a beautiful

woman of Pavia. At first many messengers sweated between them, but after a while they ceased. Sceva went to Pavia to visit Ollo, with a great troop of servants, well-apparelled, and lo, he met on the way Ollo, hastening with heavy-laden wagons to a distant fair (or market). When kisses had been exchanged, Ollo asked 'whence and whither,' although he ought rather, in keeping with past love, to return and entertain so great a friend. But even when he heard that he alone was the cause of his friend's coming, he excused himself, by reason of the fair, from returning, and added that Sceva could not be received into his house for many reasons. He then left him and followed his carts. Sceva, deeply regretting his disappointment, accidentally accosted near Pavia a shepherd in Ollo's employ without knowing who he was, and, discovering his identity, inquired anent Ollo's fortune both in movables and real estate, and, having learned from him all the secrets of the house, bore to Ollo's wife this information as a warrant for the reception of hospitality. Duly receiving this, he did not suffer either Ollo's retainers or his own to be content with the resources of the house, though they were many; he ordered dainties to be bought outside, vaunting these as proper to his wonted state, and prepared from his own means a banquet so splendid and rich as to arouse the wonder of even the neighbours. He called in those 'standing in the market-place,' he detained the passers-by, and he poured out such a profusion of food and drink that Ollo's wife, as well as everybody else, wished Ollo eternally absent and Sceva ever present. During many days the feasting steadily increased. All were invited; those who came were honoured with eager delight; the stay-at-homes were loaded with gifts freely sent.

The whole region flew to see that of which it heard—winged wonder sped through town and country and overtook the hastening Ollo. The

merchant was thunderstruck and determined not to return until his fellow was turned off. And since he raged with jealous concern about his wife and pined quite as much with the fret of envy, he naturally showed far less than his wonted ardour in the exchange of goods. He grieved not over losses and rejoiced not in gains; indeed he gave little thought to the making or saving of money. He was lavish of his wealth and greedy for his wife, and while he was racked with curious conjecture regarding her relations to Sceva, the wheel of chance conveyed to him the truth. For Sceva justified all his fears, and won by every art in his power the lady to his wishes, and, even though she gratified his unlawful desire, he was not satisfied with this base triumph, but he asked something more: 'O sweetest of ladies, choice of my heart, dearer than my soul, thou canst, if it so please thee, appease my spirit all astir and aflame with thy love, so that in the future we may dwell safely together. I ask but this, that thou admit not Ollo upon his return, but, as if in utter wonder, disavow and disown him, and "deny that thou knowest" the man. I shall succeed, through our neighbours and acquaintance, in bringing the Viscount and all his counsellors to this opinion, provided that thou favour me; and whoever shall endeavour to make the judges or any authority believe that Ollo is thy husband or the possessor of this wealth will hold their peace after hearing me, or, if occasion shall arise, will swear to the contrary, so that he will doubt his own identity and with a mind bewitched will think that he is some other than Ollo.' She assented to this scheme, although she despaired of seeing it accomplished. Sceva then, by giving everywhere among Ollo's acquaintances rewards supplemented by promises, obtained his point, for friendships are not proof against such perversion of character. He visited the ruler and the judges, and corrupted

them by the usual methods of duping them. All men thought this a good trick and a clever jest—and moreover they deemed it of general advantage that a barren fig-tree should be cut down and a fruitful olive planted in its stead.

Sceva remained in the house with the wife like a lawful husband, and this teacher of deceit never ceased to instruct all in the answers which they were to make to Ollo. Ollo waited cautiously, as it seemed to him, until his rival should go away, so that he might play the avenger of his wrongs and executioner upon his wife, with no one near to aid her, and that he might not actually see the vast waste of his property of which he had heard. For the avaricious are hurt less by the unseen loss of their goods than by the seen.

Seeing, finally, the delay (in departure), and fearing the risk (of longer waiting), he made his way home, he beat on the door, and, because he who should open it was not at hand, he was insistent, he grew clamorous, he waxed hot. In his anger he added threats. He called arrogantly by name Nicholas, whom he had made his porter. This fellow appeared and replied with like heat: 'Who art thou? Why art thou raging? By what demon art thou shaken? Why are we punished by the ravings of thy brains? Why dost thou disturb my master's rest? Art thou indeed a lunatic or merely raving like one? If thou hast lost thy wits, we shall ere long restore them. If thou art not quiet, rods will make thee so.' Then Ollo asked, 'Slave of mine, am I not I?' Nicholas: 'I know that thou art thou, and yet thou dost not know it thyself.' Ollo: 'And dost thou not know that thou art my slave?' Nicholas: 'I know that thou art a slave. As to owning me, that is sheer madness.' Ollo: 'Open quickly my door.' Nicholas: 'Thine? Hath it not already been proved that thou art a

madman? By my faith, either thou shalt be silent or else I shall impose upon thee lasting silence with this key.' Ollo: 'Base slave, am I not Ollo, who created thee keeper of this court?' Nicholas: 'Thou, wretched buffoon. Surely Ollo is here within, and he lieth in his bed with my lady.' Ollo: 'With what lady, fiend?' Nicholas: 'Certainly—and it is thou who art the fiend—with my beautiful lady, Byblis.' Hearing the name 'Byblis,' Ollo fell in a fury from his horse and suffered a fit of some length. Then he said: 'Come forth, Nicholas, that, by seeing me more clearly, thou mayest recover thy senses and know that I am thy master and the husband of Byblis.' Nicholas answered with the loudest laughter: 'I see thee well enough through my window, and perhaps thou art Ollo; but not the Ollo who is married to Byblis.' Ollo: 'In very truth, I am that Ollo who, in thy presence, received her into marriage from her father Mela and her mother Bala.' Nicholas: 'I have never seen a drunkard or madman with so great a memory; thou keepest them well, "Mela" and "Bala" and "Nicholas." Hast thou never heard of our maid, Christiana?' Ollo: 'There is no need of hearing, for I am her lord and thine and ruler of you all, and I built these houses, and everything in them is mine.' Nicholas: 'Cristina, Cristina, ho, Cristina! Come and see this man, most wretchedly insane, who knoweth all, hath maintained all, is lord of all, he is vexed by a witty mania which hath made him king. Look, is it not the fellow who lately was led to the cross for murder and escaped into sanctuary? And afterwards he saith that he is our lord! What thinkest thou of him?' Cristina: 'I wished to tell thee this, because it is that fellow; and we must spare him, whatever he doth, for all things are permitted him on account of the law and government of melancholy (madness).' Ollo said to himself: 'How bold and

stubborn is the arrogance of slaves! Being in Sceva's pay, they disown me, but when, gorged to the full, that creature hath withdrawn from my dainties, they will fall at my feet and crave favour, swearing that they have erred through ignorance. May Ollo die if he doth not show them a hairy tooth!' Nicholas: 'Chew your cud, brainless wretch; and if thou cravest not a whipping, get thee gone quickly.' Cristina: 'Ho, thou who callest thyself Ollo! Thou declarest that we are not in our right senses, and we that thou art mad. Call thy neighbours, and, when they speak to thee just as we do, believe that thou art a runagate.'

He called his neighbours and related the injuries that he had suffered. Denying that they had ever seen or heard of the man, they laughed him to scorn, and they exhorted each other in turn to bind him and reform him—and, when he persisted, they forced him with stones to leave the market-place. He was, in like fashion, repulsed by the judges later. When he found everywhere one countenance towards him, and the same words, and looked at himself through everybody else's eyes, and was asked by his own men who he was and whence he came, and what all this meant, he was led, against his own opinion, to derive his estimate of self less from himself than from other men. But certain fellows among those corrupted by Sceva's long purse accosted him. One of these named Baratus said: 'O master, we know the truth of the thing, but thou art so harsh and showest us such a shaggy eyebrow that we who know the truth must feign through fear. Thy dwelling and Byblis, whom thou seekest here, are at Ravenna. If it doth not displease thee, let us go to find there what thou believest to have seen here.' They then left Pavia; and, on the first night of the journey, being abandoned by his men, he went almost mad for shame. He saw all his

great possessions lost save only those on which he was lying down to rest. He went to his shepherds and carried off from the sheep-folds the movables upon which he was able to lay his empty hands. Sceva, hearing rumours of this, pursued him with hue and cry and carried him back bound as a thief of his own property. Ollo, in dread of the judges and for shame of the laughter in store for him, forswore all blame of Sceva. Believe me, ' generosity is the soul of wit.'

FIFTH DIVISION

Prologue. 1

THE diligent achievement of the ancients is still in our possession; they make their own past present to our times, and we ourselves wax dumb: whence the memory of them liveth in us and we are unmindful of ours. Notable miracle! The dead live, the living are buried in their stead. Our times offer perchance something not unworthy of 'the buskin of Sophocles.' But the illustrious deeds of modern men of might are little valued, and the castaway odds and ends of antiquity are exalted. This is surely because we know how to blame and because we know not how to write; we seek to tear to pieces and we deserve to be torn. Thus the forked tongues of detractors are responsible for the rarity of poets. Thus minds grow slack, wits are undone; thus the native strength of this time is unduly extinguished, and the lamp is quenched, not indeed by lack of fuel, but craftsmen wax inert and the record of the present is lightly reckoned. So Caesar liveth in the praises of Lucan, Aeneas in those of Virgil, not the more by their great merits than by the watchfulness of poets. Only the (trifling) of mimes in vulgar rhymes celebrateth among us the godlike nobility of the Charleses and the Pepins—no one speaketh of living Caesars; but their characters, full of bravery and self-control, and inviting everybody's wonder, are ready to the pen. Alexander of Macedon, blaming the narrowness of the world open to his conquest, said with a sigh, when he looked upon the tomb of Achilles, 'O thou happy youth, who

enjoyest so great a publisher of thy merits!' meaning Homer. This mighty Alexander is my witness that many who have deserved to live among men after death, live (only) by the interpretation of poets. But to what purport the sighs of Alexander—certainly this, that he was bemourning the lack of a great poet to chant his merits, lest on his last day he should wholly die. But who would dare to put upon a page what is passing to-day, or to pen even these names of ours? In fact, if any new form of writing placeth upon record 'Henry' or 'Walter' or even thine own name, thou dost despise and deride this, but not for any fault of theirs and, let us hope, not of thine. But if thou lookest upon 'Hannibal' or 'Menestratus,' or any name of a sweetness hallowed by time, thou givest all thine attention; and, eager to plunge into the fabled cycles of the golden age, thou exultest in their deeds. Thou embracest with all reverence the tyranny of Nero and the avarice of Juba, and whatever else antiquity doth offer; thou rejectest the gentleness of Louis and the generosity of Henry. Now, if thou refusest to accept but rejectest as a fable the presence of ancient acts of virtue in this our day, listen to our present versions of ancient deeds of malice as thou often readest of Nero and his like; for never will Envy so degenerate from its own nature that, while it denieth to moderns ancient nobility, it will not freely concede to them ancient ignobility. On this page of mine thou wilt find portrayed modern instances of goodness with its graces and of baseness with its hateful crimes. We propose to thee the avoidance of the second on account of its poison, and the choice of the first on account of its prizes, but thou must take thine eye from neither (the good nor the bad) until it is well scanned and known. Thou must read and test every page which thou seest, nor must thou slight until thou hast read all aright. Usula is a fish of the Danube

which pursueth, even through the harpoons of its enemies, the harmonies of music, nor do wounds deter it, but, lavish of life and longing for the organ sounds, it followeth even to death the honeyed lures of its soul. This is a parable of the triumph of a noble and zealous man, whom neither cough nor consumption nor any other weaknesses restrain from study. Upon his afflicted body he imposeth the anguish of martyrs; for he wisely deemeth it more glorious to pour out to God his spirit shining in the light of wisdom than to cherish for himself a life full-fed with sloth and ease. Thus let him be an usula!

Of King Appollonides. II

KING APPOLLONIDES in the West came home with tremendous booty from his despoiled enemies. To a priest who was crying at his back, because he carried as plunder with him twenty of the churchman's animals, he said, accepting the other's oath of ownership: 'Take what are thine and return in peace.' When the priest, consulting profit rather than probity, chose the best in the whole herd, Appollonides, though not unaware of his act, kept silence on account of reverence. And while men were still wondering, lo, another priest ran up and claimed twenty others in like fashion, and departed a liar like the first, with no protest from the now angered king. But when a third appeared, offering to make his oath for only two animals, the king said to him: 'Swear for the twenty like those who have just departed.' But he answered: 'Master, I will not be forsworn.' Then the king, wishing to reward his good faith, added to his two one hundred more, saying: 'The one who preferred to lack many than to swear falsely is worthier of my cattle than those who preferred to swear falsely than to lack.' By my faith, I

think that this was said and done in a manner worthy of the pen of Homer, and that I am unworthy of such a splendid theme.

When this same monarch heard that his kingdom was disturbed by a foreign king, he found out, through his scouts, that the other monarch lived most daintily on costly fare, and that in his whole army nothing but wine was drunk, despite the scarcity of wine in those parts. Then, expecting water to suffice fully for himself and his people, he said: 'The world hath never heard that wine overcame water.' And when, in a long conflict, they drank wine and water, victory fell to water. For the strangers returned to wine at home, when the wine of that land failed.

I have met this king and, from my knowledge, I hate him; but I am unwilling that my hatred should blacken his virtue, nor have I the intention of ever suppressing through envy any one's goodness. The same monarch, when his enemies were surrounded, and were compelled by the danger of hunger to go under the spear (submit), granted them supplies so as to conquer them by his force and not by their failure of food; and he increased the glory of his victory, although he postponed it. The same king, mild and most moderate to his own people, (frequently) brought to subjection foreign peoples, like a hawk which never molesteth any birds very near its own nest, but keepeth off their enemies with peace-making talons, and carrieth away as its prey those farthest distant.

Of the Origin of Earl Godwin, and his Character. III

IN the year of our Lord 1054, Jerusalem was taken by the Saracens and was kept by them forty-five years. Twelve years after Jerusalem had been reduced to slavery by the Saracens, England yielded to the Normans.

Eleven hundred, eighty and seven
Giveth Jerusalem to Saladin's sceptre.

In one thousand, sixty and six
England's limits met the hair of a comet.

In eleven hundredth year, less one,
Was Jerusalem captured and Frank rule begun.

Thirty-three years before the capture of Jerusalem from the Saracens, England was subdued and given to the Normans through the wrath of the Most High. About three years before this overthrow of Jerusalem, Constantinople, which had grown weak from long peace, was seized and held by the innumerable wiles of Andronicus, a not unfit match for Nero in baseness. Thus the two aforesaid conquests were prophetesses and harbingers of the overthrow of Jerusalem. But that posterity may not lack reasons for these events, they must be noted in a short digression.

Edgar, King of the English, very noble in race, character, and kingly sway, had by his first wife Edward, who inherited all his father's traits, but, when Edward's mother died, Edgar had by a second lawful union Ethelred. The mother of the young son, envying Edward the kingdom, first gave him poison, and, when this failed of its effect, had him slain at Shaftesbury by the soldiers of his company. Edgar was then succeeded by Ethelred, whom the English called 'Redeless' ('Unready'), because he never acted. He had, by the sister of the Earl or Duke of Normandy, two sons, Alfred and Edward. In the time of this inglorious Ethelred, the kings of the neighbouring islands were enabled by his folly and sloth to carry away booty from England, and peaceful gifts from Ethelred himself.

At that time a certain man rose to high place in this wise. Ethelred strayed from his companions during a hunt. It was winter, and, wandering alone by night, he came to the home of a keeper

of his cows, where he asked and received hospitality. Then there came forward the energetic son of the keeper, a boy named Godwin, handsomer and better than his ancestry warranted. He drew off the greaves, cleaned them and replaced them; washed the horse, led him out and tended him, cleaned him with the curry-comb and gave him straw and fodder; he arranged all in good order, quickly and neatly. Seemingly the favourite of his father and the ruler of his narrow house, he placed over the fire the fattest of geese and entrusted it to his sister's care. His father ordered one hen to be prepared; he straightway set three upon the fire. His father put a piece of salt pork by the pot-herbs; he at once added three, and, without the knowledge of father and mother, he brought on a pig that had no teeth as yet—that is, a young and untouched sow. He fed the fire, lighted the candles, told stories to prevent tedium; to the king he was a mime, to his mother a flatterer, to his father a stimulus; every want he carefully supplied; he did not lie nor sit nor recline nor stand; he was always in movement; he did not weigh labour, he did not study and strain to be useful, he did not aim at his own promotion, he gave his whole attention to the king and offered the whole of himself to the king. And although he did not know the king, he paid royal reverence in great plenty, he despised himself and was regarded with favour, he neglected himself and was selected, he did not understand himself and was understood, he did not desire or hope, he did not serve covetously nor in artifice, that he might win something thereby; he gave his whole self generously, and he sped with an open heart not for the sake of gain or reward, and he slipped unawares into reward and gain. The king was taken by his work and adopted him as his own, that he might make him the overseer of great works. This is the way (of the world), that, where any one

droppeth with greedy cunning the hook of anxious care, he hooketh not (his fish); and favour raineth unexpectedly from heaven upon simple earnestness. For the king, although in other ways dull, observed, drank in, accepted all things, and, though himself sluggish, approved in him the busy care and the ready service, as many praise what they do not hasten to imitate.

The king took Godwin into his bedchamber, and, in the course of time, raised him above all the nobles of the realm, giving him, with the belt of knighthood, the earldom of Gloucester. He, indeed, roamed through all the harbours of England, both by land and sea, destroying all pirates; and England became, through his efforts, the fear of all neighbouring lands, she who had been their prey and plunder. She rested and recovered her breath. The earl himself, impatient of peace and quiet, glowing to his heart's core with the love of war, engaged in so many distant battles beyond the sea that he gained among Saracens as well as Christians a most famous name, and everywhere incomparable reputation. Full of joy, therefore, was the realm on his return. The genial heart, the witty head, the open hand, whatever men might justly expect from any noble or king's son, were fully and gaily revealed to all by the son of the cowherd. And what made all this more wonderful was its unexpectedness. For who would believe a rustic to be free from all boorishness and redolent with such a sweet savour of gentleness? I say not that he was a good man, but a man of large capability of good and of evil. Goodness is the daughter of generosity (of soul), and wisdom maketh even the base attain her height, but capability is both of good and of evil. Goodness doth nothing except good, capability doth both. I call not this man good, for I know that he was base, but capable, for he was strong in action, bold in dangers, rushing

upon opportunity, an invincible doer of deeds, a swift solver of doubts, a valiant champion both of right and wrong. Therefore, by these lofty traits of character, this earl, who was of a good and comely aspect, concealed the shameful things which were his by the right of birth, and he suppressed the inborn militancy of malice with a worthy strength; for not without a brave struggle doth a man tower over other men if he is at odds with nature. But he lifted himself high: his eager desire—which was here very close to virtue's side—aided him to climb, and his covetousness crept in to the aid of liberality, for he strove to turn things to his gain in every way that he might in all ways abound in giving, and he was not ashamed to snatch what he could get for the asking, since liberality ought not to exceed the measure of one's faculty, nor is it fame to give what fraud hath gained. Since he was incomparably the foremost of all, and since a man strong for both good and evil could easily get anything from a rich and indolent master, he gained from his lord the king an earldom and a grant of money, and in every place (he got) from him and from others whatever he pleased.

Berkeley near Severn, a village of five hundred pounds' rent, was the property of resident nuns, whose abbess was beautiful and of noble blood. Now the man of whom we have been speaking, after examining all things with subtle craftiness, desired not the abbess herself but her property; so, in passing on a journey, he left with her until his return his nephew, a youth of splendid presence, on the plea that he was sick, and he instructed the supposedly sick man not to get thoroughly well until he had made the visitors (to his bedside), the abbess and whatever nuns he was able, bear an unwonted weight. And that the boy might win from these the favour of visits, he gave him rings

and belts and deer-skins, dappled with gems, to lavish upon them with intent to deceive. So he gladly entered a way of pleasure thus freely open, and, because 'the descent to Avernus is easy,' he learned easily and he was wisely unwise in that which smacked of his own wise. The youth possessed all things that were desired by 'the foolish virgins,' beauty, a wealth of dainties, charm; and the devil took pains to give each her opportunity. He therefore drove out Pallas and introduced Venus, and made the holy church of the Saviour and his saints an accursed pantheon, and the temple a brothel; and so he converted the lambs into she-wolves. When the bellies of the abbess and of many nuns began to swell, the conqueror on fields of pleasure, now languishing and overcome, took his flight and straightway told his lord of his conquering eagles that so well deserved the reward of iniquity. The earl lost no time in going to the king, and in reporting that the abbess and her nuns were openly pregnant and were prostitutes to all men; and he confirmed all this by spies who were sent and quartered there. Having evicted the nuns, he asked for Berkeley and received it from his lord—or rather from his fool.

He saw Bosham under Chichester and took a fancy to it. In the company of a great number of men of rank, he said, amid laughter and jest, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the town then belonged, 'My lord, wilt thou give me Bosham?' The Archbishop, in amazement, said as if repeating the question: 'I give thee Bosham!' But he straightway fell with his band of soldiers at the prelate's feet, just as if he had procured it, and, kissing them with a large semblance of thanks, withdrew to Bosham. He retained the town by forceful occupation; and, with the supporting testimony of his men, praised the Archbishop in the presence of the king as the giver, and thus

possessed it in peace. From these things thou mayest know the spirit of this man who was a pest in gaining that he might be profuse in giving. He was a hunter of all gain from all men that he might have enough for all distributions. He was the fear and hope of all, the grief and joy.

Of Cnut, King of the Danes. IV

AT that time the richest and readiest of all kings was Cnut, King of the Danes. He was called to the throne by the nobles of England and summoned by many letters. Since the English were not unwilling but inviting and welcomed him with joy, he slipped with a mighty army into Danesia (Dengey), as it is called by the Danes until this day. Scornful oppression brought this to pass, for it is the fashion of kings that their cruelty is in exact proportion to their cowardice. In such monstrous fashion, Ethelred, because he was most cowardly and feared all men, laid snares for all, and suppressed the best men, not all at once, but one by one, and reduced liberty to slavery, and vice versa. He offered the necks of nobles to the heels of slaves, since he was an overthrower of law, a proclaimer of wrong, a sower of cruelty, fuel of harshness, never the avenger of injuries nor the rewarder of well-doing. He loved no one whom his (royal) anger could not convict of servitude, or treachery, or some crime. He fulfilled in his own person what hath been said: 'An unjust king hath all his ministers unjust.' Who was called kind, mild, or merciful 'did not tarry in his sight.' 'The haughty eye and insatiable heart' of the slave ministered to his pleasure. His joy was in the complaints and tears of his nobles. He wedded well-born girls to peasants, and compelled sons of the loftiest families to condescend to the daughters of slaves. He loved

in his followers hearts like his own, and he armed them for all the refinements of cruelty. As many tyrants under him, so many kings! True in threats, false in promises, he was everywhere the hammer of the whole knighthood. His nobles put up with him, in the beginning of his reign, that they might not seem to fall away from their traditions, but later those whom he had forcibly made degenerates from the nobility sold him to a foreign people. With the slaves whom he had chosen and at whose nod he raged against freemen, he was in his bedchamber at Westminster when the rumour of the coming of Cnut resounded in his ears. When he had fled in a boat he died of fear at London town in the midst of slaves; and, abandoned by them, was borne by the force of the river 'whither Numa went before and Ancus.'

Although my spirit naturally hateth slaves, I am pleased with this trait of theirs, that they show not only in the end but on all occasions how much they are to be loved. There is an English proverb about slaves: 'Haue hund to godsib ant steng in thin oder hond,' which is 'Take a dog as companion and a stick in thine other hand.'

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Cnut arrived, and was immediately welcomed by those at London who had bidden him come. He invaded the neighbouring counties, and took as hostage Emma, the sister of the Duke of Normandy, the newly-made widow of Ethelred. But he was able by no inquiry to discover their children, Alfred and Edward, for a certain knight, in accord with the will of the Highest, had snatched them away from the tumult and the whirlwind. Placing them secretly in a boat, he pushed them out upon the sea, and entrusted them to divine wisdom after he had decorated them with tokens of royalty, and had put with them a brief relation of their identity and relationship. On the second day, they were found

drifting by merchants of Pannonia and were ransomed by the King of Hungary, and sent back to the duke, their uncle.

But what was Godwin doing at this time? Levying a large and strong band of soldiers, he summoned to his aid Edmund, son of Ethelred. They met Cnut hastening against them at Deerhurst in the vale of Gloucester above the Severn. The ranks and phalanxes of the armies were arranged for battle—the superiority in numbers being with Cnut, who had led the half of England along with the Danes. But the Danes feared their worthy and angry adversaries, and also the unworthy cause which only their covetousness defended. They brought Cnut to the opinion that the death not of a whole army but of one man should be the aim and end, by substituting a duel for a battle, and that the victorious champion should win for his lord the kingdom, all the rest departing in peace. The decision pleased both sides, and Edmund thought it best to take the risk himself, and did not permit a champion to enter the lists in his stead. Cnut, when informed of this, decided to contend in his own person, so that there should be no unworthy inequality but a well-matched and becoming meeting of kings. When all which such a matter demanded had been done with due solemnity, truce declared, the champions armed, they came together in two boats from different directions to an island of the Severn, equipped with such proved and precious arms and horses as prestige and protection prescribed. We cannot linger upon their haps and hurts after the crash of their meeting, from which we must pass to other things. (Men could see) by the long silence on either side during the changing fortunes of the contest, what sad fears and joyful hopes were distressing the two hosts which stood stockstill and agape. It hath not been forgotten that, when the

champions' horses were slain, they fought on foot. Cnut, tall and lean and long of arm, wore out Edmund, who was large and rather fat, with such a strong and vicious assault that, during a pause for rest, Edmund stood with much gasping and frequent drawing of breath. Then his rival said —and he was heard by those around—' O Edmund, thy breath is too short.' His opponent, blushing modestly, held his peace; but in the very next assault he bore down upon Cnut's helm with so great a blow that the Dane fell upon his hands and knees to the earth. Leaping back, Edmund did not attack him prostrate nor hinder him in his distress, but as revenge gave back word for word, saying: ' Not too short of breath is he who casteth down at his feet so great a king.' When the Danes saw that, in a conflict of so serious an outcome, Edmund held his hand from their lord, and that, in so ready a victory, he forbore to conquer, they brought the two, by many prayers and tears, to a treaty of this tenor, that during their whole lives the kingdom should be equally divided between them, and that, after the death of one, his survivor should succeed to it all. They became, then, brothers and friends, and were bound together by the firmest faith, so that neither the devil, the sower of seed of wrath, nor his accomplices, the odious razors of accusing and flattering tongues, could dissolve their treaty or their friendship.

It happened that Edmund died first, in this manner. Some kings follow the custom of granting the secrets of their chamber or bed to slaves and of confidently entrusting to them their own free heads; and so it came about that Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the son of Henry the First, a man of great wisdom and much culture, although, as is oft the case, wanton, held frequent converse with a man prone to the same fault, Stephen de Beauchamp, thus seeming to despise all good knights.

In the crucial moment of a fight, when the trumpet was shrilling and helmets were being tightened on either side and spears were raised for the charge and shields placed before breasts, the reins of horses drawn, Robert was hastily seeking from good men aid and counsel, passing by Stephen as useless. But one of the good men said to him: 'Call Stephen.' The earl, turning, reddened at the taunt and said to all whom he had called into counsel: 'Pity me, nor be too inexorable to forgive me after a (frank) confession. I am a man of large desires. When my lady Venus calleth me, I call her servant Stephen, who is a very ready minister in this matter; but when Mars, I consult you, his scholars. Because my ear almost always hearkeneth to him, the mouth speaketh (to him), and hence the truth is borne to you that I voluntarily serve Venus, but under compulsion I serve Mars.' With laughter, all granted forgiveness and offered their aid.

Hence it is, I suppose, that some kings drive away their freemen and entrust their secrets to slaves, because they wish to serve the vices, and they flee the freedom of the virtues; indeed, as is commonly said, like seeketh like. Edmund sought one with traits like his own, in pleasure, or rather in vices; and he subjected the freemen of his court to a man of servile and base condition. This fellow, after acquiring large and unlooked-for wealth, unsuited to his low estate, was finally attracted by a little villa, belonging to the crown, Minsterworth upon Severn, three miles from Gloucester. He asked for this, and, in the reply of the king, he heard not refusal but delay. He then gathered his wrath, rapidly and rabidly, and he whom the unjust favour of his lord had driven foolishly not to pride but to madness, 'now meditated in his bed mischief,' which a slighted person of free estate could not conceive even in return

for infinite injuries. The hearts of noble men are enclosed in brazen walls which neither envy, nor ambition, nor the acid of iniquity breaketh down; wherefore they seldom seem ungrateful for kindnesses, although they may find patience under injuries. But of servile souls there are either no hedges or else they are pulled down; to thefts and pillagings, and the other daughters of injustice, they lie ever open. They scorn to weigh honour and dishonour, content as they are with that basest of verses :—

'Jupiter decreed that whatever is pleasing is pious.'

This is the Devil's evangel, from Evan, *v* consonant, which is rage (whence Bacchus is called Evan), not the euuangel of Lord Jesus, reading two u's, from *eu*, which is 'good,' because it teacheth abstinence from evils and insistence upon good things.

This slave, nursing his freshly-born hatred and running over his memory of kings, whom he gauged by the worst, at length drew the conclusion that the survivor of the dead would become his heir. He seemed, in his fancy, to make by his aid Cnut the survivor, and he judged the king to be of his own (base) mind, indeed so like himself that he would set aside all honour and all regard for God in his desire to unite the whole kingdom under his rule. The slave concluded that, without difficulty or delay, he would receive, as the reward of his baseness, that which his lord had delayed to give.

This was the way of it. Cnut was holding London and the regions beyond Icknield, Edmund the rest. From here it chanced that Edmund came to that well-favoured Minsterworth, of which, thanks be to God, I now possess the chapel by right of the mother church of Westbury. The slave, beholding its rich holdings and delights, flamed up in passion for it, and, devil's servant that he was,

he put, for his master's benefit, in the opening of the latrine a long sharp spit. On his master's coming, the slave walked before him with the light of many candles and he turned some of them so that Edmund unawares fell upon the spit; aye, he fell upon it and was pierced with a deadly wound. He had himself borne thence, and at Ross, the king's village, which he had granted to Hereford Church and which it still possesseth, he died. In haste the slave betook himself to Cnut and said: 'Hail, king complete, thou who yesterday wert but demi-king; and mayest thou reward the author of thy completeness by whose hand the enemy hath been removed, completely uprooted from the earth.' Then the king, albeit deeply sad, with calm countenance replied: 'Dear God, what man hath proved such a friend to me, that I may make him "exalted above his fellows"?' 'I,' quoth the slave. Thereupon the king had him raised aloft and hung on the highest oak after the due and well-deserved end of slaves.

Cnut, therefore, remained as sole monarch for several seasons, and the Danes covered all the provinces everywhere. Since they were stronger than the English, they forced them to the meanest slavery, even using wrongfully their wives and daughters and granddaughters. This matter Godwin laid before Cnut with many tears, but his plea availed naught for the deliverance of his people, and, out of loyalty to his own, he became the disloyal and bitter enemy of the King of the Danes; he withstood manfully the king's power (in many meetings even, they say that he proved the stronger), ever seeking peace and freedom for the English. When, however, Cnut found that Godwin was unconquerable in battle, he gave ear to his prayers, in order that he might win by wile in time of peace what he could not win by might or art of arms; they became friends to all appearances, and

freedom was restored to England. Often the Danes had made treaties in a fashion similar to this and had broken them, falling back more cruelly than their wont into their former lawlessness. For a long time, however, this peace continued while Cnut was laying snares for Godwin. By frequent gifts and pretences of friendship, he won from him both trust and affection. When the king had fully marked this fact, he summoned Godwin, and, after many a sigh and repeated groans, he said, 'In the matter of thy pardon of me I rest secure since I, for my part, have pardoned in thee all that thy part in our quarrels seemeth to have deserved; "seemeth," I say, and not "have deserved," because, whereas I was the unjust persecutor of thee and thine, thy defence of them was ever praiseworthy and just. If, however, any anxiety or cloud from any fault still saddeneth thy heart, it will be my pleasure to reassure thee in whatever way thy censure may elect.' The earl was mollified by these words, deceitful though they were; his mind was somewhat at ease, and he forgave him all the wrongs of which he had formerly been guilty. But Cnut, in order to ensnare him with greater cunning, thus made answer: 'My Lord Earl, thou hast gladdened my heart, so that my pleasure is to entrust to thee the stewardship of both kingdoms. In the first place, I wish thee to visit Denmark, there to make such arrangements and corrections as thou wilt see fit. My only sister, most beautiful of damsels and most loyal, is ruling there in my stead, and she will receive my order from thy hand bidding her summon to meet thee all the nobles of the kingdom; a second letter thou shalt deliver to them, that they may be subject unto thee with all reverence as to me.' The earl assented, and, taking the letters and the royal writ, he came in haste to the harbour whence he had to set sail. On the advice of Brand, his

chaplain, whom he knew to be a most skilful craftsman in cunning tricks, he opened the seals of both letters in order to assure himself of the falsity of the king or of his good faith, very rightly fearing 'the Danes, even when bearing gifts.' In the first letter he found the order that all the Danes should meet him; in the second these words: 'Be it known to all my friends among the Danes, justly most devoted to me because most loyal, that Earl Godwin, to whom ye have come in obedience to the summons in my letter, hath wrested from me, employing both trickery and force, the rule of Denmark for a space of three years, promising that he would be a most loyal steward for the increase of my revenues, for the success of all our affairs, and for your defence—indeed, a better steward than was Joseph in Egypt. In like manner the wolf showed himself as a dog to the foolish shepherd, that, by dispelling his fears of attack from without, he might win his confidence and alone and unhindered fall upon his prey. His desire is to avenge the disgrace of the people of England and to gloat in your blood. I was conscious of his trick and consented to his request, although I pretended to be blind, that your hands might visit upon the plotter of death the death he devised, and his cunning know that by your knowledge it hath been overcome. For, as long as he surviveth, I am not sole monarch of England and of Denmark.' Godwin ordered this letter to be altered, and, acting courageously in the face of the prayers of his attendants, who out of fear urged him to return, he thus rewrote the king's command: 'Cnut, King of the Danes and of the English, to the Danes, sole lovers of his success, because in all times of peace and of war they have served him with loyalty and courage. It becometh you to know that safely and unharmed I rule as monarch of all England, a consummation pleasing, I trust, to

God who guideth me as He guided Jacob whom He loved. To Him I give thanks and to your prayers; to the bearer, indeed, of these presents, the Earl of York and Lord of Lincoln, Nottingham, Leicester, Chester, Huntingdon, Northampton, Gloucester, and of Hereford, which hath long stood out against us, we are more duly beholden than to any other living person; for his hand hath brought about peace, his courage and wisdom have restored calm to my turbulent realm. To him, as to a most loyal follower, I have entrusted the care and oversight of all Denmark, and have given him my sister for a wife, and to his authority I wish you to submit yourselves without resistance. Farewell.'

Concerning Henry I., King of the English, and Louis, King of the French. v

HENRY, King of England, the father of the mother of this Henry who is now king, a far-seeing man and a lover of peace, in a battle near Gisors defeated Louis the Fat, King of the French, and his proud army and forced him to flee. Having won this victory, he returned to England and pacified it, for although it had been won by his father, William the Bastard, neither he nor his son and successor, William Rufus, had brought it to peace, since the old inhabitants did not by any means submit tamely to their exile and were hostile to the new-comers, and throughout the whole kingdom there had been the most serious rebellion. But this Henry of whom I speak, by intermarriages among their families, and by every other possible means, joined the two peoples into a strong and harmonious union, and for a long time enjoyed a successful rule over England, Wales, Normandy, and Brittany, to the glory of God and to the great prosperity and

unfailing joy of his subjects. He also completed the monastery of Cluny from the foundations which Alfonso, King of the Spaniards, had laid at his own expense. After building them just above the surface of the ground the Spaniard had, because of his avarice, withdrawn from the undertaking. Although this work was on a huge scale and very beautiful, shortly after the finishing stroke had been given to it, it fell into complete ruin. When the monks of Cluny in their fear had announced this catastrophe and were blaming the workmen, the king excused them, saying that it had happened by the hand of God, in order that His structures might not rest upon the foundations laid by a foreign king who had been overcome by his avarice. He thereupon sent his leading workmen and had them cast out of the ground whatever Alfonso had cast into it, and he completely rebuilt a structure of wonderful magnificence and gave yearly a hundred pounds sterling to the monks in perpetuity to keep the structure free from injury.

Since he observed the mean between avarice and extravagance in such a way that it was impossible for him to approach nearer to extravagance without sin, he stood happily in the midst of his great abundance, and flourished amid the prosperous condition of persons and of things throughout his whole kingdom. There were prescribed for his household and for his retinue usages which he himself had laid down: for his household, that it was ever to abound in all sorts of supplies and have very definite offices, carefully foreseen and generally understood, both at home and on journeys, and that, whenever there came thither those individuals who are called the chief barons of the land, they should have stated allowances from the generous allotment of the king; for his retinue, that no one was to be in want but each to receive definite gifts. And it is said that, as far as this world alloweth,

his court was without care, his palace without riot or confusion, a condition which is rare. Moreover, if we may believe our fathers, we can say that his was the age of Saturn, ours of Jove. There gathered at his court, so they say, people from everywhere, not only our countrymen, that they might be relieved from their worry, but foreigners also came, and there they came upon a great assembly of merchants and of merchandise. For with the king, whithersoever he moved his camp, there was, so to speak, continuous market-day, since his journeyings were well known and his halting-places widely proclaimed. The ripe in years or wisdom were always before lunch in the court with the king, and, by the cry of the herald, there were summoned to them those who desired a hearing in regard to business; after midday and the siesta those were admitted who sought amusement. Hence this king's court was a school of virtue and wisdom all the morning, of courtesy and decorous mirth all the afternoon.

Who, moreover, could allow to pass unnoticed the light jestings of this witty and genial man, not so much emperor or king as the father of England, even though we cannot do justice to the important ones? Following his wont, his Chamberlain, Payens Fitz-John, used to prepare every night a pint of wine, ostensibly to relieve the king's thirst. Once or twice or (perhaps) never in the year would he call for it; hence Payens and the pages would often without fear drink up all the wine at the beginning of the night. It fell out that the king late one night looked for his wine, and none was at hand. Payens got up, called the pages, but found nothing. The king caught them hunting for the wine and finding none. He therefore called the trembling and frightened Payens to him and said: 'What 's this? Have ye not always wine with you?' The other in great fright

replied, 'Yea, my lord, every night we prepare a pint but, because you are never thirsty and never call for the wine, we often drink it either late or after you have fallen asleep, and we ask pardon from your mercy, since we have confessed the truth.' Thereupon the king asked: 'Was it thy habit to take only one pint for the night?' 'Yea,' replied Payens. 'That was very little for the two of us; hereafter take two from the cup-bearer, one for thyself, the other for me.' Thus Payens' natural fear was allayed and the king's anger softened by his true confession. And it was characteristic both of the king's geniality and of his generosity to dispense, instead of fault-findings and anger, joy and gain. Such a king would be worthy of a better style and a much longer discourse, but he belongeth to these times and no halo of antiquity is cast about him.

The King of France, the aforesaid Louis the Fat, was a man great in body and not less in deeds and intellect. Louis, the son of Charlemagne, suffered the loss of nearly all the nobles of France and the entire body of French soldiers at Evore, owing to the foolish pride of Raoul de Cambrai, his grandson. From that day, with great difficulty, he maintained his rule over the French until the coming of Gurmund together with Ysembard, against whom, with the remainder of the French, he waged battle at Ponthieu. He defeated them but returned with a very few of his retinue, having slain in the battle the larger part of his enemies. He died but a short time after his return, his death hastened both by a wound and by the hardships of the aforesaid battle, and all France mourned and wept. After that Louis' death, 'the sword did not depart' out of France until the Lord took pity and sent this Louis. Since he, however, had not yet attained his majority, he was not allowed to go outside the gates of Paris

beyond the third milestone without the permission or the escort of the leading nobles, but there was no one of these who either respected or feared his rule. His high spirit, therefore, took offence at this, nor did it suffer itself to be constrained within narrow bounds. The Lord ' awoke him as one out of sleep,' and gave to him the arbitrament of war, and the frequent favour of victory, and crowned his efforts with the complete unification and pacification of all France.

Louis was succeeded by his son, most Christian and most gentle of men, and the peace which his father's arms had won he maintained, by God's grace, all the days of his life, trusting unhesitatingly in the Lord who never ' leaveth desolate him who putteth his trust in Him.' The things I have seen or know, of these I speak. Although he was a man of such kind-heartedness and of such unaffected gentleness, so affable to any poor man whom he met and to his own subjects as well as to others, that he might possibly seem weak-minded, yet he was the strictest judge, and his decrees he enforced even though with tears, unyielding to the proud and to the mild not unequal.

There happened, as I have heard from many great men, a certain event so remarkable that there is no wonder that it appeared beyond belief. There was a man on the borders of Gaul, a powerful marquis, but exceeding cruel, who subjected both neighbours and strangers to the severest injuries; he hurried foreigners off to prison and there put them to the torture until they died, or else robbed them and sent them forth half-dead. Although he was not inferior in treacherous wiles to Catiline or in his wickedness to Nero, he had a wife superior in birth, beauty, character, to all living women far and near. Since her evil husband's tyranny horrified her, she so set the love of Christ

over against his dreadful deeds that she did not fear, whenever opportunity offered, to loose the bound, to lead forth the prisoners, to send forth all into freedom, laden with whatever gifts she could command, nor was she happy unless she sent them forth happy. In the face of all her husband's cruelty she shed tears, and in her grief had, through Christ's love, such compassion upon the wretched that, whatever was given her, no matter how obtained, whether from the spoils of the tyrant or from the rightful possessions of tenants, she bestowed all of it upon the despoiled and others who were in need. Whence it happened that, whithersoever her husband's cruelty and ill repute were directed, thither these were attended by his wife's uprightness and good repute, which shone forth the more brightly, the more her brightness glowed amid the dark deeds of her husband. This tyrant, since neither the advice of his good wife nor the chidings of the most pious Louis availed to repress his evil, was arrested by the king, and, upon his confession, was judged guilty and led out to be hanged. And now that good woman of whom I have spoken, his wife, although she was with child and her hour near at hand, disdaining all danger as well to her fertile womb as to the unborn offspring, cast herself at the feet of the pious judge; with tearful cries she besought him, and, by respect for her goodness, she implored him, and he, a judge whom spears (armed men) moved not nor gold corrupted, was overcome by her tears of grief. And all the more conspicuous was this wifely pleader, because, although soon to be free, soon to be loosed from her bonds to a baneful tyrant, she was willing, because of her loyalty to her marriage bed, to be bound again. And although she would be made happy by her release and her seclusion, it was not the loss of her freedom, not the wearisomeness of her slavery, not the burden

of her punishment, which weighed upon her mind, neither did she shrink from the prospect of being 'chastised with the former scorpions' and of falling again beneath the scourges, but completely did she embrace the complete hardship of her harassed loyalty. Her evil husband was led back, therefore, from the scaffold in bonds to the palace, and, in order that his wickedness might not seem entirely without reproof or punishment, the king ordered his right ear to be cut off. In this connection occurred what seemeth a noteworthy prodigy: within four days there was born to the tyrant from his liberator a son lacking his right ear. Less of a marvel would it be had he been conceived after the amputation of his father's ear, but the fact that he was already alive and completely formed in the womb and afterwards came into the world thus mutilated is a sign of the highest mercy.

This was one of the merciful deeds of Louis; the second, which I now relate, is as follows. Galeran was a soldier from Effria, an untutored man, yet of most pleasing wit, well known to the king and dear to him. The king had three ministers who were in charge of all France—Walter, the Chamberlain, Buchard, the Molossian (dog), called in French 'veautre' (hound), William de Gurney, Provost of Paris. Walter garnered nearly all the incomes of France at will; Buchard, who was under him, considerable; William some; Louis, because of his simple nature, those which they allowed him. Galeran, seeing this and knowing the extent of the evil, was indignant that the treasury, owing to the power of subordinates, was suffering great losses, and wrote a song in the French tongue with these words:—

'Gauter vendenge et Buchard grape
Et Willelmus de Gurney hape;
Lowis prent que que lur escape.'

When this song was made public, the three realized that their thefts were uncovered, their collusion bared; they were indignant, therefore, and armed themselves for revenge; whatever harmful measures they could command, they employed against Galeran; they laid plots and reported him as an offender to the king, and, since they often tried to persuade Louis, they finally swayed him from his love. At length a certain lady of high birth and great wealth, but of uncertain reputation, giving free rein to her bitter rancour and exceeding pride, accused Galeran, as he stood near the king, of having sung filthy songs about her and the monarch. The king was offended by this and said, 'Galeran, the insults to me I can bear patiently, but those to my cousin here it becometh me not to pass over, since she is of my own blood and a member of my own (family).' Galeran replied, 'In this member, then, you are diseased,' or, as the French more wittily hath it, 'De cest membre es tu magrinez.' The king, even in the face of this remark, retained his dignity; the others burst into laughter, but the lady, indignant at the jest upon her, replied, 'Lord King, leave his chastisement in my hands in order that I may do my will upon him. I know what sort of a punishment should be visited upon mimes; I shall seek out three harlots, by whose lash he shall be chastised after his own fashion.' At this, Galeran remarked, 'Lady, your trouble will be small, for you need only two more.' Thereupon with tears she besought the king to avenge these insults; and the three men whom he had offended added their complaints and succeeded in sending the poor fellow into exile. Galeran, therefore, took refuge at the court of our master, the King of England, I mean, and was kindly received. Walter, in the meanwhile, cast down his houses, destroyed his vineyards, uprooted his shrubs, pillaged his

crops, laid waste to everything. Moreover our lord (Henry), although he, twice by letters, thrice by word of mouth, besought lord Louis, was not successful in his pleas to have him restored. Galeran, therefore, seeing that restoration could not be obtained by any intercession, and knowing that Louis was a most pious man, sought to make his piety an aid in his behalf. When the two kings were holding a parley in the middle of a large field surrounded by a great crowd of troops—our king was privy to the scheme—up came Galeran, mounted on a small, black horse, thin and ugly; he was dressed in cheap clothing, with garments in tatters from long use, unkempt and unwashed, his spurs hanging loosely from his ankles, his shoes heavy and full of holes, in all respects like the meanest sort of a man. Desiring to be seen, he appeared in the sight of Louis and our king, but he was driven thence by rods, as was the wont with beggars, and rode off. The two kings stood alone in the circle, continuing their parley and discussing the peace of their kingdoms. But Louis, having marked the appearance of Galeran, was fearful that this which was wrought by a clever ruse was being done without pretence from the virtue of necessity. He was filled with dismay, then, that he had gone so far as to fail in his kingly allegiance to the King of heaven, and he hastened to be reconciled with heaven, heeding not the matter of peace on earth. Our king waited patiently, knowing what was going on; but Louis went to his attendants and summoned Walter to one side, and said: 'I chose thee from among the people and made thee leader, hoping that thou wouldst prove a wise and faithful steward of the whole kingdom; my ears I always opened to thee, desiring that thou wouldst instil into them the honey of thy wisdom for the peace of my people and for my own safety. But thou hast

poured poison into them, advising me to sin against my Lord and against my brother Galeran. He should have been corrected by a word for his sin in words, not flogged and banished. Alas, how merciless I have found myself now, when I see how miserable I, owing to thee, have made him! He hath departed by that road; follow him swiftly and bid him return.' Walter, full of fear, hurried into the crowd; he found him, brought him back and completely restored him, and, lest he make further complaint, he gave to him more than he had taken away. And, when Galeran was expressing his thanks for his complete restoration, the king, with very contrite and humble prayer, won from him pardon for himself.

It was my good fortune to be spending some time in Paris with Louis, and he was discussing with me among other subjects the riches of kings. He said: 'Just as the resources of kings are diverse, so they differ distinctly in kind. Precious stones, lions, leopards, and elephants constitute the riches of the King of the Indies; gold and silken garments do the Emperor at Byzantium and the King of Sicily boast; but men they have not who know anything else than talk, for in things pertaining to war they are fools. The Roman Emperor, who is called Emperor of the Germans, hath men fit for arms and war-horses, not gold, not silk, nor any other luxury; for Charlemagne, when he had conquered that land from the Saracens, gave all things, except bulwarks and castles, for Christ's sake to archbishops and bishops, whom he appointed throughout the destroyed cities. Thy master, however, the King of England, to whom nothing is lacking, possesseth men, horses, gold, and silk, gems, fruits, wild beasts, and all things else. We in France have nothing except bread and wine and joy.' This remark I duly noted, because it was wittily and truthfully spoken.

About this time when, in obedience to the command of the King of England, I was on my way to attend a council at Rome presided over by the Pope, Alexander the Third, I was received under the hospitable roof of the Count of Champagne, Henry, the son of Theobald, of all men the most generous, so much so, indeed, that to the eyes of many he seemed prodigal, for 'he gave to every man that asked of him.' During our conversation he was praising Reginand de Mouzon, his nephew, in all things except that he was extravagantly generous. I, knowing that the Count himself was so generous that he seemed prodigal, smiled, and asked him whether he himself knew the bounds of generosity. He answered, 'Where one lacketh that which he can give, there lieth the bound; for it is not generosity basely to seek, in order to be able to give something.' In my judgment this surely was well said, for if you seek with difficulty something to give, you are greedy in order to be generous.

This Louis of whom I have spoken and his father displayed much wisdom in their deeds, much simple-mindedness in their words. He had such reverence for God that, whenever some case arose which affected his future and that of the Church, he guided himself, like any one of the canons, by the decision of the chapter, and appealed from any injury or loss.

It was a custom of his, whenever he felt sleep stealing upon him, to take his rest on the spot or near by. As he was sleeping near a grove in the shade, attended by only two soldiers—the rest were off hunting—there came upon him Count Theobald, whose sister he had married. The Count reproved him for thus sleeping alone, saying that it did not become a king. He answered, 'I sleep free from danger, although alone, because no one wisheth me ill.' A simple answer and the remark

of one of clear conscience. What other king presumeth this of himself?

He showed such kindly favour to the clergy that, from all the ends of Christendom, clerics came together under him at Paris; and, 'beneath the shadow of his wings,' they were both cherished and protected, and have continued in the schools even up to this day. While I, therefore, along with the rest, was spending some time in the schools there, the richest Jew of all in France rushed upon a procession of priests during the Rogations (Gang-days), dragged forth a priest, and cast him into the bilge of his house, because he had injured his son with a stone. When this became known to the Christian king, he gave orders that the Jew should be cast upon the pyre. Of no avail in his case were either the prayers of all France or all the thousands of talents of the Jewish people. The king replied to their prayers and tears, 'I wish the Jews to know that dogs must be kept from the processions of the Christians.'

These matters, it may be, are frivolous and unsuited for a large page, but they are very well suited for my small scrolls, and in my eyes, at least, they seem greater than my pen. While I was in Paris, there arose between clerks and laymen in the court of the king a quarrel, which soon grew into an open feud. The laymen got the upper hand, and they handled roughly a great many of the clerks with fists and clubs; then, fearful of the king's justice, they fled to their hiding-places. The king, nevertheless, 'heard the cry of the poor' and came, and came upon the poorest of them, a mere youth, in a black cloak with the blood flowing from his broken crown. He asked the youth who was responsible; the youth pointed out to him the chief of the chamberlains of the queen (Louis had recently married the daughter of the King of Spain). This man, in the pride and

assumption of special dignity, neither deigned to flee nor, when called to account, to make denial; he merely answered that the youth had insulted him. He was arrested, therefore, by the king's command, bound, and led out to the place of punishment. This reached the ears of the astounded queen; she hastened and ran to the king, and, with hair dishevelled, cast herself down before his feet, the whole multitude of the court with her; and, with loud wailings, they begged for mercy. She based her plea upon the good birth of the man, and his wisdom, and she urged, too, that her father had entrusted him to the guardianship and protection of the king. It was not strange that pity moved Louis to tears. None the less, he was compelled by justice to exact punishment, and he ordered the man's right hand to be cut off, for this had broken the (clerk's) crown.

This same king had ordered that Fontainebleau (the Fountain of Blaad) be marked as sacred and be surrounded by walls, for on this very extensive tract, embracing hills and valleys, springs and groves, he meant to make a mansion for his own delight. He had already constructed buildings, made preserves and walls, moats and aqueducts, when a peasant, who dwelt near, complained that some part of his farm had been occupied by the walls and houses. When this had been brought to the ears of the king, he ordered the houses to be torn down and the walls overthrown, making of such importance an unimportant complaint that by the majority he was accused of folly, instead of receiving the meed of praise due his mercy. Nor was he satisfied until the peasant sought for a far better holding and received one more useful than the one he had sought.

His father, Louis the Fat, when he had conquered France by his sword and had become master of it in free and unshaken possession, made his first-

born son, Philip, king. After he had been anointed and had received the allegiance of all France, he fell from the high standards of his sire and strayed from the paths of conduct travelled by his father, and, by his overweening pride and tyrannical arrogance, made himself a burden to all. It came about, however, under the direction of God, that one day the king, attended by many knights, had guided his horse to that part of Paris known as Grève, and, as he was galloping along on the bank of the Seine, a black pig ran out from a dung-heap and got between the legs of the running horse. Down fell the horse, owing to this obstacle; his rider's neck was broken and he died, but the pig suddenly disappeared into the Seine, and, as it was seen by no man before, so henceforth it never appeared. Thereupon his father, Louis the Fat, nay, God rather, who snatched France from 'the lion's jaws,' appointed the mild and gentle Louis in his stead, as David followed Saul.

This king, Louis the Fat, had been defeated, as I said above, by King Henry of England, and had come to Pontoise. Here, not in the way or with the woe of one conquered but with the exultation of a conqueror, he appeared at table among all his guests. When they expressed surprise and asked him the explanation of his great joy, although there was such real reason for sorrow, he answered: 'I have often, in every part of France, had this present experience, and, by the frequency of my misfortunes, I am hardened and have little fear. But this Henry, King of the English, who hath this day defeated me, who hath enjoyed one success after another, and who hath never yet suffered any rebuff, if he had experienced my present fortune would grieve immoderately and intemperately, and, through the excess of his grief, might be driven to madness or to death, a good king and indispensable to all Christendom. Hence

I reckon his victory my success because otherwise we might have lost him.' Worthy of imitation this reply, and without offence.

This same king, while his nobles were still struggling against him, and had been joined by Theobald, Count of Champagne, first and foremost of his enemies, overcame Theobald in many engagements, and thus, day by day, incurred more bitter hatred. Moreover, support was given the count by the Roman Emperor, who encouraged him to make war and with him the nobles of the kingdom. When it finally became clear that Louis was superior in war, the Roman Emperor sent to him ambassadors who bore this message: 'The Emperor of the Romans ordereth and enjoineth thee—as thou wishest to take joy in the condition of thy kingdom and thine own safety—that within the month thou make peace with Count Theobald, and enter into a treaty with him in accordance with his wish and dignity. If thou dost not, the Emperor will, before the month passeth, lay siege to Paris and to thee within it, if thou with presumptuous daring await his coming.' To this the king replied: 'Tpwrut Aleman!' This reply is considered by all Germans to be most insulting, and, because of a taunt of this sort, many quarrels often arise between them and strangers. Its use on this occasion seems to me to have been the fruit of a fearless heart and well-fortified spirit.

Again, since between the king and Theobald there was not only mortal hatred, that is, hatred to the death, but also immortal, because never ending, no way to peace was discovered by the wise. But God, who, whenever and wherever He willeth, 'scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,' cleverly put a check upon their madness in this way. The king had hidden himself before Chartres in a grove with a large band of armed soldiers, with the purpose of sending forward skirmishers

and having the townspeople, who were hostile, pursue them, and thus fall unexpectedly into his trap. And now Count Theobald, riding along heedless of any precaution for safety, was passing close by the king. He, seeing that the count was given into his hands, and deeming of small account such a success because it had chanced by luck and without his forethought and endeavour, made no move and, by messengers, admonished the count that never would he go his way in safety as long as he had personal enemies, and let him go on unmolested. He who could not be influenced by a conqueror was conquered by the scruple of his enemy and was overcome by his kindness.

Again it happened that the king had come to Blois with a great army. And, when he had prepared machines to attack the walls, knights to assail the defences, and men to fire the villages, he heard that the count was within the city with a few men, and that it was the second day of his blood-letting. On all sides was raised the cry to gird the enemy with a fast siege and cut him off. The king, however, thought otherwise; he withdrew his knights, recalled his incendiaries, dismantled his machines, and made ready to depart. Then especially were those who deem themselves wise filled with anger; they began to say openly that, beyond all measure, was he a bringer of ill-hap to them all, this king who without reason neglected such an opportunity and refused the proffered good fortune, a heedless avenger of their wrongs, a lover of enmity and its supporter, and the heartless rejector of an easy victory. To them he made this mild reply: 'If I have made any mistake, by no means was the mistake due to any of those reasons. Alas, ye know not that the wisest of men since Solomon, old Cato, once said, "Even though thou couldst win, yield sometimes to thy comrade." Would ye wish me to go

contrary to his advice? However, there was still another reason for restraint in this case. I took care certainly that not through act of mine should a great man, in the time of his stress, hear any such unhappy news as could serve him as an excuse for death.' This remark brought jests and jeers from his attendants, although not in his hearing; but the Lord, who seeth into the heart and who bestowed upon him wisdom to act thus, also again bestowed this same wisdom upon him to 'turn all the swords of France into ploughshares,' and by His grace brought all into subjection beneath his sword. For Theobald, hearing of his words of respect and his act of friendship, admired and regarded highly his friendly enemy, and dispatched this letter to him through the agency of loyal messengers: 'To His Majesty, Louis, King of the French and the protector of his safety, Theobald, Count of Champagne, sendeth, in the name of the Lord, greetings. On the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary I will, by God's grace, be with you, ready to obey your command for the future in all things. I have been the author of enmity and I will make recompense to the lover of peace, and to my conqueror I will surrender myself conquered, that for ever there may be peace among us to your great honour and my disgrace. May a long life be given in God's name to a king who loveth peace!' Having learned this, Louis gave thanks to the Most High, and, on the appointed day, Theobald rose from his knees to receive the kiss; henceforth in true affection he loved the king and was deeply loved by him to the unending peace of his generation and his reign. So, according to the word of the Lord, 'Coals of fire he heaped upon the head of his enemy, overturning the wicked and he was not' any more.

But why should I call Theobald wicked, save that he had been one to whom God was late in

giving an unmistakable sign of His pleasure? Surely (if I may digress) not for boasting but for the light of good works did the count tell the following story to Louis, son of the Fat, and until his last day he demanded the suppression of this testimony. In aiding the lepers he took more joy and care than in aiding the other poor, although he was a friend to all. They received kinder treatment because they are the more utterly despised and the more intolerantly abused, and he hoped, therefore, that he would thus render the kinder service to God and be the more acceptable in His eyes. He washed their feet and dried them, and, mindful of the great Magdalene, he, in his great love, performed on the members of the Lord that which she wrought on His body. But in her case there were the fragrance of life and a sweetness which enticed the heart, and flesh free from every stain; in his there were the stench of death and a bitterness that brought corruption, and matter filthy from running sores. He had homes erected for the lepers throughout his own estates, either together in groups or one apart from the other, and to them he furnished food and raiment. One, however, was the especial object of his care, a man living alone in a hut, who, having, in the season of his prosperity, measured up to the demands of upright living and of lineage greatly famed for its purple and fine linen, was, in the hour of his disease, more worthy of both. For in him was the deportment of high birth, so that increase of wealth brought increase of humility and its loss gave strength to his patience. The count, whenever he passed that way, would always visit this man, paying careful heed to his useful wisdom. It chanced one day that, when the count, following his habit, was visiting him, he found him near unto death, and he instructed the one who had charge of the little house how to exercise his care.

After several days he bethought himself of the man and returned to the hut; he found the door closed and knocked in vain, but he then made further delay until he had seen all the lepers who lived farther away. This done, he dismounted and again knocked, and called in a low voice: 'Thy friend, Theobald, beggeth thee, if it can be, to open the door to him.' The man arose and, with kind voice and a happy countenance, came out and received him courteously; and he, who was wont to be discomforted by the stench of running sores, was now comforted by the sweetest odour of ointments. The count was surprised but kept his surprise hidden and asked him whether he had been well tended. He replied, 'Very well,' and begged the count earnestly to recompense the caretaker, because he had shown such devotion to him. Theobald was very happy and went out accompanied by the man's prayerful thanks. Meeting the caretaker, he commended his tireless care of the sick man and assured him that it merited large return. To him the caretaker replied: 'My lord, in obedience to your instruction, I was ceaseless in my care of the living, and the dead I buried as befitted him; if it is your pleasure, let us see his tomb.' The count was amazed, and held his peace concerning what he had seen. After visiting the tomb, he returned to the hut; there he found nothing but the empty house, and he was rejoiced that he had seen Christ. This story our king was told, after the death of Theobald, by King Louis, the son of Louis the Fat.

On the Death of William Rufus, King of England, and the Deeds of Henry II. VI

WILLIAM the Second, King of England, basest of kings, having driven Anselm from the see of Canterbury, was, by God's just sentence,

struck down by the 'flying arrow,' because he had surrendered himself to the demon of midday ('the destruction that wasteth at noon-day'), at whose bidding he had lived; and by his death he relieved the world of a sore, sore burden. Moreover, it should be noted that his end came in the groves of the New Forest, which he had stolen from God and man in order to dedicate it to wild beasts and the sport of dogs, and from which he had uprooted thirty-six mother churches and had driven out the people of the land. His adviser in this piece of sinful folly was Walter Tyrel, a soldier from Achères, near Pontoise in France, and it was he who, not of his own will, but acting under the direction of God, slew him by a wound from an arrow which, passing through a wild beast, found its mark in a beast despised by God. In the early morning of the day on which he was struck by the arrow, the king had a dream which he reported as follows to Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester: 'I was in a most beautiful forest, and, after a long chase of wild beasts, I entered into a magnificent chapel. In this I saw lying naked above the altar a man whose countenance and whole body were so inviting to the sight that they would suffice for food and drink for the entire world. The long finger of his right hand I thereupon ate, an act which he endured with the utmost patience and a calm countenance; I returned immediately then to the hunt, and, on coming back after a time and feeling hungry, I took hold of the hand the finger of which I had eaten before. But he, glorious above all the angels in his beauty, withdrew his hand with sudden violence and looked down upon me in anger; the angelic expression of his countenance changed into one of such intolerable disgust, such inexpressible hate, that from the frowning of such a brow it was possible to presage the fall not of one man only but of the whole world. He spoke to me saying, "Thou shalt not eat of me henceforth."'

Thereupon Gundulph in tears replied: 'The forest is the kingdom of England; the wild beasts are the innocents whom God hath given to thee to protect. Although thou hast by God been appointed His minister, that through thee there may be peace and quiet to His praise and honour, thou, by evil choice, albeit thou art not their master but their slave, dost rend their sustenance, as though apportioned to thee, and dost consume it and waste it utterly. The chapel—what else is that but the Church, into which thou dost wantonly burst, dividing its possessions for thy soldiers' pay certainly, but also for their display? That being fair "beyond the children of men is called the son of the Most Highest," whose finger thou didst eat when that saintly man, Anselm, an important member of the body of the Master, thou didst so devour that no longer is he seen in his office. That thou didst go forth and return a second time hungry signifieth that thou still proposest to rend the Lord in His members even more. That He withdrew His hand violently from thee and changed the expression of His countenance from light to darkness, as it were—the light signifieth that "He is good and ready to forgive and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Him," but thou hast not called upon Him, nay, as far as in thee lay, thou hast stifled Him. Moreover, that about His countenance "the golden light became dim," this thou didst deserve; against thee now He reckoneth it, angry with thee and become terrible, because thou didst unworthily scorn Him while He was merciful. That He said, "Thou shalt not eat" signifieth that already thou art judged, and the power of evil-doing is completely removed from thee. Repent now even though late, because death is at thy gates!' The king believed him not, and, on that same day, in the forest which he stole from God, he was killed by the aforesaid

Walter Tyrel, and by his own men he was stripped down to the skin. He was then placed upon a rough and rude cart by one who knew not who he was, but was moved by pity, a humble peasant, who decided to carry the corpse to Winchester. On arriving there and deriving no knowledge concerning his burden, the body, foul with the mud of the pool in which he had found it as he passed by, he bore out to burial. On the same day, to Peter de Melvis, a man from the neighbourhood of Exeter, there came in haste a certain mean and filthy person carrying a bloodstained weapon, and he said to him, 'This is the weapon which this day pierced your king's heart.'

This king laid hands on many possessions of the Church, casting out by unfair means the prelates thereof; and, being one who held fast to his own and gave freely of another's, he bestowed them upon his soldiers. On the day of his death, the Abbot of Cluny foretold his passing to Anselm, who was living with him in exile.

There was, also, a younger brother of this king in London, Henry, who was anxiously using every effort to gain the throne. He had no one of the bishops to aid him in his attempts, first, because Robert, his elder brother, was fighting at Jerusalem, and, secondly, because Anselm was at that time still in exile, and of him, with good reason, they were afraid. Gerard of Hereford, however, a sorry bishop, having made a bargain with him under oath that the king would give the first vacant archbishopric, crowned him. The people, seeing this, and knowing that Henry was a righteous man and active, approved, together with the nobles who were there at the time, and assented with acclaim, nor was there any one who dissented. Then came the death of Ealdred, Archbishop of York, an illustrious man and a strong opponent of the aforesaid King William, and almost the

only one to save his Church from injury and loss at his hands, although others were ruined by him. Thereupon Gerard came to King Henry and demanded the fulfilment of his bargain. The king, however, repenting of this entrance of the practice of simony, offered so to increase for him the incomes of the see of Hereford as to equal those of the aforesaid archbishopric, and to bestow upon it perpetual freedom such as the see of Durham enjoyeth, in which no minister of the king can have any jurisdiction; in the bishop's hands are all functions and prerogatives. Gerard, however, inspired by the devil, refused this with disdain and was made archbishop, in which office he acted often without mercy and pity. One day at Southwell, after his dinner, as he was reclining on a purple pillow upon a magnificent couch among his clerics, he fell asleep and breathed his last.

King Henry was successful as a ruler, and, although he had made a bad beginning, he surpassed all his predecessors in the tranquillity of his reign and in his wealth and largess throughout all Christendom. Thrice in a year he invested with robes Louis, King of France, and the majority of his own nobles. He had a census taken of all earls and barons of his land, and he allotted to them, upon their arrival at court or during their residence there, certain (definite) gifts with which he honoured them, such as candles, bread, and wine. Whenever he heard of any youth this side of the Alps who was eager for the fame of good leadership, he enrolled him in his household, and to him who had too little income yearly, he allowed, through his agent, a hundred shillings. And whenever it happened that he demanded service of any one, he allotted to him for each day's absence from home a shilling a day.

The following was his method of procedure in his rule. He planned most carefully beforehand,

and made previous announcement of his journeyings and stopping-places, the number of days and the names of the towns, so that any one whosoever would be able to know, without possibility of mistake, the manner of his life month by month. He took no action without forethought and always carried it out with careful thought and never carelessly. He managed all things in a manner befitting a king and with becoming restraint. Whence it resulted that, from lands across the sea, merchants with their wares and luxuries for sale flocked to his court, and likewise from every part of England, so that never elsewhere were there such rich markets as around him, wheresoever he sojourned. His greatest fame, however, lay in the maintenance of peace and in the multitude of those subject to him. There was no one whom he desired to lack the blessings of justice or of peace. Moreover, in order to assure the peace of all, he had made it a rule that on the days of his leisure, whether in some large palace or under the open sky, there should be until the sixth hour free access to him, attended by his counts, barons, and important vassals. The young men of his household did not come into his presence before lunch, nor did the old men after it, unless some, of their own desire, joined him in order to receive instruction or to give it. This sort of wise restraint became known throughout the world, and, in like measure as other courts are avoided, this one was eagerly sought, was famous, and visited by crowds. Checks were put upon tyrants, whether master or man. Fast bound was the hand of greed, which even at that time was the fault of the White Monks (Cistercians) and now is their rule. No one was poor in those days, unless he was a fool. Food and drink were offered more freely than they were accepted. Whosoever made it his purpose to live on another was everywhere received

with such pleasure that he never felt ashamed of his sorry life. Whenever any earl or one of the great nobles was 'sentenced to receive the king's mercy,' so the saying went, he would often receive a hundred shillings, which, however, he was to repay within three years; and, instead of the complaints which formerly arose in connection with the king's court, there was peace to whomsoever came under the guardianship of his mercy. For this reason many committed offences that they might be subject to it and were glad to be detained therein.

King Henry was, moreover, King of England, Duke of Normandy, Count of Brittany, ruler of Le Mans, of Scotland, of Galway, and lord of the whole island of Britain. All these possessions he ruled with authority and at the same time carefully, like as a good father ruleth his own house. From the nunnery at Winchester he received to his bed as his wife a consecrated and a sacred nun, the sister of King David of Scotland, Rome neither complying nor denying but passively permitting the marriage. She bore him a son who, after reaching manhood, was drowned in the waves of Barfleur Bay, and a daughter Matilda, who married Henry, Emperor of the Romans, who died without issue. She was then given by her father to Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, to whom she bore three sons, Henry, Geoffrey, and William, all valiant men. The two younger, however, were soon removed from the scene.

Henry, the first-born of Geoffrey, was two years old when his grandfather, King Henry, died. The king was succeeded on the throne by Stephen, his nephew, the son of his sister and Stephen, Count of Blois. He was a man of great renown in the practice of arms, but for the rest almost an incompetent, except that he was rather inclined to evil. Under him, for almost two years, the king-

dom was in peace, but, in the third year, Robert, the son of King Henry, the Earl of Gloucester, beholding the folly of the king and influenced by the advice and wisdom of Miles, afterward Earl of Hereford, summoned Matilda and her son Henry from Anjou to the throne. They, by the wise policy and activity of Miles, forced King Stephen to make an agreement whereby, having promised the throne to Henry, he was to hold it until his death. Within the third year he died, and, in the Abbey of Faversham, belonging to the Black Monks, which he himself had built, he was buried. He was succeeded by Henry, the son of Matilda, and on him Eleanor, the Queen of France, cast glances of unholy love. She was the wife of that most pious King Louis, but she managed to secure an unlawful divorce and married Henry, and this in spite of the charge secretly made against her that she had shared Louis's bed with Henry's father, Geoffrey. Support for this charge is found in the circumstance that their offspring was cut off 'on the steps of the throne' and came to nothing.

Henry, at the beginning of his reign, was about twenty years old, and for thirty-six years he reigned without defeat and without embarrassment, except for the sorrows which his sons caused him. These, it is said, he did not bear patiently, and he died because of their bitterness. Likewise, he had aroused in most pious Louis strong distrust on account of the aforesaid wrong, and the Lord remembered this and exacted stern requital both from him and his sons, so it is believed.

I witnessed the beginnings of Henry's reign and the years following, in which his life was in many respects worthy of praise. He was somewhat taller than the tallest of moderate height, a man blest with soundness of body and charm of countenance, and one whom people, having looked at

carefully a thousand times, would yet run to look upon. He was a man inferior to none in bodily activity, lacking in no endeavour which another could perform, ignorant of nothing which befitteth a gentleman, well-learned for all the demands of social intercourse and practical affairs, having a knowledge of all the languages which are spoken from the Bay of Biscay to the Jordan, but making use only of Latin and French. In the establishment of laws and in all reforms of government he showed keen discernment and was skilful to discover unusual and secret ways of judgment; he was affable, respectful, and humble; the inconvenience of dust and mud he readily endured; he was harassed by unseasonable complaints and sorely tried by wrongs, yet he bore them in silence. He travelled incessantly and in stages intolerable, like a public carrier, and, in this matter, he showed scant consideration for his retinue. In dogs and birds he was most expert, and exceeding fond of hunting. He passed nights without sleep and was untiring in his activities. Whenever in his dreams passion mocked him with vain shapes, he used to curse his body, because neither toil nor fasting was able to break or weaken it. I, however, ascribe his activities not to his incontinence but to his fear of becoming too fat.

His mother taught him, I have heard, to prolong every case of every man, to hold fast for a long time whatever fell into his hand and thus to reap its advantages, and to keep in suspense those women who were high in hope, confirming this opinion by the following heartless parable, to wit: 'An untamed hawk, when raw flesh is often offered to it, and then withdrawn or hidden from it, becometh more greedy, and is more ready to obey and to remain.' She used to tell him also to be 'free in bed, infrequent in business'; to see that no one's bequest, except of what he had seen or

known, should have validity, and other evil advice of this sort. To her teaching, moreover, we may confidently impute all those traits which rendered him unpleasant.

At the outset of his reign there was put off upon him by a common harlot, who stooped to all uncleanness, a boy whom she had borne to some man of the people. Geoffrey the boy was named, and the king, without reason and with too little discernment, received him as his own and advanced him to such a degree that he is to-day Archbishop of York. His mother's name was Ykenai. He made his the unpleasant habits of his supposed father, to which I have referred, but of the good traits so few that unceasing hath been the unfriendly attitude of his canons toward him and his toward them, because he is full of faults and lacking in character.

Let it be our pleasure now to hear about the mother of our king aforesaid, because she was the daughter of the best of princes and of the blessed Queen Matilda, and the mother of a good king, herself an evil, evil woman in the midst of the good. Her father, Henry, gave her to be the wife of the Emperor of the Romans, who had captured his younger brother, the King of Italy, in battle and had beheaded him with his own hand and, in his greed for the crown, had driven his father from the imperial throne, so that he afterwards lived in poverty and was supported by a community of secular canons of the Empire. To these sins of her aforesaid husband, Matilda added this by her counsels that from all the leaders and nobles of the empire and from bishops and archbishops he required cities and castles, to be held by his own hand, and, whomever he could not win over by reason, he endeavoured to crush by war. There stood out against him only the Duke of Bavaria and Saxony, who led out his lines

against the forces of them all. In the battle which ensued no quarter was given or asked, the carnage continued from early morning on the longest day of the year, about the end of June, to midnight. Many thousands were completely destroyed, and there survived on either side only a few of the cowards and the base. Since, therefore, the few survivors despaired of burying the dead bodies, they were left as food for wolves and dogs and birds, and as decaying carrion, and the stench arising from them made the surrounding country an uninhabited waste.

The Lord, however, touched the heart of this emperor on that day, and by His grace He brought clearly before his eyes the knowledge that it was greed which had driven him to the murder of his brother and to the exile of his father and to the present carnage which was beyond reckoning and would be wept by the whole world. He deeply repented of his misdeeds and 'went forth and wept bitterly.' With the aid of his chamberlain, who was not incautious but wise and faithful, he first feigned sickness and locked his doors; finally his death was announced, and he then in his repentance proscribed himself and went forth to voluntary exile. Moreover, his chamberlain had procured a dead body to take his place and had embalmed it with sweet perfumes, arrayed it in magnificent attire, and had it buried with royal pomp. The emperor, however, went on his way, restless in body, in purpose firmly fixed; but it was impossible to keep secret the benefit (goodness) of such a trick, for it had been good (in intent) and on the face of it the deception was due to righteous motives. In many places there appeared many a one who said that he was the emperor, and maintained that his death had been counterfeited, so that, after the emperor's decease, or rather his decession, this or that pretender was

held in honour; and many were proved to be frauds. However, at Cluny, one was received who was very like the emperor, so it was said, poor in dress, very dark in his speech, so that, as far as the man's person was concerned, neither afforded a possible clue. Moreover the abbot, as is the custom at Cluny, received him honourably. It chanced, however, that the lord prior of Cluny, a German, came there, and him the lord abbot sent to the supposed emperor to see him and to declare if he had ever seen him before. The prior took with him his nephew who had been with the emperor a long time, and, as soon as he saw the man, he said that he was a pretender and a fraud. But the man, quick and ready and assured, gave him a resounding slap and said, 'Aye, thou hast been with me, but thou wert always a traitor, thou wert caught in one of thy traitorous attempts, but thou didst escape, although one of my attendants shot at thee with an arrow which passed through thy right foot, where either the wound or the scar may still be seen. Seize the trickster, men, and ye will see.' Sure enough the scar was there, but the youth replied: 'My master, whom thou dost pretend to be, had a right arm of such remarkable length that, when standing to his full height, he could cover his right knee with his hand.' This the man, arising at once to his feet, did. And, at the sight, he was treated with greater respect for some time, although he was finally found to be a fraud.

But to return to the matter from which I have digressed, namely, to King Henry the Second. The same King Henry was a giver of large and goodly alms, but he gave secretly, lest his left hand might know what his right gave. There was sent to him from Jerusalem the Bishop of Acre to seek his aid against Saladin. When the Kings of the French and the English had met, together

with their nobles, the bishop set forth the object of his mission, asking for a tax in behalf of the land referred to. The King of the French, since he was a mere lad, in friendly fashion urged the King of the English to speak first. He replied, ' I have determined, whenever I shall have the opportunity, to visit the Holy Land and Christ's sepulchre, but until this can be done I shall aid Him to the best of my ability; for it is clear that only a pressing and anxious need hath sent us this important messenger. Sixty thousand marks for myself and my subjects I shall send thither by his hand.' This amount he provided within a month, neither at that time nor afterward harassing any one by taxation or vexation, as many are wont to do who rob from the lowly that which they give to their prelates. The King of France, as if suddenly smitten by an arrow, and all his nobles were struck dumb, nor did the king himself or any other, after the utterance of this climax, dare to make any promise. These things took place at Senlis. The sixty thousand marks the Bishop of Acre, which was formerly called Acharon, bore to Sur (Tyre), which had formerly been known as Syria; for before his coming Jerusalem had been captured and Acre also, and with this money Sur (Tyre) was defended and the rest of the territory about Jerusalem, under the leadership of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat. This Boniface was afterwards slain, in the presence of Philip, King of the French, and Richard, King of the English, in the assembly of their armies, by two ' assassins ' who, by order of King Richard, were themselves immediately cut into pieces. The French say that Richard had this done because of his jealousy of Boniface, and that he brought about his death.

King Henry II., to resume, was famous for many good qualities and infamous for some vices. The vicious was that which, as I have said, he drew

from the teaching of his mother. He was slow in settling the business of subjects, whence it happened that many, before their affairs were settled, died or departed from him dejected and empty-handed under the compulsion of want. It was another of his faults that, whenever he was lounging, which happened rarely, he never allowed approach to him, in answer to the prayers of the good, but, remaining in inner chambers tightly closed, he was accessible to those only who seemed unworthy of such access. His third fault was that he was impatient of peace, and felt no qualm in harassing almost the half of Christendom. In these three was his sin; in regard to the rest he was strikingly good, and in all respects lovable, for no one ever surpassed him in gentleness and affability. Whenever he went forth, he was caught up by the crowd, carried from place to place and forced to go 'whither he desired not'; and, what is remarkable, he gave ear patiently to individuals, and even when assaulted, now by general cries, now by violent hauls and pushes, to none on this account did he bring disgrace or make it serve as a pretext for his anger. And when he was too sorely tried he held his peace and fled to spots of peace. He was never haughty or puffed up; he was sober and restrained and pious, loyal and far-seeing, generous and often victorious, and a doer of honour to the good.

I once crossed the Channel with him with twenty-five ships which were placed at his service for the crossing without charge. A storm, however, scattered the ships and drove them all upon the rocks and shores ill-suited for ships, except his alone, which, by God's grace, was brought safely to port. He sent out in the morning, therefore, and, learning from each sailor the estimated amount of his loss, he reimbursed him, although he was not bound to do this, and the entire sum amounted to a good

deal. Perchance there are some kings who do not pay their just debts.

It was a custom of our court that no charge should be made for the drawing and return of bills sealed for the officers of the court, if these contained their names or their business. The king's steward, or 'despencer,' on one occasion laid complaint against the keeper of the seal, that he had refused to return to him without fee a brief which contained his name and business. Thurstan Fitz-Simon was the 'despencer,' Adam of Yarmouth, keeper of the seal. The charges were therefore heard, and, since the court was in doubt, the king was summoned. After he had listened to Thurstan, he listened to the speech of Adam: 'I had received guests and sent a messenger to Lord Thurstan to ask him to give me two cakes from your royal stores. He answered "No." When, however, he afterwards wanted his bill, I, remembering his "No," likewise said "No."' The king thereupon judged him guilty who had first said 'No'; then he made Adam sit down upon a stool with the seal and Thurstan's bill before him; then he compelled Thurstan to cast off his cloak and with low courtesy to offer Adam two spice cakes from the king's own stores wrapped in a fair white napkin; he bade Adam, having taken the gift, to seal and deliver him his bill, and he thus made them forget their quarrel. He added that not only did his officers owe it to him to come to each other's aid from his own purse or from the treasury, but also to come to the aid of individuals of the household, and of strangers who were suffering from need. This I thought was the act of a gentleman.

But nowadays these things are done in wittier fashion, as they think whose province it is to do them. William of Tankarville, Hereditary High Chamberlain of Normandy, a man of noble birth,

renowned in arms, splendid in his strength, and fatal to evil characters, was accused by many to our king and thus fell under his suspicion. Yet he was often described to the king as a victor in many encounters, as one who was the very father of knights and the bread of the hungry, and one who could at his nod change the hearts of all excepting only the hearts of the envious; as one who was well received by the king of the French and dear to him and to others of whom the king himself stood in awe. Henry persecuted this good man in many ways, destroyed all his townships as if he were by this means dulling his horns, refused him the just protection of the laws and freedom of action, and to those who were exceeding envious of William's possessions he gave power over them. William, indeed, gave no sign, fittingly submitting to the inevitable. It chanced, however, that wide announcement had been made concerning the celebration of Christmas Day at Caen by the lord king. There gathered, therefore, a large number of people, both from abroad and from home, of whom the chief personages were the king and his admirable son, the famous King Henry, and a third Henry, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, at this time living in exile, the son-in-law of our king; Richard, Count of Poitou who is now king; his brother Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany; and many bishops, with a full assembly of earls and barons. When, therefore, on Christmas Day there drew near to our king he who was to pour water on his hands, behold, making his way through the midst of the crowd, the aforesaid William, because he was high chamberlain, attended, as was his wont, by many knights; he threw his cloak upon the ground, as is the custom of those serving, seized the silver basins, and drew them forcibly to himself. The bearer retained hold of them with difficulty and looked up to the king, who

bade him let go of them, and patiently submitted to the water after this violence. William, moreover, after he had given the water to the king and to his sons and to the Duke of Bavaria, handed it to his own attendant and went to his seat. This thing seemed strange to many, and, when the king's chamberlain urgently demanded the basins, the king waved him aside, and bore the matter as if no fault had been committed. There were present on the following night, especially about the king, very many of William's rivals, who said that his outrage to that well-known day and to the king's table outdid all excesses, that the king was too much a lover of peace and not an avenger of wrongs, and whatever else might stir his wrath. Then they went round among the lodgings of the nobles, acting as they had acted before the king, nor had they any wish to cease, nor the power, since envy doth not rest and Judas doth not sleep. On the following day, the nobles took their seats and the seneschal of Normandy set forth to all the king's complaint against William, magnifying and exaggerating it to the best of his ability. Then up rose William, who, after denying the charge of violence, continued: 'All of us know and no one doubteth that our master and the court here present take delight in justice and dislike all turbulence; for, as avengers of crime and violence, they hate that which they attack. Force, indeed, I did employ, not violence. For what can be done without force? And my force was just and I was within my rights in taking the basins—I, the high chamberlain of our lord the king—which that proxy of mine endeavoured with violence, which was unjust, to wrest from me. Moreover, that for this reason I am a robber, as the seneschal of my lord the king claimeth, this I deny, because what the law giveth me I was within the law in bearing off. When my father had erected in Tankarville

an abbey to Saint George, he placed in it basins which he, by right and without litigation, received from the hands of King Henry I., a fact to which they still bear witness, and to the same fact likewise other basins bear witness now in the monastery of Saint Barbara. If, however, no credence is placed in such implements, if any one will dare to pose as the adversary of my right, I am ready to vindicate this right by whatever act of might or of prowess this court shall decide; I shall name no one to act in my behalf, and I shall act in my own person. That there are many who have accused me wrongfully to my lord and have greatly aggravated his anger against me, maketh me not afraid. I am sure that no passion can influence his judgment of me. Perchance there are many here who are secretly hatching plots against me. Would that they would try openly, by a lawful trial, to bring before this very estimable and select court the charges which they now whisper in secret! Our lord the king knoweth full well, and his subjects know, in what way, after he had brought peace to Poitou after the death of that well-known Patrick (Earl of Salisbury), I held that province and shaped it according to his commands, since he is wont to say "Not less courage than in the seeking is in the protecting of what we have won." Moreover, always have I and mine served in the army of our master at our own expense, and all that he hath kindly offered us we have declined, and, wherever necessity hath called us to attack or to protect, there have we been in every clash in the van of the leaders or at least in their line. Let not this knightly company here, which hath been put to many and great tests, believe that I have raised my voice in arrogance or in pride. But ye hear a man accused and, in the presence of his rivals and detractors, speaking in anger, lauding his own deserts, but not in arrogance, not for his

own fame, not in boastfulness, but to challenge to their very faces these caitiffs who sit here and hear my words: if they have just deserts or real cause for boasting let them speak out, and lay claim, in their own behalf, to the good which cannot be gainsaid; or, at least, let them cease to attack in secret those whom in the open they are afraid to follow or to hear.' This speech was received with loud murmurings, and all present turned their gaze upon him. The king thereupon spoke: 'I desire this case to be decided justly in accordance with the evidence we have just heard, so that our decision may not be influenced either by our love or our hate. Bear in mind, in this instance, I beg you, that when in Paris, in my hostelry, my lord King Louis and I had taken our seats, with our cup-bearer standing in front of us, suddenly into the house strode William, Earl of Arundel, fresh from his return from Jerusalem, whom no one of us had seen for three years past; with a brief greeting, he quickly threw from him his rough coat which they call a slavin, laid firm hold upon the wine-cup, and, when the cup-bearer resisted, he, with a shove, for he was large and strong, cast him aside, and on bended knees before his lord, Louis, King of the French, he thus spoke: "My lord king, this act of mine is not presumption nor contempt of your majesty. My lord knoweth well that, in accordance with the right of my forefathers, I am the first and foremost of thy cup-bearers; this man, however, whom I have cast aside, layeth arrogant claim to my right in withholding what he should have offered without request from me." Thus did and said that William, and the whole court gave to his act the name of wit, not arrogance. This I call to your minds that, from the acts of others, you may learn that, not from any one's love, is the sentence of our court in the case of this William to be more loose, nor,

from any one's hate, to be more strict; in an equal balance weigh what ye have heard that, although this court may seem to be inferior to that, it may not be judged more unjust.' Since, therefore, no one opposed his just right, William by unanimous decision recovered it. This courteous act of our king I have told in addition to the others, in order that it may be clear to all that, even in the case of those whom he disliked, he held fast to mercy in the midst of anger.

A clever artisan had taken the shape of the royal seal in bitumen, and had made one of copper so exactly like the real seal that no one could distinguish between them. When the king was informed of this, he ordered the fellow to be hanged, and then, seeing an old man, one just and upright, the brother of the guilty man, standing weeping with covered head, he was immediately overcome with pity, and allowed the goodness of the upright to outweigh the badness of the accused, and, weeping himself, he restored joy to the weeping brother. However, when the thief had been released, lest his tenderness of heart might seem to be too lax, he ordered him to be sent into a monastery.

There was in service upon the aforesaid king a clerk who hath written these things down for us, whose name is Map. He was dear to the king and found favour in his eyes, not through any merit of his own, but through that of his parents, who had been the king's loyal supporters both before he had become king and after. The king had also a son, Geoffrey by name, born, if I may say so, from a bawd whose name was Hikenai, as I have remarked above in passing, and this Geoffrey the king, contrary to the belief and the will of all, adopted as his own. Between him and Map there sometimes arose ready quarrels in the presence of the king himself and also elsewhere. Through the king Geoffrey was elected to the see of Lincoln,

and held that bishopric longer than was lawful, although the Pope often urged that he give it up or be ordained a bishop; he hesitated a long time, saying yea and saying nay to neither and to both. The king, therefore, who noted with some worry that much land was covered by such a fig tree, forced him to do one thing or the other; he chose to resign. He resigned at Marlborough, where is a spring of which, if one tasteth, they say, he talketh barbarous French; hence, if one is faulty in his use of this tongue, we say that he speaketh French of Marlborough. Therefore, during his speech of resignation, which Map heard him make before the lord Richard of Canterbury, when the Archbishop had asked him, 'What sayest thou?' wishing him to repeat his words for all to hear, and when, since Geoffrey made no reply, the Archbishop had asked him a second time, 'What sayest thou?' Map answered in his stead, 'French of Marlborough.' The others laughed at this, Geoffrey withdrew in anger.

In the year preceding his resignation, by a strict regulation which was dictated not by a shepherd's love but by force, Geoffrey had exacted from all the churches of his parish tithes of all their incomes, and had taxed them individually, and, in accordance with his own valuation, had forced them to pay the tithes. Four marks was the sum which Map's church, called Ashwell, was ordered, in peremptory and haughty manner, to pay to him, by the same method by which he was robbing the others. Map refused, but made complaint to the king, who took his appointee into an inner chamber and admonished him with suitable words and the royal staff that for the future he was not to show himself a nuisance to the clergy in any way. After his sound chastisement, he returned and cast threatening glances upon all the members of the court, upon his accuser above all others. When

Map chanced to meet him, Geoffrey swore by the loyalty which he owed to his father the king that he would make him suffer. Map, however, knowing that, in his oaths, he swore by his real father but, out of his boasting, swore also by the king, remarked, 'My lord, the apostle Paul saith, "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children": however, the son of God, our Lord, respecting His more lowly side, often spoke of Himself as the son of man, saying nothing about His divine Father. Would that thou, with like humility, wouldst sometimes swear with respect to your mother's position, and keep hidden the royalty of your father! Thus it is fitting to imitate God, who was free from all arrogance.' Then he, shaking his head in a kingly fashion, as was his wont, thundered forth threats. Thereupon Map added, 'I conclude that I have corrected thee as an archbishop did his wife.' One of the bystanders asked, 'How was that?' And Map whispered in his ear that the archbishop's wife, while sleeping by him, passed wind, and when the archbishop shook her, she passed wind again in answer. When the bishop-elect heard this from Map's confidant, as if he had received some sort of an insult, he bellowed out curses upon Map.

On the day of the withdrawal of the aforesaid Geoffrey, our lord the king gave him his blessing in his chapel, and hung his seal about his neck, much to his delight. This seal Geoffrey showed to the aforesaid Map with the remark, 'Every concession hath been made to thee without price owing to the power of this seal, but henceforth thou wilt not wrest even a tiny brief without paying fourpence.' Map replied, 'Thanks be to God! to my good fortune hast thou reached this pinnacle; the bad luck of some is the success of others; last year thou exacted four marks, now fourpence.'

After this, again, when we were in Anjou and that favourite of kings had learned that Walter of Coutances had been summoned before Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, to be consecrated in the office of bishop from which he had resigned, envy opened his eyes; he was dazed, and then, collecting his wits, he appealed. The king mollified him and promised him the income of the office which he had lost. Geoffrey, however, who then for the first time realized that, with his bishopric, he had at the same time lost everything else and was without hope, was eager to have it restored to him. Then seeing Map, who was canon of the prebend in London once held by him, he grumbled, 'Thou wilt give me back my prebend even against thy will.' Said Map, 'Aye, with my very good will, if all that thou hast lost for nothing thou canst recover through some show of sense.'

A Recapitulation of the Beginning of this Book, with some difference of word but none of meaning.

'I AM in time, and I speak of time,' said Augustine, 'and I know not what time is.' With like wonderment can I say that I am in the court, and speak of the court, and yet I comprehend not what it is. This I know withal that it is not time. It partaketh, indeed, of time's temper, a thing of flux and change, of a place and yet of subtle shifts, and a state of being that in its infinite variety is often unlike itself. Again and again we leave it, ever to return as the needs of each case demand. At our withdrawal we know it through and through; but after more than a year's absence, we meet an utterly new scene—and we, too, are new. We find the folk of the home supplanted by strangers, and masters by menials. Verily, the court is the same but the members are changed.

Porphyrius defineth ' genus ' as a multitude which standeth in some relation or other to one chief principle. The court surely is not a ' genus,' yet it is of like nature ; for we are a multitude standing in some relation to our lord the king, since we strive to please only him.

Of fortune it is written that she alone is constant in her change. The court is not fortune ; yet it is invariably in variation.

Hell, they say, is a place of punishment ; whatever containeth something in itself is a place, so the court also is a place ; is it also a place of punishment ? Surely a place of punishment and gentler than hell only in this, that those whom it tortureth can find death. Macrobius setteth down as the opinion of men of the oldest time that hell is naught else than the body of man into which the soul hath been cast, to suffer the foulness of darkness, the horror of filth ; and whatsoever punishments old wives' tales assign to hell, these, each and all, wise men of old have endeavoured to ascribe to the charnel-house of man's body. We pass this by, because it demandeth long discussion and easily admitteth another opinion. But if the body of man can, with some show of likeness, be called the darksome prison-house of the soul, why cannot the court be called the same both of body and soul ? ' The Styx which is hatred, Phlegethon passion and Lethe forgetfulness, Cocytus sorrow and Acheron lamentation '—these are in our court. In them are commingled all varieties of pains, in them are punished all manners of crimes. There is no sin for which, in them and their waves, a fit recompense is not made ready. Here, too, all evil findeth a like hammer, that ' Thy wrath, God, may be seen in these waves, and Thy anger in this sea.' The Styx of the court is the hatred which is born in us through our own or another's fault ; Phlegethon is the passion of greed and wrath ;

Lethe, the forgetfulness of our Maker's kindness and of the promise made at our baptism; Cocytus, the sorrow visited upon us out of our excesses—which by divers ways cometh to us, along with that vile one whom they summon, as it seemeth, and who is prompter of wiles and the maker of idols among his own; Acheron, woe, that is, repentance either of our words or deeds, or of desires or of aims unattained.

Moreover, the scourges for scandalous acts and the pangs for penalties we can place here, if permitted. Charon, the ferryman of hell, who transported no one on his skiff without a stipend from the person's mouth—from the mouth, it is said, not from the hand, because our ferryman is obsequious in view of a promised bribe, but the bribe once given winneth for one no further recognition. So, often and among others; in the court the shadow is judged higher than the body, hesitation than certainty, promise than giving.

Tantalus is there, mocked by the withdrawal of the stream; we here are tricked by the fleeting goods which we touch with our finger-tips, and, even if we now grasp them, their usefulness is sped.

Sisyphus there rolleth a rock from the bottom of a valley to the top of a mountain; whence he followeth it down to carry it up again, though it yet again will fall. There are many here who, having gained the height of riches, think that naught hath been accomplished; they follow their heart that hath slipped back into the valley of avarice, that they may recall it to a still higher mountain, where, indeed, it is not granted them to rest, because, in the hope of things desired, things attained are ever cheap. But that heart is compared to the rock, since the Lord saith: 'I shall pluck out their heart of stone, and shall give them

one of flesh.' May God give it, and so do with our courtiers that, on some part of the mountains, they may find a moment's pause.

Ixion is there, turning on his wheel, seldom similar to self, now on the top, now on the bottom, hither and yon. We also have Ixions, whom Fortune, after her fashion, turneth on her wheel. They rise to glory, they rush down to gloom, and, although cast down, they still hope: when on high they rejoice, when below, they mourn; and although, on this wheel, fear must assail them on all sides, in no part of it is there a place without hope; and although hope, fear, joy, and grief share that wheel, hope alone maketh it her familiar and holdeth it fast. Totally terrifying in its dread, it conquereth utterly all qualms of conscience, nor is it on this account less sought.

Tityus desired Juno at first sight, and moreover sought to satisfy the longing of his foolish heart, nor did he bridle his passion; wherefore deservedly was he punished in that same heart which was reborn for its own destruction. It supported the greed of vultures, and, although it did not give out, it was so tortured that it did not hold out. Am I not a Tityus in the court, I and perchance some other, at whose greedy heart vultures, that is, black desires, sit, plucking it to pieces because it doth not struggle, doth not resist evil appetite? But not the Tityus who did not hide from Juno the straits of his licentious mind. He thought, spoke, acted against that good being, who hath 'neither walked nor stood nor sat.'

The daughters of Belus there strive with sieves to fill leaky, indeed bottomless vessels, which allow the water to run off and which thus waste the endless draughts of Lethe's stream. Belus is interpreted as virile or virtuous; he is God our Father. We are not his sons, because we are

not virtuous, not strong, but daughters; for we have been made effeminate to the loss of our restraint, and with the sieve which parteth the grain from the chaff—that is, discrimination—we toil to fill our leaky vessels, our insatiable desires. Their bottom hath been defiled by ambition, they drink up whatever is poured therein, like Charybdis, and, with no sign of fullness, they waste unceasingly the draughts that are all in vain. This sieve doth not filter the muddy from the clean, the thick from the clear, although it was fashioned to that end, nor doth it contain 'the water of the spring which bubbleth forth for everlasting life,' nor water which, 'if one drinketh, he will never thirst again,' but water of Lethe, which the drinker recalleth not, which maketh flat the throat, which causeth a second thirst, which mingling with the soul compelleth it to enter into deep slime.

Cerberus, the three-headed dog, is there as keeper of the door. If those whom he gently and quite silently admitteth would fain depart, his three-throated bay giveth dreadful refusal. He is a doorkeeper who enricheth the hall of Dis by permitting ready ingress; but in egress he hath no part, he holdeth in, he poureth not forth. Likewise Dis of this court hath those whom he maketh responsible for his prison—and they, in pretended compassion of their prisoners, lead them to the pit. But, whenever their charges would, through the king's mercy, depart, they bark out against them with the three fears that are most insatiable, the quest and craving of food, of drink, and of raiment. And, although the victims are naked, through the robbery of their all, the gaolers compel these to promise that which they possess not. Truly indeed are they Cerberi because they eat the flesh of the fettered, and rightly are they dogs who know how to stuff their threefold belly from the afflicted. They 'suffer hunger like dogs,' and,

in utter disregard of due sanction, they distinguish not whose food they seize, neither, between living flesh and dead, do they separate the fresh from the rotten, the sweet from the fetid.

In the darksome palace of dusky Dis, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus cast the lot into the urn and sit as judges for the punishment of the wretched. Bad acts they weigh at once, good they put off or make of no avail. If the lot which falleth is cruel, they punish more cruelly; if gentle, they decry it, pervert it, so that virtue is turned into vice; if neutral, they interpret it for the worse. Praise for justice they surely deserve from their unfair lord, since for evil-doing they have not a jot of mercy. It is said, however, that if those who pass by look kindly upon them their hardness yieldeth, as though by a spell; but, if not, the judges fasten upon the sins, weigh the offences, and punish and destroy; they force the ignoring of good actions, they appease the tyranny of Dis by disrespect of God. And yet up to a certain point these judges are excusable, in that they imitate the cunning of their pitiless master. We, too, have judges—but under a most merciful judge—and their (false) justice is disturbed by the justice of their lord, because, though they have sworn in his presence to judge with fairness, they resemble the three aforesaid cunning judges of Pluto in this, that if a guilty one looketh kindly upon them, he is innocent; if an innocent man doth not look kindly upon them, he is guilty. This 'look kindly upon' is to be interpreted after the fashion of our lord, the Pope, who saith, 'Neither in his own person nor through a messenger did he visit us, nor did he look kindly upon us,' that is, he did not give.

These seem to send lots into an urn, that is, the outcome of law cases into a parchment-case, for they encase the inexperienced with slanders,

and judge their faults with the keenest scrutiny, nor doth any one of these faults find pardon, unless in its behalf a mother purse bareth her gums and speaketh. It is she who is the mistress of all, who pardoneth faults, 'justifieth the godless,' and 'wisheth not the death of sinners,' nor without reason 'casteth out him who cometh to her,' 'she that dwelleth steadfast and giveth all other things to be moved.' But in one place, at least—the exchequer—the purse worketh no miracles, for there our just king's eye seemeth ever to be awake. Hence it happened that, when I, on a time, had heard there a brief and just sentence against a rich man, in behalf of a poor one, I remarked to the Chief Justice, Randolph: 'Although justice to that poor man might have been postponed by many a pretence, he gained it by a speedy sentence in his favour.' Then said Randolph: 'Surely we decide cases here much more quickly than your bishops in the Church.' Then said I: 'That is true, but if our king were as far from you as the Pope is from the bishops, ye, I think, would be equally slow.' He gave a laugh and did not say me nay. I speak not of those bursars whom the king hath chosen to be the highest of all but those whom, on their own tribunal, greed and self-seeking have led astray; nor is it a matter of surprise that they reckon as Simon's those whom Simon hath raised to power. It is the practice of traders to sell what they buy.

It is strong evidence and proof of the justice of our king that any one who hath a just case willeth to have it tried in his presence; that whoever hath an unjust one never cometh before him unless under compulsion. I am speaking of Henry II., whom Spain chose as her arbiter of the old and bloody contest existing between the Kings of Toledo and Navarre, although from ancient times the custom of all kingdoms was to choose the court

of France, and to prefer it to all others; now, however, very rightly was the court of our king preferred to all, and a case of long standing was understandingly settled. And although he standeth almost alone in the vale of misery as the accepted minister of justice, in the very shadow of his wings there are selling and buying. To him, however, is shown by his unjust servants a greater reverence than to God; wherefore what they cannot lawfully keep undone, they will do, albeit against their will; what they know is clear to God, they fear not to overturn; for God is a slow avenger, the king is swift. I speak not against all judges, but against the greater and madder share.

Ye have heard of hell and of the parables of this; the rolling of its flames, its clouds and stench, the hissing of snakes and vipers; the wailing and tears, the filth and horror. If I may set forth all these, one by one, by means of allegory, there is not lacking matter to be told. But I must spare the court, and they demand a longer space than I see I have at my disposal. We can conclude, however, from what hath been said, that the court is a place of punishment; I say not, however, that it is hell, but it is as nearly like it as a horse's shoe is like a mare's.

The king of this court, however, if he knoweth it well, is not free from slander, for he who guideth is held to chide. But it chanceth that those about the king's person are unwilling to attack the court, lest it be made purer by him, since in muddy waters their catch is richer. They themselves know not what is being done beneath them, nor doth the king himself know what they are doing. 'They who have power,' saith the Lord, 'are called well-doers'—by their flatterers, be it understood. Surely those who have power are more fittingly called poisoners, since they oppress their inferiors and trick their superiors, so that on this side and that

they make their gain in some way or other. Moreover, all their base acts they conceal from the king, lest, under his correction, they should reap less profit, being restrained by arrest from distressing those beneath them. Aye, the king in this court is like the husband who is the last to know the sin of his wife. The courtiers slily send him forth to sport among birds and hounds to prevent his seeing what they do within during his absence. While they make him take his sport, they themselves are busy with serious matters; they sit upon their tribunals and bring both righteousness and unrighteousness to the same judgment. When, however, the king returneth from his hunting or his hawking, he showeth his spoils to them and giveth them a share; they do not disclose theirs to him. But on the very grounds on which they praise his activity in the open, they condemn him in secret. Is it surprising, then, that he is deceived who is over rich in intimate friends? Horace saith :—

> 'That 's a poor house, where there 's not much to spare
> Which masters never miss and servants wear.'

This giveth us to understand that the greater the household, the greater the danger therein to person and property. Hence in the large households aforesaid there is constant commotion and incalculable confusion, which, in the ripeness of time, He alone will calm who 'sitteth in the throne, judging right.'

ANNOTATIONS

Captions.—Our headings translate those of the original. But in the rubrics of the manuscript, as Hinton suggests, the incorrect spelling of Map's name, 'Mahap' (here and in five later titles, while in the text and in Walter's contemporaries it is always 'Map'), and the lack of system and of correctness would seem to indicate that 'the rubrication and consequently the compilation of Map's fragments were not accomplished until some time after his generation. . . . These rubrics were once no more than marginal annotations rubricated as chapter headings by a later copyist.'

P. 1. *The Court.*—Giraldus Cambrensis, writing some thirty years later (1217) in the first Preface to his 'Instruction of a Prince' (*Works*, VIII. lvii), contrasts the court with the school: 'The Court is the mother of troubles as the School is of delights: It smacks of the things of earth and craves them insatiably. Swayed by sensual pleasures, stirred by the trifles of the hour, catering to physical desire, full of the world's fret and fury, abounding in spite and spleen, the Court may be deemed a death in life, a Hell on earth, etc.' The curials of Alain Chartier, of Aeneas Silvius, of Guevara (translated by Bryan), of Nicholas Breton, all of them contrasting the intriguing restless life at court with the restfulness of the country, were popular at the time of the Renascence, and find an echo in the speeches of Touchstone and the Duke in 'As You Like it,' and of Belisarius in 'Cymbeline.'

P. 3, l. 9. *Stature of Adam.*—The oriental tradition of Adam's gigantic stature, discussed at length by Wright, appears in the prose version of the Old English *Salomon and Saturn* (Kemble, p. 118), where the First Man is described as 116 inches high.

P. 4, l. 13. *Stags and Ravens.*—The transposition of *corvis* and *cervis* in the text is suggested by James and approved by Webb in the *Classical Review*, XXIX. 1915, 122. Compare Pliny's account of the longevity of these creatures, *Natural History*, VIII. 153, and Bede's *De Aetatibus*.

Pp. 4-6. *The pangs of Hell.*—A comparison of this world's sufferings to the tortures of Tantalus, Sisyphus, Tityus, and other famous sinners is found in Lucretius, 'The Nature of Things,' III. 977 f. Map's source was no doubt some one of the Church Fathers, but the allegorical interpretation was popular, as we may conclude

from its appearance in the fabulists. Compare Phaedrus, Appendix of Perotti, v., and an article in *Hermes*, 41, 1906, 522-523.

P. 6. Between the accounts of Ixion and Charon is missing a leaf containing sketches of Tityus, the daughters of Belus, Cerberus, and the first part of Charon. Portions of the text are doubtless incorporated in the 'recapitulation,' *Dist.* v. vii. (James).

P. 6, l. 17. *Hugh, Prior of Selwood.*—'The priory of Witham in Somersetshire, commonly called the Charter-house in Selwood, was the first house of the Carthusians in England. It was founded by Henry II. (1178); and St. Hugh, made in 1187 Bishop of Lincoln, was the first prior' (Wright). See the *Life* of St. Hugh by Giraldus Cambrensis (*Works*, vol. VII.), and *The Great Life* (*Rolls Ser.* XXXVI.).

P. 8, l. 2. *Randolph de Glanville.*—He was Justiciar from 1180 to 1189, and reputed author of a famous legal treatise. Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that Randolph was interested in Welsh matters. He accompanied Archbishop Baldwin and Giraldus on a crusade into Wales. He objected to both Cluniacs and Cistercians, and opposed the election of Geoffrey, Archbishop of York. No wonder that Walter Map regarded him highly. Randolph was deprived at the accession of Richard and died on the Crusade at the siege of Acre (1190), whither he had preceded Richard I.

P. 8, l. 26. *The man to whom he referreth.*—The quotation is from Claudian's invective against his enemy, Eutropius (I. 181, 183).

P. 15, l. 15. *My dearest Geoffrey.*—'Map undertook the *De Nugis* at the instance of one Galfridus (15) who had asked him (21-22) to put down in writing sayings and doings hitherto unrecorded or anything conspicuously remarkable that had come to his knowledge. Wright (p. x) will have it that Galfridus had asked him to write a poem, but I think the "poetari" of 17 (21) and the "philosophari" of 13 (15) are synonymous, and merely signify literary composition. At any rate Map on page 18 (22) assumes that he is doing in his work what he had been requested to do' (James, p. xxiv.).

Pp. 15-18. The word 'Harlequin' appears as proper name in various forms, Herlequin, Hellekin, familia Harlequin, maisnée Herlequin, in France before 1100 (Driesen, *Der Ursprung des Harlekin*, 1904). Liebrecht (*Zur Volkskunde*, 1879, pp. 29-52) believes that Herlething (*D.N.C.*, p. 233) is a yet earlier form of the name, but Hinton, in a letter, deems it a corruption of *Herle-Kingi*. Ordericus Vitalis (*Ecclesiastical History*, VIII. cap. XVII.) tells the story of a priest, Walkelin, who, in January 1091, saw, at Bonneval in the church of St. Aubin of Anjou, the company of Harlequin, a black troop with black horses and black banners, including people of all classes—noble ladies, churchmen, and many of Walkelin's former acquaintances and friends. Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology* (Stallybrass), pp. 741 f., cites many appearances of these 'shades of the dead,' and notes that, in Gervase of Tilbury's time (*Otia Imperialia*,

II. 12), the British woods already rang with ' King *Arthur's* mighty hunt.' Map's comparison of courtiers to the followers of King Herla may have been suggested by the fourteenth epistle of Peter of Blois, written before 1175, which couples ' the disciples of the court ' and ' the soldiers of Herlewin.' No other version of Herla's adventure with the King of the Dwarfs had been discovered. For an interesting account of the evolution of Harlequin, see *Quarterly Review*, 196, 1902, 462 f. The reviewer notes that a fairy tale entitled ' The Reign of King Herla,' by W. Canton, published in 1900 (Dent), knows nothing of this mythic personage beyond Map's mention of him. Hartland paraphrases the story of Herla, as well as the different account of the Herlething (*D.N.C.*, IV. c. xiii.) in the excellent chapter on ' The supernatural lapse of time in fairyland ' in *The Science of Fairy Tales*, cap. VII. 161-254. See also Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, c. IV. Grimm is of the opinion that ' hellequin ' may be a variant of ' hellekin,' a diminutival form of the German ' Helle,' the underworld. Skeat suggests that the word may represent the old Friesian helle-kin, the tribe of hell (cf. Anglo-Saxon helle-cynn). If this be true, ' Herlething ' is not, as Liebrecht thinks, an older form, but a survival and perversion. But the evidence of various forms seems to show that ' the letter *r* is organic and an essential part of the word.'

P. 16, l. 1. *Sitting on a huge goat.*—Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* IV. 3, describes Pigmies as ' seated on the backs of rams and goats.'

P. 17, l. 36. *Forbidding to dismount.*—With this punishment for dismounting compare the fate of Nechton, *Voyage of Bran*, sec. 65, and of Guingamor, Schofield, *Harvard Studies and Notes*, V. 221 f. and an Irish parallel cited by A. C. L. Brown, *id.* VIII. 41.

P. 18, l. 34. *The Wanderings of the Court.*—On the evidence of the vivid sketch by Peter of Blois of Henry's erratic movements (Epistle xiv.), Miss Norgate (*England under the Angevin Kings*, I. 413) contrasts ' this bustling, scrambling, roving Pandemonium ' with the orderly, well-disciplined court of the first King Henry, where everything was done according to rule. For an elaboration of the comparison between the wanderings of the Court and those of Herla's followers, see below, 233. Cf. Eyton, *Itinerary of Henry II.*

P. 19. *A king of Portugal.*—No such story seems to be told of Sanchez I., King of Portugal (1185-1211); or of his predecessor, Alfonso, who married in 1146, Mathilde, daughter of Amadeus, Count of Maurianna and Savoy. She died in 1158, leaving one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom married Philip of Flanders.

P. 22, l. 11. *Gilbert Foliot.*—This prelate (d. 1187) was successively Bishop of Hereford (1148) and of London (1163). In the mass of materials on the Life of Becket (*Rolls Series*) there are abundant notices of Foliot, his great antagonist. Such of his works as are

known to us were all in Latin. His 'Treatise on Solomon's Song' belongs to his early period, and his letters against Becket to his middle time.

P. 22, l. 21. *Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter.*—He was a native of Brittany, who rose from rank of archdeacon to Bishop of Exeter in 1161. His 'Dialogue against Jews' was dedicated in his last years to his friend, Baldwin. He wrote several other works, including one on Thomas à Becket's death. Giraldus Cambrensis devotes several pages to an account of his life (VII. 62 f.). He died in 1184.

P. 22, l. 23. *Baldwin, Bishop of Worcester.*—Baldwin was a Cistercian monk, who held the bishopric of Worcester from 1180 to 1184, when he became Archbishop of Canterbury. With Randolph de Glanville and Giraldus Cambrensis he made a tour of Wales preaching the crusade. Like Randolph, he died at Acre in 1190. His works are printed by Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, vol. CCIV.

P. 22, l. 33. *Guichard de Beaujeu.*—Michaud, *Biographie Universelle*, notes that Guichard III., Sire de Beaujeu, began to figure in history about 1115, that he took the habit of a monk and died in 1137, and adds that he was called in youth 'Laicorum Homerus' (Map sponsored this), and was perhaps the author of a metrical sermon. This has been denied him by later authorities. His successor was Humbert II. (de la Cavelle's *L'Histoire de Beaujolais*, I. 50-64). As Humbert died in 1174, this chapter, which declares that he was at this time in conflict with his son, 'cannot have been intended for *De Nugis*, or else Map has confused Humbert with some other Burgundian baron' (Hinton). Both Wright and James wrongly depart from the MS. *bellejoco* and read *belleloco* (Beaulieu). Guichard de Beaujeu (Beaujolais) lived only a few miles from Cluny.

P. 23. The story of the second militant monk of Cluny is repeated *D.N.C.* IV. vii., with some difference of detail.

P. 25. *The capture of Jerusalem by Saladin.*—Jerusalem was taken by Saladin, Friday, Oct. 2, 1187, the same day of the week on which it had been captured by the Christians eighty years before. 'The present chapter was probably written in the midst of the consternation which the news of that event caused among the Christians of the West' (Wright). Hinton remarks that 'it has no mark of transition between it and either contiguous chapter, nor is it related in thought but is a unit of composition dissimilar in character to all the other chapters of *D.N.C.*' Later in the book (*Dist.* V. cap. iii.) is a distich upon the fall of Jerusalem.

P. 25. 'The chroniclers of the time say nothing of the physical misfortunes of the year, but are more or less prolix on the different political troubles which characterized the year 1187' (Wright).

P. 30. *The Origin of the Carthusians.*—The story of Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble's dream of Seven Stars (Suns) and of the coming of Bruno and his six companions (1084) is told by Giraldus Cambrensis (*Speculum Ecclesiae*, *Opera* IV. 248), who calls the Carthusians an

example to all the orders in their moderation, in their hospitality to the poor, and in their refusal to adopt lay attire even when travelling. Map's account of the mode of life of the early Carthusians accords very closely with the oft-quoted description by Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny (Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, clxxxix. 943 and Maitland's translation, *Dark Ages*). See note to *Dist.* i. cap. ix. for brief mention of Witham in Selwood Forest, the first Charterhouse established in England. Wright cites the pictures of the Carthusians in the *Speculum Stultorum* of Nigel Wireker (i. 88).

P. 32. *The Origin of the Grandmontines.*—Giraldus (*Speculum Ecclesiae, Opera* iv. 254-260) tells us that this order was founded by St. Stephen of Tierny at Grandmont near Limoges in Burgundy (*c.* 1076) as an offshoot of the Carthusians, that its rule is strict in its insistence upon silence and fasting, and permits the brothers to have no flocks and herds. Nigel Wireker (*Speculum Stultorum*, i. 86-87) mocks at the austerities at Grandmont. Norgate (*England under the Angevin Kings*, ii. 436, note) cites other accounts of both Carthusians and Grandmontines. The ' Good Men ' of Grandmont never set foot in Henry's island realm. Heliot notes in his *History of the Religious Orders* that the disputes between the priests and the lay clerks of the order of Grandmont, to which Map refers, were terminated by Pope Innocent iii. after 1198.

P. 33. *The Origin of the Templars.*—Hugues de Payns (Hugo de Paganis) and Godefroi de St. Omer in 1118 associated with themselves in the task of protecting pilgrims to Jerusalem seven (some say six) other knights. For ten years after its first institution (1118) the order remained in obscurity, fulfilling, besides the usual evangelical vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, a fourth, its protection of pilgrims, but existing only as a private society, without statutes or knightly habits. In 1128, the Council of Troyes fixed the rule and habit of the order, and installed Hugues de Payns as first Grandmaster (Wilcke, *Geschichte des Tempelherrenordens*, 1826, i. 8 f.). Matthew Paris marks the increase and degeneracy of the order (ii. 145) ; and Giraldus notes that Richard i. married to them his daughter, Pride (see *D.N.C.* i. xx.). They quarrelled often with two other great military orders, the Hospitallers and the Teutonic Knights. Rome made, by a canon of the third Lateran Council (A.D. 1179), a vain attempt to curb the arrogance of the military orders (William of Newburgh, i. iii. 3).

P 36, l. 9. *Hamericus.*—To this story of a supernatural proxy at a tournament, Liebrecht (p. 29) points out such variants as the 'Marienritter' (*Legenda Aurea*, C. 131, § 2, pp. 590 f., ed. by Graesse) and Caesar von Heisterbach, *Dialogue de Miraculis*, 7, 38. In several versions the knight is called Walter. For a modern English translation of one form of the story see Eugene Mason, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, etc., in *Everyman's Library* (1910).

P 38, l. 34. *Nassaradin, the son of the sultan of Babylon.*—The

story of Nassaradin, the son of Habeis, is told somewhat more briefly by William of Tyre (XVIII. 9) as illustrating the avarice of the Templars. In William's version, the unhappy youth was hewn to pieces (not shot with arrows, as in Map) by his own people in 1155.

P. 41. *The Old Man of the Assassins.*—The Assassins, a sect of Moslem fanatics who were sent forth by their Sheikh, the 'Old Man of the Mountains,' to murder the Christian leaders, derived their name, not, as Map explains, from the 'axis' but, as modern etymologists suggest, from 'Hashish,' the opiate made from the juice of hemp leaves. Hammer-Pürgstall, in his *History of the Assassins* (trans. of German), Bk. II., traces their name to their founder, Hassan Sabah. The Grandmaster was commonly called 'Sheikh-al Jabal,' the Old Man or Supreme Master of the Mountain, because the order always possessed themselves of castles in mountainous regions (Marco Polo, *Travels*, c. xxii.). Hence Christian writers often represent him as an old man. The story told by Map is found in greater detail in William of Tyre's *History*, xx. cc. xxxi. ff.

P. 41, l. 31. The careers of Jocelin, Bishop of Salisbury, suspended from his bishopric by Thomas à Becket (d. 1184), and his son Reginald, Archdeacon and afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells (1174-1191) and Archbishop-elect of Canterbury, Becket's supporter, are traced in *Materials for History of Thomas Becket* (*Rolls Series*). A letter from Peter of Blois (*id.* VII. 554) vindicates the character of Reginald.

P. 42. The Hospitallers or Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem took their name from the house of their foundation, established at the middle of the eleventh century by merchants of Amalfi. Like the Templars, their society was organized for the succour and protection of pilgrims, and became a wealthy military fraternity. Giraldus (*Speculum Ecclesiae*, IV. 205) notes that the Hospitallers were specially favoured by Alexander III., and Nigel Wireker (*Speculum*, I. 83) observes that they were allowed to lie for the sake of vaunting their house.

P. 43, l. 11. *Lateran Council.*—This Council of 1179 was attended by Map (I. xxxi.; V. v.).

P. 44, ll. 10, 30. For definitions of *patronatus* and *personatus*, see Du Cange, *Glossarium*.

P. 44, l. 31. The Cistercians, established at Citeaux in 1098 by Robert, Abbot of Molesme, in the diocese of Langres, for the purpose of restoring the literal observance of the rule of St. Benedict, developed rapidly after the entrance of Bernard into the order in 1112, and by the end of the twelfth century numbered five hundred houses. Giraldus, in his *Speculum Ecclesiae*, discusses their origin, clothing (lack of breeches), food, and unremitting labour in the fields. Their cupidity, stimulated by their hospitality, is their worst fault, and to their order Richard I. marries his daughter, Avarice. Giraldus cites many instances of their greed and oppression and their skill in overreaching their neighbours: their robbery of poor nunneries,

extortions from the sick, cunning in making farmers' fields sterile with salt, so as to induce a sale. See Professor Brewer's account of the Cistercians in the introduction to this fourth volume of Giraldus Cambrensis. Giraldus, in his *Speculum Ecclesiae*, notes many jests of Walter Map against the Cistercians, and records, too, the clever turning of the tables on Map by the sick abbot of Flaxley. Of Map's poems against the Cistercian monks only a single line has survived, 'Lancea Longini, grex albus, ordo nefandus' (*Latin Poems*, p. xxxv.), but his notorious antipathy to 'the white-robed herd, accursed order' has led to the ascription to him of another poem, *Discipulus Goliae Episcopi de grisis monachis* (*id.* p. 54). Map traces the English beginning of the order to Sherburne, whence came Stephen Harding, the most famous of the early abbots of Citeaux (1109-1134). For this Englishman's part in the foundation of the order, see William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum*, IV. 334 (*Rolls Series*, II. 380-385). Map's invective recalls Gildas' famous indictment of the clergy in his *History of the Britons*, c. 66.

P. 47, l. 25. *Bernard of Clairvaux.*—Map's thinly veiled dislike of Bernard, whom he hardly dares to attack openly, is due to the great preacher's domination of the Cistercians and opposition to Abelard and Arnold of Brescia.

P. 48, l. 8. *The Epistle of Bernard.*—The reference is to Epistle 189, addressed to Innocent in 1140, where Bernard says: 'Goliath comes forward, huge of body, preceded by his squire, Arnold de Brescia.'

P. 49, l. 37. *Arnold of Brescia.*—Map writes with seeming sympathy of Abelard's follower, Arnold of Brescia, the reformer who, some thirty years before, had perished at the hands of the Church, whose abuses he had steadily denounced.

P. 50, l. 2. *Robert de Burneham.*—Archdeacon of Buckingham (1188), and a friend of Gilbert Foliot. He barters with Hamelin, Abbot of Gloucester (*below*), for the possession of several churches in that diocese (*Cart. Mon. Gloucester*, *Rolls Ser.* II. 170).

P. 51, l. 9. For MS. *publicibus*, James suggests *publicis*, Bradley *pul(l)icibus* ('far from fleas').

P. 53, l. 1. *Living.*—For MS. *videns* read *vivens*.

P. 55, l. 26. For second *filii*, Bradley reads *alii*.

P. 56, l. 32. For *Dei serere*, Bradley reads *deicere* or *Dei deicere*.

P. 57, l. 10. For *materia*, Bradley reads *maceria*.

P. 58, l. 8. *Dacian.*—The harsh governor, under whom St. Vincent, Deacon of Saragossa, suffered in the days of Diocletian, A.D. 304.

P. 59, l. 8. *The sack of Limoges.*—This occurred in June 1183. 'Judged by the chroniclers, Map exaggerates the looting, which was probably small compared with that suffered at the hands of Young Henry and Geoffrey of Brittany' (Hinton).

P. 61, l. 13. *Waldenses.*—The context establishes this reading, in place of MS. Walenses (Welsh), which both Wright and James retain.

P. 62. Nigel Wireker, *Speculum*, I. 84, laughs over the wanton tricks played by the wind with the single garment of these Cistercian *sans-culottes*.

Pp. 63-67. Many of these illustrations of Cistercian encroachments upon neighbouring farms, the salting of the meadow, the manuring of the field, the removal of the boundary tree, are cited in detail by Giraldus, *Speculum* (*Works*, IV. 225-228).

P. 63, l. 25. Roger, Archbishop of York (1154-1181), described by William of Newburgh, *Hist.* III. c. 5, as a great enemy of the monks.

P. 64, l. 27. *Earl William of Gloucester.*—Son of the Robert of Gloucester of Stephen's time (p. 297), and a benefactor of Neath in Glamorganshire.

P. 64, l. 37. *Woolaston.*—For MS. *Wlanstune*, Bradley reads *Wlauestune* (Wollaston or Woolaston).

P. 65, l. 36. *Ordeal of water.*—For many references to this form of ordeal, see Glotz, *L'Ordalie*, p. 57. 'He who is let down into the water for trial is to be fastened by a rope, that he may not be in danger if the water receives him as innocent, but may be pulled out.' In the later Middle Ages this ordeal by 'swimming' or 'fleeting' became the most approved means of trying a suspected witch.

P. 66, l. 9. Byland Abbey in Yorkshire.

P. 66, l. 10. Pontigny, a Cistercian abbey near Auxerre in France.

P. 66. Giraldus localizes (*Speculum*, IV. 231) this story of 'the squeezed flitches' in a Lincolnshire abbey (James).

Pp. 67-68. Compare with this alleged detraction of Map, Bothewald's attack in elegiacs (*Poems of Walter Mapes*, XXXV.).

P. 69. l. 6. Bradley inserts *quare* or *ut* before *cum Maria*.

P 70. *The Origin of Sempringham* (*Simplingham*).—Giraldus, in his *Speculum Ecclesiae* (IV. 184-185), notes that Gilbert de Sempringham (d. 1189), later canonized, founded an order of canons and nuns, and that the order was almost entirely free from scandal. Nigel in his *Speculum Stultorum*, I. 94-95, derives the name and the place of order (Simplingham) from 'simplicitate,' and remarks that a wall separated the bodies but not the voices of the monks and nuns. 'Much scandal arose later from the juxtaposition of sexes' (Wright, *Political Songs*, p. 138).

P. 72, l. 2. *Routiers.*—These Ruttae or Routiers are described by Jacques de Vitry and other mediaeval church writers (cited by Wright) as 'Brabantians, men of blood, incendiaries, Rutarians, plunderers, who neither love God, nor are willing to know the way of truth.' William of Newburgh under 1173 (II. c. 27) tells us that Henry II. 'arraigned mercenary bands of men of Brabant, which they call "Rutae."' Hinton reads, *ruttas*, 'bands.'

P. 72, l. 25. *Publicans or Paterines.*—Stubbs, Introduction to *Roger of Hoveden*, II. liv. f., sets by the side of Map's account of the Publicans or Paterines, that of William of Newburgh (*Historia Rerum Anglicarum*, II. c. xiii.). William tells us that the Publicans came over

in 1160 to England, which had hitherto been free of them, and that these thirty men and women (Map says, 'sixteen') made one convent. They were seized and brought before the Council of Oxford in 1166, and were condemned to be branded and scourged and driven out of town. Pitilessly outlawed, and denied shelter everywhere, many of them 'miserably perished' (according to William); according to Map 'they disappeared into Normandy.' As William mentions no burning, only branding and flogging, we render 'adusti' not 'burned' but 'branded.' As Stubbs points out, Henry's refusal to burn can only be interpreted in a way creditable to his humanity.

P. 73, l. 35. William, Archbishop of Rheims (1176-1202), was fourth son of Theobald IV., Count of Champagne, and therefore brother of Adela, Queen of Louis VII. of France (Wright).

P. 75, l. 38. The chapter, in which Map described the Order of St. James of Compostella or of the Sword, founded a generation before this time, seems to have disappeared.

P. 76. *Waldenses.*—In 1170, less than a decade before the great Lateran Council (1179) at which Map interrogated the Waldenses to their great confusion, this sect had been established by Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons. Waldo sought a reform in the teaching of Christ, and had a translation of the New Testament made into Provençal to which Map is referring here. The author of the Chronicle of Laon (Bouquet, *Recueil des Historiens*, XIII. 682) notes that Waldo himself was present at this Council and that the Pope embraced him. Alexander III. approved the poverty of the Waldenses, but prohibited them from preaching without the consent of the bishops. Their disobedience led to their excommunication in 1184.

P. 77, l. 17. *Thistles.*—Read *carduos* for MS. *cardones*.

P. 77, l. 21. The answers of the Waldenses excited derision at the Council, because, as Webb says (*Classical Review*, XXIX. 122), they 'placed the Virgin Mary on a level with the persons of the Trinity.'

P. 82, l. 16. *Hamelin, Abbot of Gloucester* (1148-1179).—His name appears a hundred times in the *History and Cartulary of St. Peter's Monastery at Gloucester* (*Rolls Ser.*). In this record Gregory the Monk is nowhere found.

P. 82, l. 19. Gilbert de Lacy travelled from England to Palestine in 1158 or shortly after (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*).

Pp. 82-85. Peter, Archbishop of Tarentaise (1141-1174), formerly a Cistercian monk, upheld Alexander III. against Frederick Barbarossa and the Antipope, Victor IV. In 1173 he sought, at the mandate of Alexander, to reconcile Henry II. and Louis VII., and performed many miracles before the two kings. In the same year he was present at the marriage of Prince John, in Auvergne, and it was then that Map, who accompanied Henry to his son's wedding, met Peter at Limoges.

P. 83, l. 9. John Albaemanus (Aux blanches mains), in 1173 Bishop of Poitiers, was translated to Lyons in 1181 and resigned in 1193.

P. 84, l. 2. Serlo of Wilton was Abbot of L'Aumône from 1170.

P. 86. Liebrecht (*Zur Volkskunde*, 29) finds a parallel to this story of the snake in the tiny 'lindorm' of the *Ragnar Lodbrokssaga*, which grew to such size that it filled the whole house and was ultimately killed by Ragnar himself. This is a variant of a widely spread fable (cf. Paris, *Romania*, xxv. 537 f.).

P. 87, l. 2. *Gerard la Pucelle*.—Gerard, like Gilbert Foliot, is best revealed to us by his letters in the Becket Collection (*Rolls Series*). He was an Englishman, who taught at Paris from 1160 to 1177, with many interruptions, one of which was spent at Cologne, where he accepted a benefice from the schismatic archbishop, and was excommunicated by the Pope. In 1177 he came to England as a member of the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury. From 1182 to 1184, the date of his death, he was Bishop of Coventry.

Pp. 87-89. Geisa II., King of Hungary, died May 31, 1161, leaving two sons. The elder, Stephen III., died during the usurpation of his uncles, Ladislas, who was crowned in 1171 and after a six-months' reign died February 1, 1172, and Stephen, who was defeated on June 19 of this year and driven from the throne, dying April 13, 1173. Bela III., the younger son of Geisa II., who was now placed on the throne of Hungary, did not die until 1196. History, therefore, does not sustain the dramatic climax of Map's story of Luke. Indeed, Bela III. made suit to Henry II. for the hand of his granddaughter, Matilda of Saxony, but in 1186 he married Margaret of France, widow of the younger Henry.

P. 89, l. 13. *William de Braose*.—Doubtless William Braose the younger, owner of vast estates in England, Ireland, Wales, who treacherously slew the Welshmen invited by him to a peaceful conference at Abergavenny Castle, 1176. During John's reign he was in rebellion against the king. He died in France in 1211 (*D.N.B.*). Testimony hostile to the Welsh might well be expected from him.

P. 89, l. 27. According to Giraldus (*Description of Wales*, II. vii.), the chief faults of the Welsh people are perjury, robbery, rapine, homicide, fratricide, adultery, and incest.

P. 89, l. 36. *Forest of Dean*.—Giraldus (*Itinerary of Wales*, I. v.) notes that the noble forest of Dean (Danubia) in Gloucestershire supplies Gloucester with venison and iron. It seems to have been the scene of many robberies and outrages, and was in Map's own Westbury neighbourhood.

P. 90. *Cadoc, King of the Welsh*.—A fragment of saints' legend. Cadoc is St. Cattwg, son of Gwynel, a petty king of Wales. Liebrecht (p. 30) refers to part taken by Iltut in another story (Nennius, § 71). James finds the tale of Cadoc and the conversion of Iltut in Rees' *Lives of the Cambro-British Saints*, pp. 45, 160.

P. 91. Rhys (*Celtic Folklore*, I. 71) calls the hero of this story Gwestin

of Gwestiniog, notes that he dwelt by Brecknock Mere, that the son's name is Trinco Faglog, and that the King is Brychon of Brycheiniog about the middle of fifth century. He remarks that another Welsh Undine who imposes like conditions was the Lady of Lyn y Fan Fach in Carmarthenshire. Rhys repeats the story of Margaret Williams, a native of Drws y Coed, that a youth steals a lady from a troop of fairies, and, after she has borne him two children, loses her by striking her with the iron of his rein. The aversion of fairies to iron is well known. See also Owen, *Welsh Folk Lore*, pp. 5-31. Hartland (*Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 302) repeats our story and notes its affinities with Maori Sagas.

P. 91, l. 28. '*to the shouting* (*clamores*) *beyond Llyfni*.'—Rhys, l.c., remarks that the phrase of Giraldus 'that great and famous lake of Brecknock, which they also call "clamosus,"' was suggested by the Welsh *Llyn, Llefni*, so called from the river *Llefni*, misinterpreted as if derived from *llef*, a cry. Dr. Evans, in a note on margin of Bodleian copy of Wright's edition of *D.N.C.*, would read *Levem* for MS. *Lenem*.

P. 92, l. 2. Deheubarth, still so spelt, is the Welsh name, not of North, but of South Wales. Map is nodding here. But Bradley points out that the king of North Wales ruled this province.

P. 93, l. 17. *Men of Reynuc*, etc.—The Latin is more than doubtful. For 'vestra terre reynos, id est Brecheniauc, non pugnent amodo quasi animalia desunt,' Bradley would read 'vestro terrore Reynos, id est Brecheniauc, non pugnent amodo . . . *nonnulla desunt* (added by scribe).'

P. 94. Edric held lands both in the north of Herefordshire and Shropshire (Domesday) and refused all submission to the Conqueror, beating back many Norman incursions and ravaging lands which had yielded to the invaders. He retained his independence for four years. Freeman (*Norman Conquest*, IV. 738, note 1) discusses Edric and his name, *silvaticus* or *salvage*. Liebrecht, in his essay 'Die Todten von Lustnau' (*Zur Volkskunde*, 54 f.), thinks that the wood in these old stories may be 'the dead,' and that the winner of the lady is forbidden thus to mention death or her home of spirits. This is sustained by Map's later account of the son of Edric's lady (p. 221). But Hartland (*Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 341) objects to this explanation of the tabu put by a fairy and regards the later version, which deems her a demon, independent and inconsistent. Parallels to the stories of Edric and Gwestin are found not only in the Melusina romance and in Matthew of Paris' story of King Offa, but in the legends of all nations, as Hartland shows in his last chapter.

P. 94, l. 21. *ghild-hus*.—This seems a nonce-usage. 'The usual Anglo-Saxon name is *gist-hus*' (Wright), which, perhaps, Map wrote.

P. 95, l. 4. *spectral squadrons*.—Perhaps MS. *alares* is for *larvas*, a common word for vampires in female form.

P. 95, l. 16. *Blind Cupid.*—For a discussion of 'The Lover's Blindness' in mediaeval and classical literature, see M. B. Ogle, *American Journal of Philology*, XLI., 1920, 240-252.

P. 96, l. 34. *Alnodus* (*Ælfnoth*).—Giraldus (James, *Eng. Hist. Rev.* XXXII. 214-244) and Bromton (Giraldus, *Opera* III. 422) place, with greater probability, the bequest of the lands of Ledbury North in the time of Offa, noting that the donor, one Edwin, was cured through the intercession of St. Ethelbert of a chronic shaking of the head.

P. 97, l. 15. *Demons, incubi, and succubi.*—This reference to incubi and to the unhappy offspring of cohabitation with them may have been suggested by Augustine's 'City of God,' bk. xv. c. xxiii. Geoffrey of Monmouth (*History*, bk. VI. c. xviii.) supplements Merlin's mother's account of his miraculous birth by citing Apuleius' book concerning 'The Demon of Socrates' (*De Deo Socratis*) as his authority for the statement that 'between the moon and the earth inhabit those spirits which we call "incubi."' They are of the nature partly of men and partly of angels, and, whenever they please, assume human shapes and lie with women.

P. 97, l. 34. '*already cited example among the Britons.*'—This phrase shows that *Dist.* IV. viii., in which the story is told at greater length, preceded this passage in time of composition. It is possible that we have to deal with a text corrupted from 'hic Alnodi, de quo superius, et ille Britonum' (the above instance of Alnodus, etc.) Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, 59, 504, cites analogues and references to the 'sons of the dead' story.

Pp. 98-99. Compare Gervase of Tilbury's account (*Otia Imperialia*, p. 39) of lamias, so called, he claims, because they lacerate children: 'lamiae vel laniae, quia laniant infantes.' Liebrecht recalls the superstition of the old wives who dare not trust a child in a cradle by itself without a candle (notice the fires and lights of our story) on account of fear of the night-hag (Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Hazlitt, 1870, II. 144). Cf. Etienne de Bourbon's like story (364).

P. 99, l. 31. *Paul and Antony.*—The story of Antony's encounter with strange monsters is told by Jerome in his Life of Paul the First Hermit (228-342 A.D.), whose day is January 15. See Charles Kingsley's *Hermits*. Map discusses at greater length the fate of the fallen angels, IV. vi.

P. 100, l. 23. '*Tournament which may more fitly be called torment.*'—At this time Alexander III. fulminated against tournaments in his Decrees of 1179 (*Roger of Hoveden*, II. 176, cited by Wright).

Pp. 101-107. This chapter is possibly the abstract of some lost Anglo-Saxon epic or later romance, of which the hero is the mythical Wade who rules the Haelsings in *Widsith* (I. 23) and is the *Vadus Gigas* of the *Wilkina Saga*. Here alone is he connected with the Old English Offa Saga (Edith Rickert, *Modern Philology*, II., 1904, 44-46). In the *Vitae Duorum Offarum*, once ascribed to Matthew

Paris, Sueno (Suanus) appears not as the nephew, but as the enemy of Offa. Nowhere else do we meet the tradition of the invasion of Offa's kingdom by the Romans. The historical Offa, King of the Mercians (*fl.* 758-796), was a contemporary of Charles the Great, with whom he corresponded freely (*D.N.B.*). History, of course, knows nothing of an eighth-century Conrad or Cunnanus, Emperor of Rome.

P. 102, l. 23. *Offa's Dyke.*—As Wright remarks, 'Offa's Dyke still exists, one of the most remarkable earthworks in the island, stretching from the Dee to the Wye.' John of Salisbury, *Polycraticus*, VI. c. vi., notes that Earl Harold made the law mentioned by Map, the transgressor of which was to lose the right hand, not the foot.

Pp. 107-109. As Wright has pointed out, Map is somewhat at fault in his account of relationship of the Emperors of Constantinople. Manuel Comnenus (1143-1180), the son of John, was so distinguished a warrior that he was nominated Emperor in preference to his elder brother, who was not Andronicus, as Map tells us. His ten-year-old son Alexius (not Manuel), who now married Agnes, the daughter of Louis VII. of France, was under the guardianship of his mother, the Empress Maria, daughter of Raymond of Antioch. Ralph de Diceto tells us that the Empress had a lover, Alexius Comnenus, Protosevastus, a nephew of Manuel, and that she attempted to poison his son. The young Emperor's cousin, the masterful Andronicus, who fills vivid pages in Gibbon, now succeeded in having the mother done to death and in assuming the control of the son. Having strangled his youthful victim, he now became Emperor and married the young widow, Agnes of France; the usurper was killed by the people of his capital in 1185.

P. 109, l. 23. Webb (*Classical Review*, XXIX. 122) reads for MS. *origini, virgini* (St. Catharine of Alexandria) and cites Sarum Missal, 'cujus ortu decorata gloriatur Graecia.'

P. 109. 'It looks as if Map, starting to tell something about the mercenaries in Constantinople, made a digression on the degeneracy of modern Greeks and broke off without telling his anecdote' (Hinton).

Pp. 112-114. *hospitality of the Welsh.*—See Giraldus, *Description of Wales*, I. x.

P. 114, l. 9. As Map's 'Llewelyn' is called the son of Griffin, and is a contemporary of Edward the Confessor (?), he can hardly be the 'Lewelin, son of Seisil,' who died in 1023 (*Annales Cambriae*, p. 23), unless tradition has had its way with him. It is possible that Map may have had in mind this Llewelyn's son, Gryffud, a mighty warrior and opponent of Edward Confessor (*D.N.B.*).

Pp. 114-115. *Llewelyn.*—Many a hero of folk-tales is a lounger in the chimney-corner in his youth. Liebrecht (p. 33) cites distant analogues to this story of the dream and its punishment. The

most significant among these is the 'Judgment of Bocchoris' (Clement of Alexandria, *Stromata*, IV. 115).

P. 119, l. 31. *Thomas, at that time the Chancellor*, etc. Before 1162.

P. 119, l. 38. Louis, son of Charlemagne (d. 840).

Pp. 122-124. That the story of Cheveslin belongs to the cycle of the Master Thief is pointed out by Liebrecht, p. 34, who gives Oriental and Slavic parallels. Cf. Cox, *Mythology of Aryan Nations*, I. iii. 120.

Pp. 125-126. William of Newburgh tells a similar story of corpses in Bucks and in Berwick emerging from their graves (*Historia Rerum Anglicarum*, V. xxii.-xxiv.). There are many Scandinavian parallels, including the Glam episode in the Grettir story. Liebrecht, pp. 35-36, cites analogues of vampires in many countries—Assyria, Africa, Borneo.

P. 126, l. 25. This marvel is told of a knight, Romaricus at Bayonne, in the *Historia Turpini*, cap. vii. The pseudo-Turpin 'History of the Life of Charles the Great and Roland' was hardly a hundred years old when Map used this.

P. 128. That precepts of a father (often three counsels) were common in the Middle Ages is shown by Liebrecht's references (p. 36) to Straparola (Novella 17), Hans Sachs' 'Comedia von dem Marschall Sophus,' and La Tour Landry's last chapter. See also the many examples of proverbs cited by Oesterley in his Notes to *Gesta Romanorum*, cap. 103. Occurrences of the warnings against the daughter of an adulteress and a red-headed man are noted by Liebrecht. To these may be added illustrations of distrust of red hair, *Herrig's Archiv*. 114, 1905, p. 294, and Curry, *Middle English Ideal of Personal Beauty*, pp. 18-19, 41, 50. Was a leaf of the archtype of our MS. wanting here (James), or was the story of the Seneschal allowed to take, incomplete and unfit, this place in Map's book (Hinton)?

P. 130. Here Map confesses the influence of the person (Geoffrey) for whom he is writing—evidently a youth approaching manhood. Sadius is just such a one as he would like his young friend to become.

Pp. 131-155. *Sadius and Galo.*—This story is probably extracted from some lost metrical romance, and has not a little in common with the *Graelent* of Marie de France, and shares features with *La Châtelaine de Vergi*. It is dramatized by Tunison (*Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages*, pp. 221-235).

P. 134, l. 13. For James, *durus ille de mea*, Bradley reads *durus ille Demea*, the old man in Terence's *Adelphi*, which Map has quoted a few lines before.

P. 139, l. 36. *percurrit.*—The verb seems to demand the addition of an object, perhaps *cor*.

P. 145, l. 13. For MS. *visit* Bradley reads rightly *visitet*, comparing Ps. lxxxviii. 33.

P. 148, l. 31. For *saluatum* Bradley suggests *sabulatum* or *sabletum*, 'arena.'

Pp. 155-166. *Parius and Lausus.*—This is the Fridolin story (James), and a variant of the legend used by Schiller in 'Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer' (Liebrecht). Oesterley cites some forty or fifty versions of 'the story of the bad breath,' *Gesta Romanorum*, cap. 283.

P. 157, l. 21. *Double pupil.*—In his address to the lena, Ovid (*Amores*, I. 8, 15) tells us that she has a double pupil in her eye. Kirby Smith in his paper on the 'Pupula Duplex' (*Studies in Honour of B. L. Gildersleeve*, 287-300) links this with the superstition of the Evil Eye.

Pp. 166-172. *Raso and his wife.*—Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 39, finds analogues in stories of early India (Benfey, *Pantschat*, I. 436 f., 186), in Slavonic versions of the Walter-saga, and in Old Norse as well (*Halvssaga*, c. viii., *Fornaldarsögur*, II. 33 f.). With this 'Raso cycle' Landau connects the tale of Parthenius, c. viii. (*Die Quellen des Boccaccio*, p. 94).

Pp. 172-176. *Rollo and his wife.*—Hinton points out (*Modern Philology*, 1917, 203 f.) that the first *novella* in Ser Giovanni's *Pecorone* is not, as Liebrecht supposed (p. 58), derived from Map's story of Rollo, but has much more in common with the tale of Reginald de Pumpuna in the *Gemma Ecclesiastica* (II. xii.) of Giraldus Cambrensis (*Opera* II. 226-228).

P. 177. *Prologue.*—This Prologue, which, as Hinton says, leads up to nothing, was written, so Map declares, in July 1183, while the Epilogue portion was written two years after the death of Henry II., about July 1191. The Epilogue reads like a conclusion of the whole work, but is unsuitable in its present place, for which Map himself is surely not responsible.

P. 178, l. 3. Philip, Count of Flanders, who plays a large part in contemporary chronicles, was a mighty warrior and crusader, dying at Acre in 1191.

P. 178. In recording the death from dysentery of young Henry at Martel in 1183 (not, as the *De Nugis* MS. reads, in 1182), Ralph of Diceto (II. 19-20) moralizes over the death of rebellious sons. Elsewhere (I. 356) he, like Map, points to the story of Absalom in this connection.

P. 179, l. 13. The first burial of Henry was at Le Mans, the second, on July 22, at Rouen. Many false reports were circulated of miraculous cures at the young king's tomb (William of Newburgh, I. 234). Map's account of events is in close accord with the *Gesta Regis Henrici II.* of Pseudo-Benedict (I. 300 f.).

P. 179, l. 26. *The lynx.*—This 'lynx' prophecy of Merlin is found in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History*, bk. VII. c. ii. Both Pseudo-Benedict and his copyist, Roger Hoveden, apply the 'raging whelps' of Geoffrey's Merlin to the rebellious children of Henry II.

Pp. 180-183. *Epilogue.*—This reads like an epilogue to the whole work, but serves poorly as introduction to the 'Valerius' tract. After the mediaeval manner, it provides at the close of its original form (p. 182, l. 24) summary mention of the book's unworthy readers, who 'hate it before they have heard it . . . and grudge it before they

greet it.' Map likewise includes in the prologue to the Fifth Division of his book (p. 254) a saying with a traditional flavour, 'The forked tongues of detractors are responsible for the rarity of poets.' For the envy theme in prologues and epilogues, see Tupper, *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XVI., 1917, 551-572.

P. 181, l. 10. Bradley inserts *principis* after *tenebrarum*.

P. 182, l. 14. *Rufini*.—Map probably has in mind the 'Rufinus' against whom Jerome wrote his famous tract.

P. 182, l. 32. The paragraph, 'I had a friend,' was written expressly to introduce the 'Epistle to Ruffinus' into the *De Nugis*. Hinton thinks that this part of the work to the end of the Division was written directly after Fragment I., about September 1181.

P. 183. *Valerius to Ruffinus*.—Joseph Bédier, in his discussion of the *Fabliaux* in which women play a sorry part, points to the stories of conjugal misfortunes in the oldest papyri, and to the famous fragment 'About Women' of the elder Simonides. See also *Ecclesiasticus*, c. XXV. Juvenal's Satire VI. remonstrates, like Map in his 'Valerius' and Chaucer in his 'Envoy to Bukton,' with a friend about to be married. And St. Jerome, in his tract against Jovinian, draws invectives against marriage from the lost books of Theophrastus and Seneca. But 'in the Middle Ages, the motif assumes a fiercer aspect—a contemptuous wrath against woman inspiring the definite dogma that women are not only inferior but evil beings, essentially perverse, contradictory, obstinate, the ruin of man.' Vivid phases of the 'querelle des femmes' are found in the *Romance of the Rose*, in the *Exempla*, in the *Seven Sages* (particularly in the grim story of the *Matron of Ephesus*). Both Richard de Bury in his *Philobiblon* (c. iv.) and Chaucer in the 'Wife of Bath's' Prologue, cite together the books of Theophrastus and 'Valerius.' And with this 'Valerius' epistle of Map, compare the Goliardic poem 'On not taking a wife' (*De conjuge non ducenda*), long attributed to our author when his genuine prose letter was denied him. Walter's contemporary, Peter of Blois, 'borrows copiously from the *Dissuasio Valerii*, taking from it the instances of Phoroneus, Marius and Metellus, Lucilia and Livia, Deianira, Valentinian, Canius, Pacuvius, but we know that the *Dissuasio* was current before and apart from the *De Nugis*' (James).

Pp. 183 f. As James notes, 'much of the mythology is derived from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, e.g. Circe, lib. xiv.; Scylla, lib. viii.; Myrrha, lib. x.; Jupiter, lib. vi. 103; Leucothoe, lib. iv. 190 f.; Mars and Venus, lib. iv. 170 f.; Nessus and Deianira, ix. 110 f.'

P. 184, l. 10. See the 'serpent in treacle' of *Philobiblon* xi., quoted from 'Aristotle, *De Pomo*.'

P. 186, l. 6. Salomon is called 'sol hominum' (Richard of Bury's *Philobiblon*, iii.).

P. 186, l. 26. '*punish bitterly ..... love*.'—On like oxymora in con-

nection with love, compare the article of M. B. Ogle, *Modern Language Notes*, XXIX., 1914, 243-247. The 'amantur amare' of the present passage there finds many illustrations.

P. 186, l. 36. Scylla treacherously destroyed her father, Nisus, by cutting off his golden lock, and Myrrha was enamoured of her father, Cinyras. Ovid tells the story of both.

P. 188, l. 38. *Tongillus*.—Like James, I do not find the name elsewhere. The diviner was Vestricius Spurinna; the man who gave Caesar the letter was Artemidorus. Leontius (p. 189, l. 39) and Valens, Emperor of Rome (p. 190, l. 8), are unidentifiable in their present context.

P. 189, l. 35. Phoroneus is mentioned as the earliest lawgiver of Greece in the *Historia Scholastica* to Genesis, 15 (James), but the story's source has not been traced.

P. 190, l. 8. This story is told of 'the Emperor Valentinian' by Gower (*Confessio*, v. 6396 f.; *Mirour*, 17089), and, like the preceding, appears in other collections. All derived from Map.

P. 190, l. 18. *Cicero*. This story of Cicero is derived from Jerome's tract against Jovinian.

P. 190, l. 28. *Livy of Aponus*.—The *fons Aponi* is near Livy's birthplace, Patavium (Padua). Canius of Gades is known to Martial, I. 61.

P. 191, l. 15. Pacuvius and Attius (not Arrius) are coupled as tragic poets by Aulus Gellius, XIII. 2, and other Latin writers. Map's anecdote of the tree and the three wives had wide currency in the Middle Ages. In Chaucer's 'Wife of Bath's' Prologue (D. 758) it is connected with 'Latumius,' in *Gesta Romanorum*, tale 33, with Paletinus. The story is really from Cicero, *De Oratore*, II. 69.

P. 191, l. 27. *Sulpicius*.—Mentioned in the Jerome tract against Jovinian.

P. 192, l. 3. The opinions of Metellus Numidicus on the subject of marriage are found in the *Attic Nights* of Gellius, I. c. 6 (Wright).

P. 192, l. 23. The story of Lais of Corinth and Demosthenes is found in the *Attic Nights* of Gellius, I. c. 8, and was often cited.

P. 192, l. 35. *Livia and Lucilia*.—Livia poisoned her husband Drusus, son of Tiberius, at the instigation of Sejanus, A.D. 23 (cf. Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, II. 1). Lucilia was the imaginary wife of Lucretius; see Tennyson's poem of 'Lucretius' for the story of the fatal love-philtre, which she caused to be brewed in the hope of reviving the affection of her lord. Compare Chaucer's 'Wife of Bath's' Prologue (D. 747). Map seems the sponsor of Lucilia.

P. 194, l. 12. To James' *mundus* Webb prefers *humilis* of several MSS. as a proper antithesis to *sullimis*. Bradley reads *mundis* and *sullinus*.

P. 194, l. 15. Perictione, the mother of Plato by Apollo's phantom, appears in Jerome *Against Jovinian*, I. 42 (James).

P. 195, l. 30. *The married Stilbon.*—Mercury, under the name of Stilbon, appears as the happy bridegroom of Philology in the *De Nuptiis* of Martianus Capella.

P. 196, l. 29. *The 'Aureolus' of Theophrastus.*—The passages from this lost book which are cited by Jerome *Against Jovinian* are found as a separate tract in several manuscripts (James), and were well known to Chaucer and to Richard of Bury.

P. 197, l. 15. For MS. *fago*, Bradley reads *sago*, citing Martial, I. 3, 8, 'ibis ab excusso missus in astra sago.'

Pp. 199-215. As other mediaeval versions of 'the story of a knight who had wasted his patrimony being restored to riches by the evil one,' Wright cites a Latin tale in his *Selection* (p. 31), and a French fabliau, '*Le dit du povre Chevalier*' (Jubinal, *Nouv. Recueil*, I. 138). One detects here the influence of the history of Eudo de Stella, who practised marvellous deceptions by the aid of demons and was finally seized by the Archbishop of Rheims, and condemned by the council held in that city 1148 (William of Newburgh, *Historia Rerum Anglicarum*, I. xix.). The incident of 'the three warnings' was a subject of popular monkish story. See Bromyard's *Summa Predicantium*, title 'Mors' (Wright's *Selection*, p. 35), and the *Speculum Laicorum*, 191 (Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, etc., III. 381).

P. 200, l. 27. *Hinds.*—For the connection between the hind and unseen powers, compare Ogle, 'The Stag Messenger Episode' (*American Journal of Philology*, XXXVII. 1916).

P. 202, l. 9. For stories of the pranks of sundry mischievous but not malignant spirits who fell with Lucifer, see Giraldus Cambrensis, *Itinerary of Wales*, c. xii. (Wright).

Pp. 203-207. James notes that 'the story told here is a conflation [found elsewhere] of two well-known mediaeval tales, the Painter and the Devil (Wright's *Selection*, p. 34 and notes), and the Sacristan and the Lady, of which the best-known version is that by Rutebeuf.'

P. 205, l. 15. *In their place of silence.*—Wright's pointing, a period after 'silentii,' seems preferable to closing the sentence with 'erubescent' (blush) as in James' text.

P. 206, l. 39. *making contemptuous gestures.*—For MS. *fingens yconias*, Bradley reads *pingens ciconias*, pointing to *D.N.C.* 9 (10^{23}), and comparing Persius, I. 58.

P. 207, l. 25. *by joining thy hands between mine.*—Professor Arthur B. Myrick calls the attention of the translators to a passage in Rutebeuf's *Le Miracle de Théophile*, ii. 242-244 (*Œuvres*, II. 244) in which the devil, as here, requires his victim 'to join thy hands, and so become my man.' Myrick points to the popularity of the story of 'infernal homage' in ecclesiastical sculpture. (See Mâle, *L'Art Religieux en France au XIII^e siècle.*) Cf. *D.N.C.* 119^{27}.

P. 209, l. 17. '*no good man unpunished.*'—If, as Bradley thinks, this is a perversion of Pope Innocent III.'s 'Contempt of the World,' III. 15, 'He is a just judge who lets no evil man go unpunished, no good man unrewarded,' this part of 'Courtiers' Trifles' was

written after 1191, the date of Innocent's tract. This would hint a doubt of the correctness of Hinton's chronology (Introduction).

Pp. 215-218. *The Story of the Monk of Cluny.*—Another version of the story told in *Dist.* I. xiv.

P. 218, l. 23. *Sons of the Dead Woman.*—'This story is not very apt here and leads the author off to an entirely different subject, marriages with supernatural beings' (Hinton). See above, II. xiii.

Pp. 218-220. The present translation of the 'Henno cum Dentibus' incident owes not a little to the happy rendering of the passage by Baldwin, *English Medieval Literature*, 1914, pp. 60-62.

P. 218, l. 27. *Henno with the teeth.*—For the name, see William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum*, II. 286-287, 'Haimo dentatus,' a Norman baron, ancestor of the FitzHamons. Gervase, *Otia Imperialia*, p. 26, localizes a somewhat similar story at the Castle of the Sparrowhawk in the diocese of Valence, and Giraldus Cambrensis tells a like tale of the demon-countess of Anjou (*Works*, VIII. 301). See *Gesta Romanorum*, 160. The motive figures also in the romance of *Mélusine*, but the lady's husband is there a Lusignan. In the romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, the fairy mother of the king has a like distaste of the sacred offices, and vanishes much in the same fashion. See also Vincent of Beauvais, *Speculum Naturale*, II. 127. Note the classical pedigree of Keats' *Lamia*.

Pp. 221-229. *Gerbert.*—Gerbert or Pope Sylvester II. (999-1003) was often reputed a sorcerer in the Middle Ages (Olleris, *Œuvres de Gerbert*, clxxxviii.-cxcviii.). William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum*, I. 193, makes him the possessor of a magical head that predicts his death at 'Jerusalem'; and John of Bromton, 881-882, also tells of his homage to the devil, of the opening of earth at his incantations, of the glimpse of treasures which he was unable to touch and of his end at the church of 'Jerusalem in Lateran.' Giraldus (*Gemma*, II. 34) tells of his avoidance of the sacrament. No mediaeval writer except Map mentions Gerbert's association with a fairy lady; but Ordericus Vitalis (I. xxiv.) relates that, when Gerbert was master of a school, he had a conference with the devil and learned that he would be 'translated from R. to R. and as pope would be R.' (Rheims, Ravenna, Rome). His connection with Meridiana recalls such lays as *Desire*, *Graelent*, *Lanval*. The Jerusalem motive is adapted to Henry IV. (*H.* IV., Pt. II. IV. iv.), 'It has been prophesied to me many years I should not die but at Jerusalem.'

P. 222, l. 5. *Metamorphoseos.*—Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 48, finds in the *Matre morphoseos* of the text a concealed reference to the Metamorphoseos of Apuleius and points to 'the change to an ass.' The translation follows rather closely Webb's interpretation of this doubtful passage in *The Classical Review*, 1915, 122. The reference to Scylla, Webb derives from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiii. 967.

P. 223, l. 18. *Meridiana.*—Henno with the Teeth finds his lady at midday in a grove (IV. ix.) and the followers of Herla are seen

at midday (IV. xiii.). This superstition is mirrored in the Vulgate *demonio meridiano*, 'the destruction that wasteth at noonday' (Ps. xci. 6), which is quoted by Map, 291[1].

P. 229, l. 6. *The bundle of twigs*.—This oriental story serves its turn in the dumb show of the first English tragedy *Gorboduc*.

P. 229, l. 26. Hinton shows that the passage refers to the arrival in England of the news of the election of Lucius III. (Hubald, Bishop of Ostia), September 1, 1181, as the successor of Alexander III. (1159-1181).

P. 229, l. 29. *The Shoemaker of Constantinople*.—This 'monstrous instance of necrophilia,' with its Medusa supplement, is connected with the Gulf of Satalia by Gervase of Tilbury, p. 11 (Liebrecht's note, p. 92), by Roger of Hoveden, III. 158 (who derives it from *Gesta Regis Henrici*, II. 196), by 'Sir John Mandeville,' c. IV., and by John Bromton, col. 1216. The legend enters the Merlin story.

P. 232, l. 31. *Nicholas Pipe*.—Liebrecht (*Zur Volkskunde*, p. 49), in the light of the later names of this merman (Cola Pesce and Fisch Nicolas), who is the original of Schiller's 'Diver,' would read *Pesce* for *Pipe*, but Gervase, who tells the story, *Otia Imperialia*, p. 11, immediately after the Satalia marvel, calls him 'Nicholaus Papa.' Gervase puts Nicholaus under Roger II. of Sicily (1127-1154) and Map under William I. (1154-1166) or William II. (1166-1189).

P. 233, l. 30. *Followers of Herla*.—Similarly Peter of Blois, speaking of court life, compares the followers of the court to 'the soldiers of Herlewin,' Epistle 14 (James). Map may have been indebted for this comparison to Peter, who wrote some years before him (Hinton), but James deems the parallel a coincidence. Compare this mention of Herla with *Dist.* I. xi.

Pp. 237 f. *Kings of Brittany*.—Map's confusion of the names and dates of the early rulers of Brittany becomes apparent from the chronology of Le Moyne de la Borderie, *Histoire de Bretagne*, II. (1898), 533 :—

> Nominoë, Governor of Brittany and afterwards King (841-851).
> Erispoë (Map's Ylispon), his son, King (851-857).
> Salomon, his cousin (857-874).
> . . . . . .
> Alain the Great (888-907).

Salomon slew Erispoë while invoking God in a church whither he had fled, and was himself blinded and killed in the church of L'Élorn (La Martyre) by his former lords, among them Wigon (son of Rivelen, Count of Cornwall, 857-874), who had been loaded with benefits by the King. Salomon becomes in legend a figure of royal majesty and is connected by Jean Bodel, *La Chanson de Saisnes*, with Charlemagne.

P. 237, l. 17. *mime*.—On 'mime' as a word of contempt in the writings of church fathers and mediaeval ecclesiastics, compare Reich, *Der Mimus*, I. ii. pp. 803 f.

P. 242, l. 6. *The game of chess.*—This introduction of chess is an anachronism, as it was not played in Western Europe until two centuries later. Quarrels over chess are frequent in the romances, as in the story of Ogier the Dane (Wright, *History of Domestic Manners*, etc., pp. 198 f.).

P. 243, l. 4. Hoel, Count of Nantes, does not appear in the chronology of Brittany until a century later.

Pp. 247-253. *Sceva and Olla.*—Liebrecht (*Englische Studien*, II. 20; *Zur Volkskunde*, 51-53) cites a lustspiel by Hieronymus Justesen (1476-1577) called *Karrig Niding*, edited by Birket Smith, Copenhagen, 1876. A miser, Niding, who grieves over food eaten in his house, leaves home, and his place is taken by a beggar, Jep Skald, who usurps his wife and prerogatives and persuades his man and maid-servants and his neighbours to reject him. Finally Niding yields and goes away to seek house and servants elsewhere. The rejection of a paterfamilias by bribed servants is a common motive in the old comedy (see *Taming of the Shrew*, Act v.).

Pp. 254-256. *Prologue.*—With this prologue it is interesting to compare Map's account of his own reputation (Giraldus, *Opera* v. 410-411). His 'dicta,' because they are in the vernacular, have, in his opinion, won a greater recognition than the Latin writings of his friend, Giraldus.

P. 255, l. 15. *Menestratus.*—Bradley rejects MS. Menestratem, but notes the occurrence in Aelian of Menecrates, and in Pliny of two distinguished sculptors Menestratus and Menecrates.

P. 255, l. 20. *The avarice of Juba.*—Juba, King of the Numidians and ally of Pompey, committed suicide in 46 B.C.

P. 256, l. 14. *King Appollonides.*—James suggests that the King is possibly Henry II. or some other King of England or of France, contemporary with Map. His reviewer (*Athenaeum*, Feb. 16, 1915) prefers William the Lion, or Philip, Count of Flanders, and Webb (*Classical Review*, XXIX. 122), Richard I. Bradley, p. 398, thinks 'Appollonides' is young Henry, who is earlier (*D.N.C.* p. 179^{12}) called Phaethon [Python ?], the son of Apollo (Henry II.). Probably Hinton is right in thinking that 'some Welsh chief is meant, since the cattle-raid is more consonant with the martial adventures of Wales than of any other nation with whose rulers Map was acquainted well enough to feel personal hatred.' The 'Ap' of Appollonides suggests to us the Welsh patronymic. Perhaps the prince was David Ap-Owen of North Wales, who married the sister of Henry II.

P. 258, l. 1. The lines on the omens of the several captures of Jerusalem, which have been erroneously included here, were probably written soon after the fall of Jerusalem, but long enough thereafter for the memorial couplet in that year to become current, let us say, early in 1188 (Hinton). Bradley retains MS. *a Sarracenis* and renders 'from the Saracens.'

P. 258, l. 28. Bradley reads *nullum* before MS. *consilium* as

Ethelred was so notorious for his *unrāed*, lack of counsel, that he was called 'The Unready.'

Pp. 258 f. *Origin of Godwin.*—Freeman, in a long note upon the Origin of Earl Godwin (*Norman Conquest*, I. Appendix, ZZ), weighs the evidence of the Chronicles and concludes that he was not the great nephew of the arch-traitor, Eadric, but was the son of Wulfnoth—perhaps Child Wulfnoth, the South Saxon, perhaps Wulfnoth the churl. In accord with the tradition preserved by Map, which Freeman does not cite, is the statement of the minor chronicler, Ralph the Black, that 'Godwin was the son of a cowherd' and the story in the *Knytlinga Saga* that Ulf, the Danish Earl, was taken by Godwin to the house of his father, a rich farmer (Wulfnoth) living in good style, where he was most comfortably entertained. Ulf, delighted with the handsome countenance and ready speech of the youth, treats him as his son, presents him to Canute, and procures for him the dignity of Earl. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (Canterbury) and Florence of Worcester deem him of noble origin. Sharon Turner in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons* seems to adopt both conflicting stories.

Pp. 261 f. The later part of the sketch of Godwin conflicts with the earlier. The splendid youth of epic legend has become the subtle and crafty and greedy politician of Norman calumnies.

Pp. 261-262. Map's story of the destruction of Berkeley nunnery is, according to Freeman (II. Appendix, note E), a legendary version of the dissolution of Leominster after the love-affair of Earl Swegen and the Abbess Eadgifu in 1046. Map's tale is evidently mythical, yet it is certain that there was a real suppression of a monastery at Berkeley, and that Godwin profited by it in some way or other.

P. 262, l. 26. *Bosham.*—'Walter Map follows up his story about Berkeley with an absurd story of the way in which Godwin cheated the Archbishop of Canterbury out of the lordship of Bosham, where there seems to be a pun between *Bosham* and *basium*, "kiss"' (Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, II., 3d ed., 558).

P. 263, l. 7. *Cnut, the King of the Danes.*—'How utterly the real story (of Cnut's threefold election to the crown) and above all, how utterly the true position of Cnut at the time of his father's death passed out of mind, is nowhere better shown than in the version of Walter Map. The English, according to him, especially the Londoners, were so tired of Ethelred that they sent for help to Cnut, who, it would seem, had already founded the Northern Empire' (Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, I. 693).

P. 263, l. 14. *Danesia.*—'Where is Danesey?' asks Freeman (*Norman Conquest*, I. 694). The context suggests the 'Danelagh.' But Hinton, in a recent letter, answers, 'Dengey Hundred in Essex,' and points to *The Essex Domesday*, pp. 21*a*, 24*a*, the hundred *Daneseia*, and to the various forms, *Dengey*, *Dansye*, etc. (*Victoria History of Essex*, I. 372, 453, 457).

P. 264, l. 21. *The English proverb.*—Bradley reads *steng* (*stenc*), 'staff,' for MS. *stent.*

P. 264, l. 31. *Alfred and Edward.*—These young princes became the subjects of romance. According to Gaimar (*Lestorie des Engles*, 4785 f.), Edward, the elder brother, had gone into Hungary to help his cousins; Alfred was killed by treason of Earl Godwin who had him slain horribly at Ely, after Alfred at Guilford, on the top of Geldesdone Hill, had promised to 'set up good customs and love well peace and right.'

Pp. 265-266. *The Conference of Cnut and Edmund.*—Freeman (I. Appendix, WW) points out that 'the conference between Cnut and Edmund has grown in the hands of many historians from Henry of Huntingdon onwards into a single combat between the two kings, which became in the course of time one of the established sensation scenes of history.' Neither Florence of Worcester nor the *Knytlinga* Saga knows of this story. In William of Malmesbury (II. 180), Edmund proposes a single combat, but Cnut refuses on the ground of his inferiority in strength, and a peaceful division of the kingdom is effected. Henry of Huntingdon does not know whether to describe a French tournament or Scandinavian holmgang; lances are broken, champions draw swords, the strength of Edmund is prevailing, and Cnut, after a brave resistance, proposes that they divide the kingdom and become sworn brothers; the kiss of peace is exchanged. Roger of Wendover (I. 457-459) tells substantially the same story as Map. The Worcester Chronicle and Florence place the meeting in an island of the Severn, Olney, near Deerhurst.

Pp. 266-267. *Robert of Gloucester and Stephen Beauchamp.*—This story is paraphrased by Camden, *Remaines*, 249.

Pp. 268-269. *The death of Edmund.*—A long list of English writers accuse Eadric Streona of the deed. In William of Malmesbury, the killing is accomplished in the manner narrated by Map, but by two of Eadric's chamberlains; in Henry of Huntingdon by Eadric's son, Edmund's nephew. Other versions tell the story of an archer of wonderful workmanship, made by Eadric, whose bow launches an arrow that kills the King (Freeman, I. Appendix, WW). The historians agree that Eadric, the murderer, was executed by Cnut, but disagree regarding the mode of death. William of Malmesbury has him choked and thrown through the window; Henry of Huntingdon cuts off his head and sets it on a pole, Ethelred of Rievaulx places it on the highest gate of London (Freeman, I. Appendix, DDD). Eadric Streona was a man of low birth and of shrewd intellect, and thus corresponds well to Map's unnamed 'man of servile and base condition.' It was felt by many to be 'a great evil that such a man should rise to power.'

Pp. 269-272. *The Story of Godwin's Marriage.*—Freeman (I. Appendix, note EEE) shows that Godwin is described by Map as earl of exactly those parts of England of which he was never earl.

'The imaginary warfare of Godwin after Edmund's death may well be a confused remembrance of real warfare before the death of Edmund, and one would like to know something about the alleged resistance of Hereford to Canute. In the romantic *Life of Harold* (Birch, *Vita Haroldi*, c. i. pp. 14-15), the tale of the changing of the death-letter is thus concluded. All is done as Godwin wishes, and Cnut puts the best face upon the matter by receiving Godwin as a brother and giving him the rank of "consul" or Earl. Ralph the Black refers to the same story and its happy outcome; but the authoritative historians tell us that the Earl really married Gytha, the daughter of Thorgils and the sister of Ulf. Interestingly enough, the same story is told by Saxo Grammaticus (194) of the way in which Ulf won his wife. The motive of the letter-changing appears frequently in literature from the story of the messenger of Pausanias (Thucydides, I. 132) to that of "The Man who would be King" in William Morris' *Earthly Paradise*.'

P. 272, l. 21. *Defeat of Louis the Fat by Henry I.*—This is the Battle of Brenneville fought in 1119 (Suger, *Life of Louis*, c. xxi.).

Pp. 272 f. *The character of Henry I.*—The character of Henry as a ruler deeply impressed all his contemporaries. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle praises him frankly. Orderic, Henry of Huntingdon, and Robert of Torigni give us favourable portraits. The Continental writers extol him. Whatever his crimes or vices, he preserved peace in his dominions, a firm rule, where no man dared hurt another. Robert of Gloucester praises his learning and his zeal for justice. 'His cruelties are isolated, his acts of beneficence are systematic.' (See Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, I. Appendix, note X; Norgate, *England under the Angevin Kings*, I. c. i.)

P. 273, l. 2. *The monastery of Cluny.*—For an account of the founding of Cluny in 910, of its early abbots from Berno and Odo to Peter the Venerable, and of its strife with the Cistercians, who find a voice in Bernard's famous *Apology*, see Maitland, *Dark Ages*, §§ xviii.-xxvi. 'Alfonso' in the present passage is probably Alfonso I., King of Aragon. Abbot Peter confirms Map's story.

Pp. 274-275. *Henry I. and his Chamberlain.*—This story is translated by Camden, *Remaines*, 247.

P. 275, l. 27. *Gurmund and Ysembard.*—Bradley shows that Geoffrey of Monmouth (xi. 8) absurdly transfers the stories of Gurmund and Ysembard to the reign of another Louis in the sixth century and makes Gurmund a king of Africans. Map's authority is certainly not Geoffrey. The story is told by Guido of Châlons of Louis the Stammerer.

Pp. 276 f. *Louis VII.*—'The Anonymous History of Louis VII.,' printed with Suger's 'Life of Louis the Fat,' discusses the early acts of his reign and does justice to his virtues.

P. 278, l. 30. The context demands that we read *nonnullos* for *nullos*, to justify Galeran's song. Effria seems to be Ivry.

P. 278, l. 37. *French verses.*—Here is a free rendering of the French of Galeran (who left Ivry tower to Henry II. in 1177) :—

> 'Walter plunders (the vines) and Buchard thieves,
> And William de Gurney his pickings receives ;
> King Louis takes what each man leaves.'

P. 281, l. 18. *The riches of kings.*—Giraldus repeats Walter's account of Louis' conversation anent the riches of kings in his 'Instruction of a Prince' (*Opera*, VIII. 370).

P. 282, l. 5. *Henry, Count of Champagne.*—Henry the Liberal, one of the escort that conducted the daughter of Louis on her ill-starred betrothal to Constantinople (*D.N.C.* II. xviii.), died in February, 1181. Jacques de Vitry exemplifies his generosity.

P. 282, l. 36. *Sister of Count Theobald.*—On October 4, 1160, Louis VII. took as his third wife Adela of Champagne, daughter of Theobald IV. called the Great, of whom Map has much more to say, and sister of Theobald V. Adela was the mother of Louis' only son, Philip Augustus, who succeeded him in 1180.

P. 283, l. 38. *Louis' recent marriage.*—As the marriage of Louis with Constance, daughter of the King of Castile (1154), is described as 'recent,' we know that the young Map was in Paris shortly after that year.

P. 285, l. 1. *Philip, the son of Louis the Fat.*—Suger, who tells the story of young Philip's death in his 'Life of Louis the Fat,' calls him 'a child, in the flower of his age and of great sweetness of temper, the hope of the good and the terror of the wicked.'

P. 285, l. 21. *Henry I.'s victory over Louis.*—The Battle of Brenneville, 1119 (above, p. 272), was little more than a skirmish.

P. 286, l. 5. *Theobald, Count of Champagne.*—Theobald the Great, Count of Blois, Chartres, and Champagne, was the elder brother of King Stephen, and himself a possible successor to the English throne at the death of his uncle, Henry I., with whom he had allied himself in wars against Louis the Fat. These wars fill many pages of Suger's 'Life of Louis.'

P. 286, l. 24. '*Tpwrut, Aleman.*'—A parallel to this oft-cited taunt is to be found in the French scoff at the German followers of the Emperor Conrad, when these were harassed by the Turkish cavalry during the Second Crusade (1148), 'Pousse, pousse, Allemand' (Πούτζῆ 'Αλαμάνε, cited by Michelet, II. 317).

Pp. 289-290. *Theobald and the Leper.*—This story is told at some length by Giraldus in his 'Instruction of a Prince,' I. 20 (*Works*, VIII. 135-136). He praises the virtues of Theobald. The tale creeps into many collections of *exempla* and of homilies.

Pp. 291-292. *The dream of William Rufus.*—For full discussion of the dream of the Red King see Freeman, *William Rufus*, II. 320 and note SS. In the version of the dream by Benoit de Sainte More, 40523 f., Gundulph is the expounder of a dream in which the King

sees upon an altar the dead body of a stag, later changing to that of a man. Giraldus, in his 'Instruction of a Prince,' does not mention the name of the Bishop who interprets William's dream and advises him to restore Anselm.

P. 291, l. 11. Hinton, in a recent letter, suggests for *a Chazar, Achazar*, Achères.

P. 292, l. 16. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury (1093-1109).

P. 293, l. 29. *Gerard of Hereford.*—Gerard was only a subdeacon when he was appointed Bishop of Hereford, 1096. He was made Archbishop of York on the decease of Thomas his predecessor (whom Map wrongly calls 'Ealdred') in November 1100, and died in 1108. Ordericus Vitalis (x. xv.) tells us that Henry was anointed by the venerable Maurice, Bishop of London. There seems to be no truth in Map's story of Henry's bargain with Gerard (*D.N.B.*).

Pp. 294 f. *The character of Henry I.*—Freeman has gathered (*Norman Conquest*, v. note X) many contemporary tributes to the character of Henry I. Miss Norgate is largely indebted to these pages of Map for her account of the court of this king (*England under the Angevin Kings*, I. 413). Freeman, consulting the manuscript itinerary of Henry, shows that he journeyed freely through Wessex and Mercia, but seldom beyond their borders.

P. 295, l. 16. *The maintenance of peace.*—'Good man he (Henry I.) was and great awe there was of him. No one durst misdo another in his time. Peace he made for man and deer. Whoso bare his burden of gold and silver, no man durst say to him aught but good' (*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, A° 1135).

P. 296, l. 20. *The marriage of Henry I.*—'And then soon hereafter the King took to wife Matilda, daughter of King Malcolm of Scotland and the good Queen Margaret, King Edward's kinswoman of the right royal race of England' (*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, A° 1100). Matilda was known as 'good Queen Maude.'

P. 296, l. 22. *Henry's children.*—Many chroniclers, Orderic, William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and poets, Wace and Benoit, tell the story of the drowning of William the Aetheling in the White Ship in 1120, and of his father's desperate grief at the loss of his hopes. From the marriage of Matilda with Geoffrey of Anjou sprang the Angevin Kings of England, Henry II. and his sons.

Pp. 297 f. *Personality of Henry II.*—Upon this account by Map, blended with the sketches of Peter of Blois (*Epistle* lxvi., Giles, I. 193) and Giraldus Cambrensis ('Instruction of a Prince,' II. c. 29), Miss Norgate bases her vivid picture of Henry's person and habits (I. 409). Of his sudden journeys, Peter gives a lively account, *Epistle* xiv.

P. 298, l. 28. *Matilda, a bad adviser.*—Modern historians give us a very different impression of the Empress Matilda. 'Henry's chief assistant in the management of his Continental affairs was his mother. Matilda had been a harsh, violent, impracticable woman, but there was in her character an element of moral and intellectual

grandeur. . . . She contributed not a little, by warnings and suggestions, to the success of her son ' (Norgate, I. 442-443).

P. 299, l. 5. *The mother of Geoffrey of York.*—Dimock (Giraldus, *Works*, VII., Preface, p. xxxvii.) throws doubt on Map's whole account of Geoffrey's mother save her name, and suggests that she may have been an Akeny (Acquigny), a noble family of Normandy. ' Geoffrey had the Angevin fearlessness, energy, persistence and thoroughness, with a fair share of the versatile capabilities of the family ' (Norgate). Giraldus has given a detailed account of the life of Henry's most loyal son, the Archbishop of York (*Works*, IV. 357-431). His quarrel with his canons, to which Map refers, came in 1193.

P. 299, l. 25. *Henry, Emperor of the Romans.*—Matilda, the daughter of Henry I., was betrothed to the Emperor Henry V. in 1110, and married with great pomp at Mainz, January 6, 1114. Shortly after this marriage, Henry was defeated at the battle of Welfisholz (1115) by the Saxons, who left the bodies of their fallen opponents on the field as being under the interdict of the Church (compare Map's version). Map's story of his feigned death and exile seems to be imaginary, though Giraldus and Hoveden mention the tradition. He was, as Map says, a heartless son in his removal of his grey-headed father (1106). There is no evidence that he slew with his own hand his brother Conrad, King of Italy, who died in 1101.

P. 301, l. 38. Ralph de Diceto, II. 10, places this conference in April 1182, but does not mention our incident.

P. 302, l. 34. The chroniclers note that the whole body of French crusaders made common cause with the Germans and the partisans of Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, Lord of Tyre, in thwarting every scheme that Richard proposed either for the settlement of the French kingdom in Palestine or for the reconquest of its capital (Norgate, II. 321). Hence the accusations against Richard, when Conrad, whom Map, confusing him with his brother, calls ' Boniface,' was stabbed by assassins at Tyre, April 28, 1192. See Scott's dramatic version of Conrad's death in *The Talisman*.

P. 303, l. 30. *The Channel crossing.*—Henry's narrow escape from shipwreck between Barfleur and Portsmouth occurred on March 3, 1170 (*Gesta Henrici*, II. i. 3 ; Roger Hoveden, II. 5).

P. 304, l. 3. *Thurstan and Adam.*—Camden renders this story, *Remaines*, 246-247.

P. 304, l. 10. *Thurstan Fitz-Simon.*—Dr. J. H. Round in *The King's Sergeants*, 1911, p. 192, supplies the word *Simonis* after *filius*, and a few lines later reads *scannum* (Wright, *stannum*) for *stantium*. He also points out that Adam of Yarmouth was a justice in eyre in 1169 and 1173, and that Thurstan fil. Simonis was similarly employed in 1173 and had for a colleague Map himself (James). The unjust dealing of Thurstan with the church at Marcham is recorded, *Chron. Mon. de Abingdon*, II. 184-187 (*Rolls Ser.*).

P. 305, l. 20. *Christmas at Caen.*—The author of *Gesta Henrici*, II. i. 291, notes that Henry kept Christmas 1182-1183 at Caen with his sons Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, his son-in-law the Duke of Saxony and his Duchess, and many bishops, earls, and barons, but he says nothing of the Tankarville incident. The Tankarvilles were hereditary high-chamberlains of Normandy. This William had sided against the King in his struggles with his sons.

P. 307, l. 24. *Patrick.*—Hinton reads for *patricii*, *Patricii*, and indicates Patrick, Earl of Salisbury, Governor of Aquitaine, murdered at Poitiers by Guy de Lusignan, or more probably by his brother, Geoffrey, in 1168 (Norgate, II. 59).

P. 308, l. 18. *William, Earl of Arundel.*—This Earl was that William of Albini (Aubigny) who married Adeliza, widow of Henry I. (d. 1176). In 1186, when Henry II. kept Christmas at Guilford, we find his son William, Earl of Sussex, serving at the table of the King, as was his hereditary right at solemn feasts (*Gesta Henrici*, II. ii. 3).

P. 310, l. 8. *The resignation of Geoffrey.*—Geoffrey's resignation of the see of Lincoln was formally completed at Marlborough on the feast of Epiphany, 1182 (Diceto, II. 10). The Ashwell incident took place in the preceding year, 1181. But these pages were written by Map several years after the death of Henry II., who was devoted to his natural son. No other writer than Map hints a doubt of Geoffrey's paternity (*D.N.B.*).

P. 310, l. 12. *French of Marlborough.*—Matzke, *Modern Philology*, III., 1905, 47-60, gives several instances of the 'French of Marlborough'—bad French spoken by Englishmen in Old French literature—and discusses its vocabulary, phonetics, morphology, and syntax.

P. 311, l. 29. *Geoffrey's seal.*—Camden, who paraphrases (*Remaines*, 251) Map's story of his reply to Geoffrey, adds: 'The Bishop Geoffrey in all his instruments passing from him, used the style of *G. Archepiscopus Eborum*, but, in the circumference of his seal, to notify his royal parentage, *Sigillum Galfredi filii Regis Anglorum*, as I observed in his seals.'

P. 312, l. 14. *The prebend once held by Geoffrey.*—'The prebend of Mapesbury in the cathedral church of St. Paul and in the parish of Willesden' (James).

Pp. 312 f. *Recapitulation.*—Hinton regards this section as a 'rough draft of the opening pages of the work,' written after Randolph de Glanville's appointment as Justiciar (April 1180). It is probably the first of all the fragments, and its last lines are certainly not Map's finishing touch.

P. 318, l. 36. *The Spanish dispute.*—This dispute, of which Henry was chosen arbiter, was in 1177 (Giraldus, 'The Instruction of a Prince,' *Works*, VIII. 159, 218).

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P. 215, *l.* 6: Rom. x. 2.
ll. 14-15: Luke xv. 22-23.
16-18: Luke xi. 11-12.
P. 222, *l.* 4: Cf. Ov. Met. xiii. 967.
P. 225, *l.* 38: Ps. cxxxvii. 8.
P. 226, *l.* 5: Ov. Met. vii. 9.
ll. 17-18: Cf. Plaut. Truc. 42 sq.
P. 230, *l.* 16: Virg. Ecl. ii. 2.
P. 232, *l.* 9: Cf. Hab. iii. 8.
l. 22: Job. xxxviii. 16.
P. 235, *ll.* 34-35: John xiv. 31.
l. 38: Luke xiv. 19-20.
P. 236, *ll.* 33-34: Luke xiv. 19-20.
P. 241, *l.* 35: Matt. viii. 20.
P. 247, *ll.* 22-23: Juv. Sat. xiv. 139.

P. 248, *l.* 7 : Hor. Serm. ii. 4, 1.
l. 29 : Matt. xx. 3.
P. 249, *l.* 23 : Luke xxii. 34.
P. 251, *l.* 3 : Matt. xviii. 32.
P. 253, *ll.* 9-10 : Ov. Am. i. 8, 62.
P. 254, *l.* 9 : Virg. Ecl. viii. 10.
ll. 31 sq. : Cic. pro Archia 10; cf. Jul. Valerius, i. 46.
P. 261, *l.* 13 : Hor. Epist. i. 1, 66.
P. 262, *l.* 4 : Virg. Aen. vi. 126.
l. 7 : Matt. xxv. 2.
P. 263, *ll.* 31-32 : Ps. ci. 7.
ll. 32-33 : Ps. ci. 5.
P. 264, *l.* 16 : Hor. Epist. i. 6, 27.
P. 266, *ll.* 27-28 : Cf. Ps. lii. 2.
P. 267, *ll.* 37-38 : Ps. xxxvi. 4.
P. 268, *l.* 12 : Ov. Her. iv. 133.
P. 269, *l.* 18 : Ps. xlv. 7.
P. 271, *l.* 5 : Virg. Aen. ii. 49.
P. 275, *l.* 36 : 2 Sam. xii. 10.
P. 276, *ll.* 6-7 : Ps. lxxviii. 65.
ll. 15-16 : Ps. xxxiv. 22.
P. 278, *l.* 3 : 1 Kings xii. 11.
P. 282, *ll.* 8-9 : Luke vi. 30.
P. 283, *ll.* 5-6 : Ps. xvii. 8; lvii. 1.
l. 32 : Ps. ix. 12; x. 17.
P. 285, *l.* 19 : Ps. xxii. 21.
P. 286, *l.* 35 : Heb. xii. 6.
P. 287, *ll.* 38-39 : Cato, Dist. i. 34.
P. 288, *ll.* 10-11 : Is. ii. 4.
ll. 35-37 : Rom. xii. 20; Prov. xii. 7.
P. 289, *ll.* 25 sq. : Cf. Gir. Cambr. de Instruc. Prin. i. 20.
P. 290, *ll.* 37 sq. : Ps. xci. 5-6.
P. 292, *ll.* 14-15 : Ps. xlv. 2; Luke i. 32.
ll. 26-27 : Ps. lxxxvi. 5.
l. 29 : Lam. iv. 1.
P. 297, *l.* 22 : Cf. 1 Sam. i. 18, 25.
P. 300, *ll.* 20-21 : Matt. xxvi. 75.
P. 301, *ll.* 35-36 : Cf. Matt. vi. 3.
P. 303, *l.* 19 : John xxi. 18.
P. 307, *ll.* 26-27 : Ov. A. A. ii. 13.
P. 311, *l.* 6 : Eph. v. 8.
P. 313, *ll.* 15 sq. : Cf. Macrobius, in Somn. Scip. i. 10, 9-10.
ll. 35-36 : Hab. iii. 8.
l. 37 : Macr. l.c. 11.
P. 314, *l.* 39 : Ezek. xxxvi. 26.
P. 315, *l.* 32 : Ps. i. 1.
P. 316, *ll.* 12-14 : John iv. 13-14.
l. 39 : Ps. lix. 14.
P. 318, *ll.* 5-6 : Prov. xvii. 15; cf. Ezek. xxxiii. 11.
l. 7 : John vi. 37.
ll. 7-8 : Boethius, de Cons. Phil. iii. met. 9, 3.
P. 319, *ll.* 34-35 : Luke xxii. 25.
P. 320, *l.* 1 : Hor. Epist. i. 1, 66.
l. 22 : Hor. Epist. i. 6, 45.
l. 29 : Ps. ix. 4.

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Map. W

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